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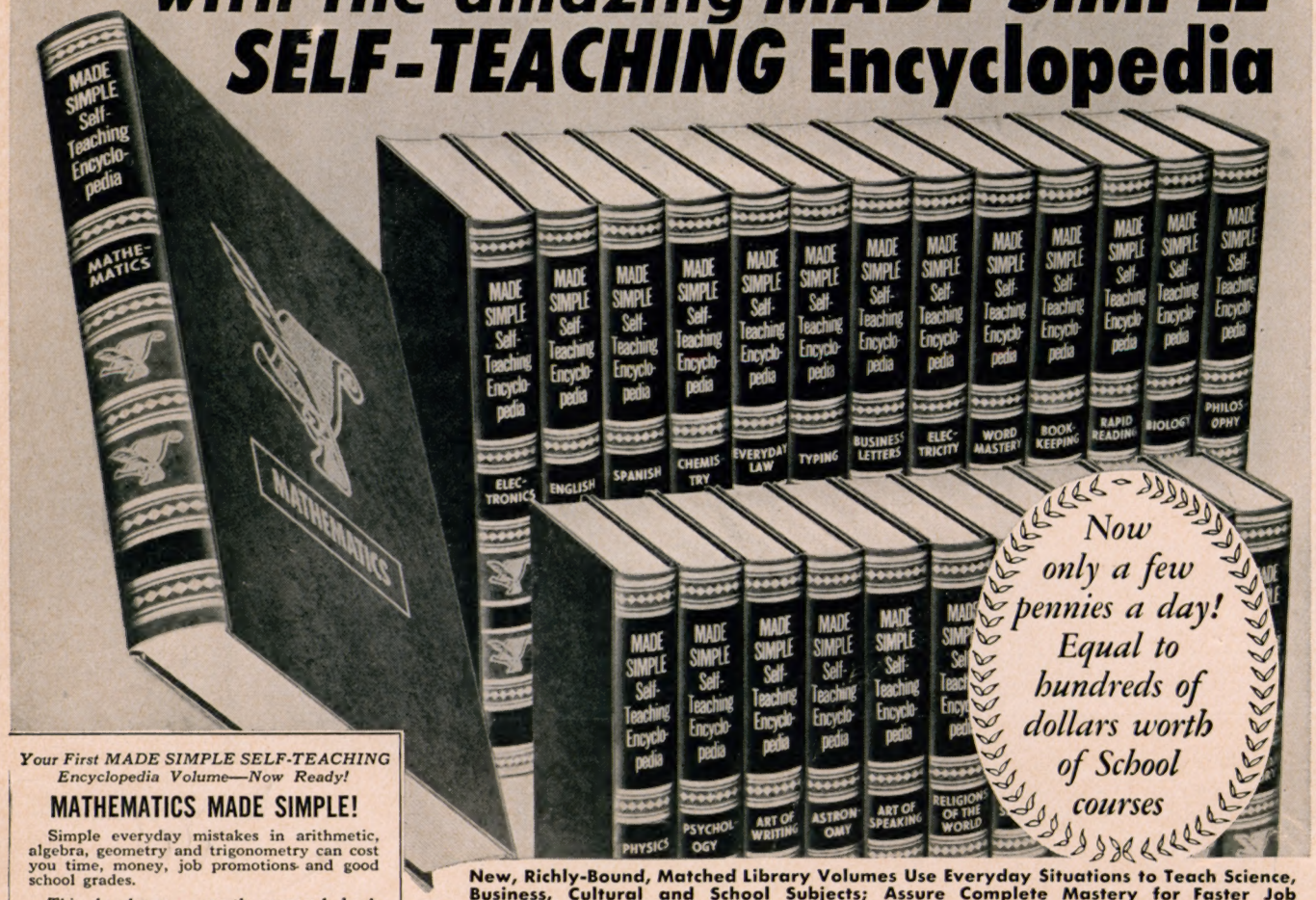

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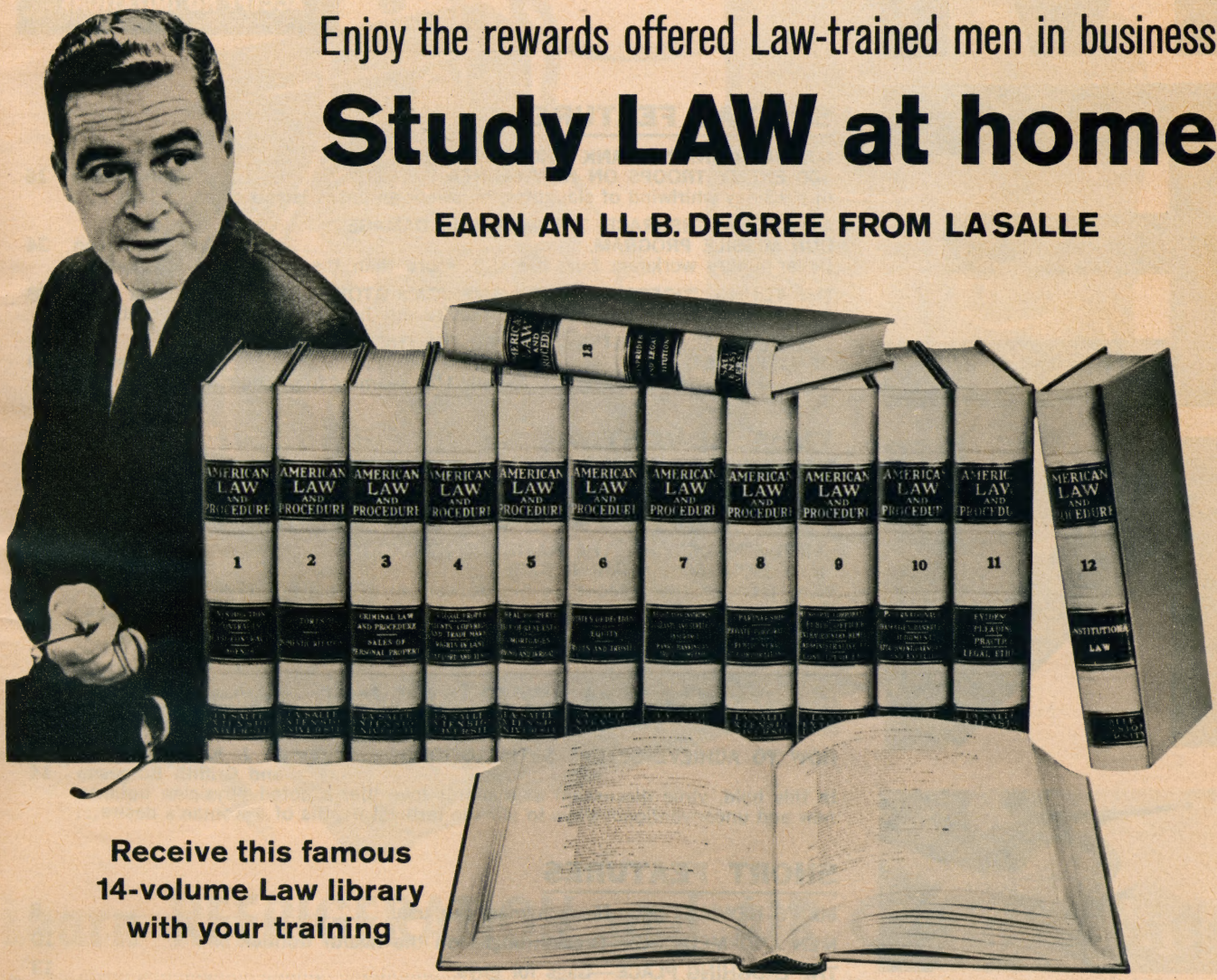

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MEN

CONTENTS

VOL. 12 • NO. 2

LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND, THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE FRESH NEW STORIES YOU WANT TO READ. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS

SPECIAL FEATURES

MACHINEGUNNING YANK WHO WIPED OUT 300 ENEMY TROOPS ON NEW GUINEA.....Mark Sufrin 16
In a 13-day whirlwind of slaughter, he swept an entire island clean of Japs . . .

A NATIONAL DISGRACE: THE MEN WHO DAMAGE OUR MISSILE PROGRAM.....Ralph Heckerson 24
Dollar-hungry workmen hurt the U.S. more than the whole Red spy system

THE YOUNG "TIGERS" WHO FLY AMERICA'S ATOMIC HOTRODS....David Mars 38
Artists with napalm and A-bombs, they're our hottest nuclear age "fireballs"

GREATEST SUB DISASTER: TRAPPED ON THE BOTTOM OF LIVERPOOL BAY.....Martin Englund 40
The rescuers had seven hours to pull 100 seamen from their mangled tomb

TRUE ADVENTURE

THE AMERICAN ESCAPEE WHO LIVED SIX MONTHS ON AN ISLAND OF BANISHED BLONDES.....Neil Turnbull 20
On this forgotten atoll, a fleeing Yank underwent a strange female ordeal-by-joy

"FIND AND DESTROY THE NAZIS' UNDERGROUND HARZ MOUNTAIN BOMBER BASE".....Walter Kaylin 26
Five TNT-aces and a seductive blonde went in to blast a B-17-killing "jet city"

ESCAPE FROM THE SOUTH'S "BLOOD AND BONES" COMPOUND Joseph Hazlitt 34
He endured every Rebel torture to protect a secret that could sink the South

COMPLETE BOOK BONUS

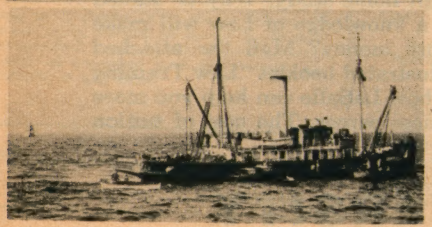
HOW TO ACHIEVE SEXUAL SATISFACTION.....Joseph J. Kaufman, M.D. and Griffith Borgeson 14
In this bold, virile discussion of a man's love life, a noted physician outlines new and unconventional ways to stir the farthest depths of a woman's desire...

SHORT FEATURES

MEN'S NEWSLETTER—News a man can use..... 8
MEN AND MEDICINE—Breakthroughs on the health frontier..... 10
THE LAUGHING PLACE—Gags for guys..... 13
TAKE FIVE—Cartoon humor..... 29
GIRL WHO LOVES TO WATCH STRIPPERS—a photo story for men..... 30
KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD—Close-up on strange happenings..... 33
LIGHTS, CAMERA, LAUGHS—Special laugh feature..... 37
CALLING ALL MEN—Letters to the Editor..... 86

Flight from a hell-castle, p. 34

Beauty with a strip complex, p. 30



Terror under the waves, p. 40

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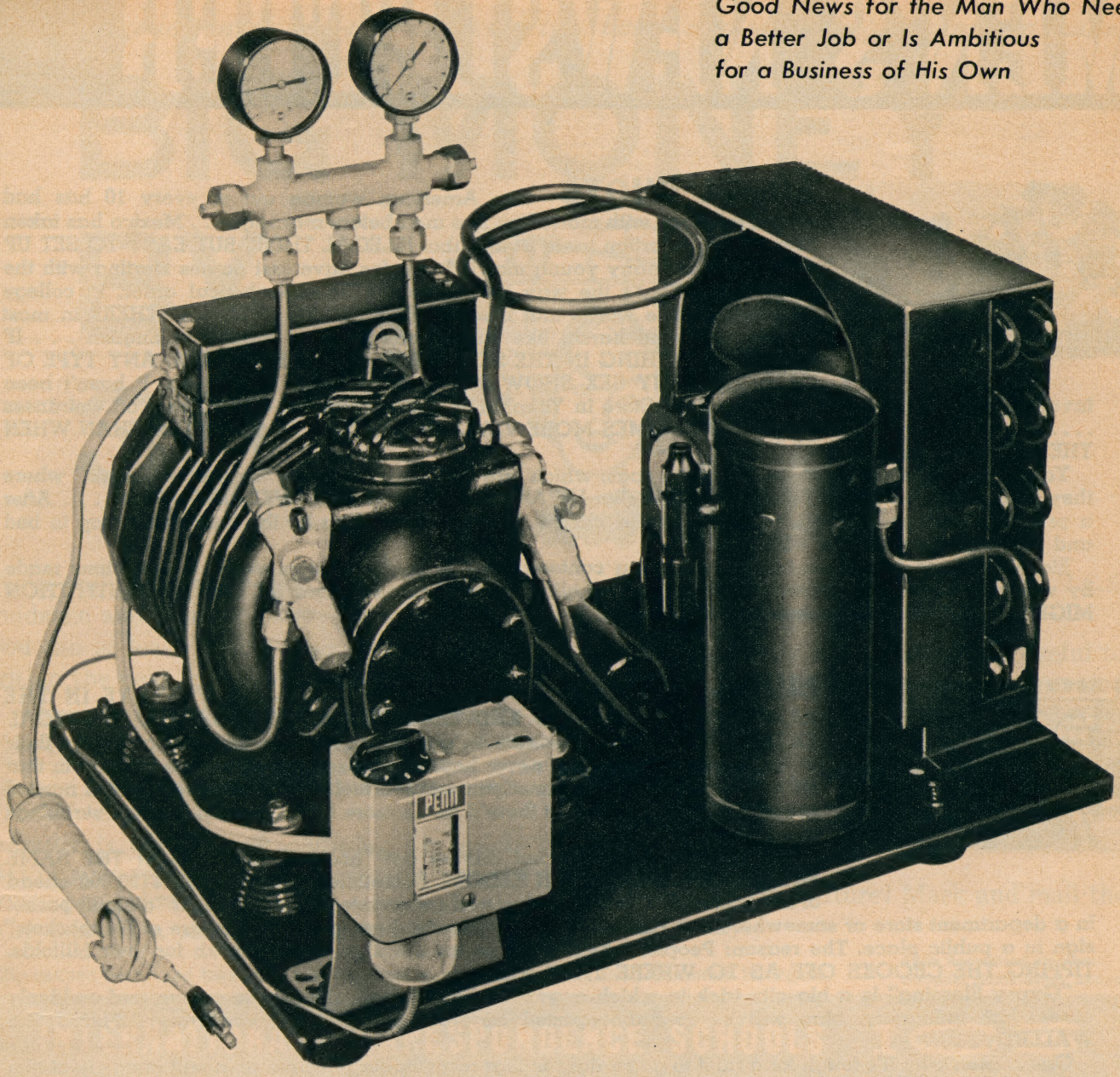

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MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS—One American woman out of every 10 has had sexual relations with more than five men before marriage . . . Mexico has taken over the big abortion trade from Cuba. ILLEGAL THERE BUT EASY TO SET UP . . . Reason so many young married couples have last names starting with the same letter: That's the way they're seated, in alphabetical order, in college classes . . . The words that mean "LET'S GO TO BED TOGETHER" in most languages sound harsh, like cuss words to those trained in English . . . IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN THE SEX GAME, ANY PERVERSION, ANY TYPE OF CALL-GIRL, ANY SEX SHOW that can't be found in Tijuana, it hasn't been invented yet. Same goes for the Sex Drug Store in Yokohama, Japan, with the accent there on weirdness . . . A survey showed that men are FOUR TIMES MORE VIRILE WHEN THEY'RE STARVING THAN WHEN THEY'RE WELL-FED . . .

Young Japanese couples now go off to spas, which are like our motels, for "water weekends" where they bath together for two or three days at a clip. JAPANESE NEVER CHECK WEDDING RINGS . . . After a pregnant woman delivers her baby, it's a custom in parts of Belgium for the husband to hop in bed and get waited on by the wife . . .

Big obstacle to legal gambling laws being contemplated in many western states is objections made by women's clubs. The ladies don't oppose gambling as much as they fear LICENSED PROSTITUTION MIGHT FOLLOW, as happened in Nevada . . .

MUGS, MOLLS AND MAYHEM—ONLY STATE IN THE NATION IN WHICH CONS AND THEIR WIVES ARE ALLOWED CONJUGAL VISITS is Mississippi. Prisoners on good behavior are allowed to receive their wives in cabins—and you never hear of a prison riot or escape attempt in that state. At least one great American warden feels that if prisoners had a normal sexual release of some sort there'd be no more fights, strikes, killings, stabbings in our American prisons . . .

There's now evidence that thieves get "hooked" on crime IN THE SAME MANNER AS ADDICTS ON HEROIN. Sometimes a hood who's $100,000 ahead of the game will risk everything and get arrested—just to pick a "difficult pocket in a department store or somewhere . . . Pickpockets, incidentally, love to see a "Beware of Pickpockets" sign in a public place. The reason: People, when they see such a sign, always grab for their billfolds, TIPPING THE CROOKS OFF AS TO WHERE THEY ARE . . .

"Gypsy Blessing" is a big city trick in which a gypsy girl will walk right up to a man and suddenly caress him intimately. Man will be so flabbergasted he won't notice her confederate RIFLING HIS WALLET . . .

One reason why it's tough for a thief to go straight is that respectable business men will often cheat him —knowing that the ex-con will never be believed by police . . .

One of the most fascinating jobs in the world (men stay with it even when offered higher pay elsewhere) is the insurance claim investigation game, especially as related to such police work as robberies, burglaries, embezzlements, thefts of all kinds . . .

NINE TO FIVE—There are still plenty of jobs in America floating around, if only a man has the right skills. There is a division of North American Aviation (the autonetics div.) that scoured 125 colleges last year and could obtain only a third of the 1500 professional men they needed. Yet the same division also turned away some 137,000 job applicants WHO LACKED THE RIGHT EDUCATION OR SKILLS . . .

Frightening Fact Dep't: Within the next decade, job hunters will enter the labor force at the rate of more than 56,000 a week . . .

DIRTIEST TRICK IN THE WORLD: The telegrams being sent to poor tribesmen in Africa telling them there are jobs awaiting them in America, the telegrams being signed with names of big U.S. companies. Tribesman will get his whole village to pay the fare find out it's all a fraud . . . Some of the things employers look for when they analyze handwriting of job applicants: Small loops in p's which indicate jealousy, big slashes on t's, which show drive . . . (Continued on page 42)

if you're in your twenties or early thirties, here's a solid-gold opportunity to make

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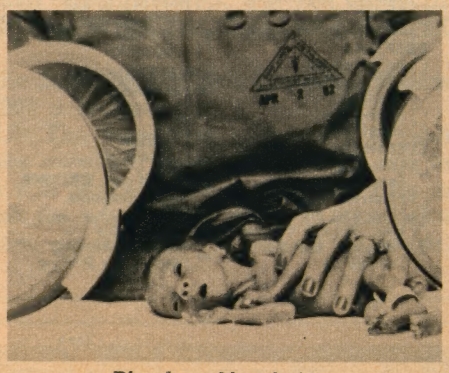
MISS AMERICA "CRASH DIET"—A BUST—When word got out that the new Miss America once weighed 150 pounds, but melted the excess weight off in her own way, people all across the United States wanted to get into her act. Doctors are frantically cautioning those who ask about it to forget it. What Miss America did was to go into a type of semi-starvation—by skipping lunch and often going without breakfast. While there is no doubt that this type of dieting will knock off weight in a hurry, it can also cause very serious illnesses—such as anemia, general malaise and nutrient deficiencies. The general rule still is: Dieting is not a fad, but a serious business—to be undertaken only after consultation with your doctor.

RUSSIA'S "BABY DRACULAS"—Premature babies in the Soviet Union are being put on grisly diet of human blood. Russian doctors feel that the addition of blood to their diet will cause premature babies to respond faster to the weight increase that is so vital to them. At each 3-hour feeding for the first 10 days, .5 to .6 cc of blood is given through a fine catheter inserted in the infant's mouth, which is removed after the last daily feeding. Half of the human milk is given first through a needle hooked to the catheter, then the blood, then the rest of the milk. So far, this feeding method has not been adopted in this country.

DIAMONDS ARE A TOOTH'S BEST FRIEND—Latest word from the dental world is that bridgework and tooth-jackets are being constructed of plastic that has been impregnated with real diamond dust. This combination is supposed to give the brilliance of porcelain, yet is less brittle, wears better and is stronger than compounds used at present.

GRID STARS NEED A SPORTING CHANCE—They can write all the rules they want into the books, but nothing is going to stop the rash of football injuries except that good old "cornball" concept of sportsmanship. If you're the passing star of your team, you've come to expect that you'll be swarmed all over by opposing linesmen while you're still off balance from your pass. If you're on defense, you don't think twice about being caught in a "trap play"—which means you're going to be hit from the side without warning. Gang tackling—the technique of four or five men trying to bring down the ball carrier at the same time—and "spearing" with the plastic helmet, are two other potential killing methods on the football field. It's going to take a return to sportsmanship for both coaches and players, before the outbreak of serious gridiron injuries is curbed.

CAN YOU PASS THE MATCH TEST?—One quick way to check whether your breathing capacity is below par is to take the "match test." Hold a match three inches from your mouth. With your mouth opened wide—not with your lips pursed—take a deep breath and try to blow out the light. If you can't, chances are you may have an airway obstruction and should get your lungs checked out.



Blood sucking babies

AFTER SOAP—WHAT?—Let's face it—we're doing a pretty bad job of cleaning ourselves. Not that we don't wash or bathe often enough, but the cleansing agent universally used to rid the body of dirt—soap—is as poor a tool as we can find. Doctors are amazed that in this day and age of one scientific miracle after another, we're still fooling around with something as primitive as a bar of soap. Biggest knock to soap is that—because it's made from caustic alkalies and fats—it eliminates the very protective substances the body manufactures to kill off surface bacteria. In addition, it wears away the skin's emulsion, resulting in chapping and inflammation.

TV MEDICS CHECKED OVER BY REAL-LIFE MD'S—The on-screen medical practices of TV heroes such as Dr. Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare have been watched with growing enthusiasm by practising physicians all over the country. Prepared to knock the fictional portrayals of their everyday routines, the skeptical doctors have hung around to become avid fans of the acting men-in-white. Big majority of doctors quizzed feel that Casey, Kildare and Co. are practicing good medicine—showing a sincere dedication to the profession and a personal interest in their "patients." They also feel that their acting fellow-professionals are giving an accurate portrayal of the struggle common to men graduating from interns to full-fledged physicians. Even when boners are pulled during diagnoses and operations, the doctors writing in to point them out are good natured in their criticisms. As one of them put it: "Fortunately, television's patients don't sue for malpractice."

Danger for dolls

Assembly line doctor

AMAZING MUSIC DISCOVERY

Has You Playing Real Music The Very First Time You Try!

Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could — Requires No Teacher — No Boring Practice of Scales and Exercises . . . QUICK, EASY, INEXPENSIVE!

IF you are one of the many thousands who have always wanted to play music, yet hesitate to learn because "it takes too long," or "it costs too much"—here's wonderful news! Now, with this modern home-study course, you can actually play your favorite instrument *the very first time you try* — and you can go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible!

NO "SPECIAL TALENT" REQUIRED

No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Earliest lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong . . . even if you don't know a single note of music now! Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions *by note!*

NO BORING SCALES OR EXERCISES

Over 1,000,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANYONE can learn to play piano, violin, accordion, guitar or any other instrument. No inconvenient lesson periods—no expensive hourly tuition. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. *You become your own music teacher* . . . and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as *you* wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always! The whole family can learn for the price of one.

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Why not let this U. S. School of Music course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. More self-confidence and poise. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep *personal satisfaction* of being able to create your own music — provide your own entertainment!

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☐ **ACCORDION** "Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I teach at my fully equipped studio, and play my accordion at big affairs that pay." — HOWARD VAN ORDEN, Bloomingdale, N. J.

☐ **VIOLIN** "I learned more in three months with you than in two years by myself. I have played for dances." — IVAN W. DAYLEY, Lisco, Nebr.

...*OR* ANY OF THESE OTHER INSTRUMENTS:

- ☐ Saxophone
- ☐ Trumpet, Cornet
- ☐ Pipe, Electronic, Reed Organ
- ☐ Tenor Banjo
- ☐ Ukulele
- ☐ Clarinet
- ☐ Trombone
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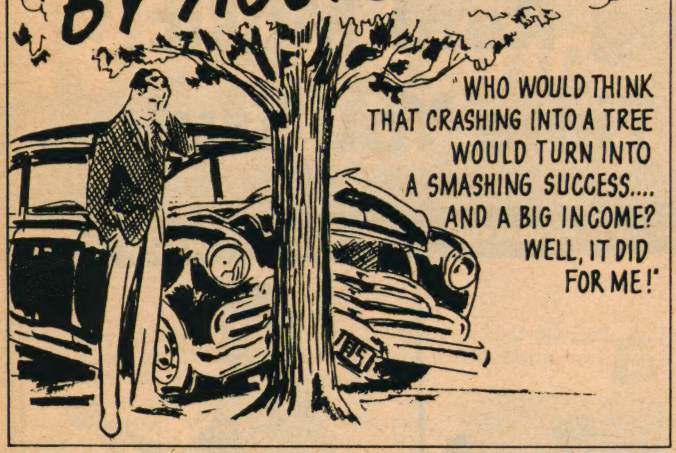
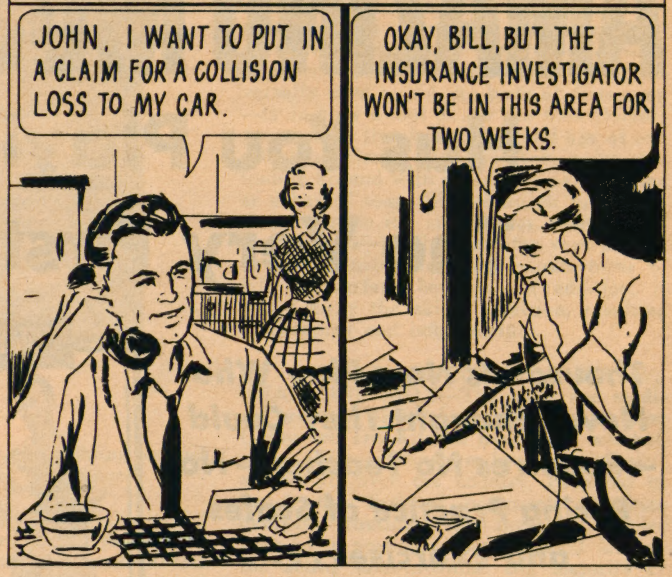
HOW I MADE MONEY BY ACCIDENT



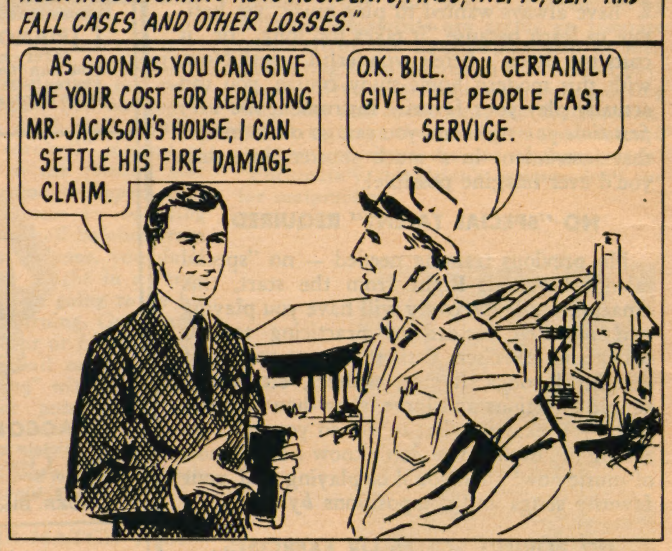
"THE DAY AFTER THE ACCIDENT, I TALKED TO MY INSURANCE AGENT."


JOHN, I WANT TO PUT IN A CLAIM FOR A COLLISION LOSS TO MY CAR.
OKAY, BILL, BUT THE INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR WON'T BE IN THIS AREA FOR TWO WEEKS.

THAT MADE ME THINK. I HAD READ ABOUT UNIVERSAL SCHOOL'S TRY-IT PLAN. THE NEXT TIME I SAW JOHN...."

WITH SO LITTLE EDUCATION DO YOU THINK I COULD TAKE UNIVERSAL SCHOOL'S COURSE IN INVESTIGATION AND ADJUSTING BY MAIL?
SURE, BILL! WITH ALL THE LOSSES IN OUR AREA YOU COULD MAKE BIG MONEY RIGHT AWAY IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

SO I SENT FOR UNIVERSAL'S **FREE** BOOK AND ENROLLED IN UNIVERSAL SCHOOL. IN A FEW WEEKS I WAS MAKING $6.44 AN HOUR INVESTIGATING AUTO ACCIDENTS, FIRES, THEFTS, SLIP-AND-FALL CASES AND OTHER LOSSES."


AS SOON AS YOU CAN GIVE ME YOUR COST FOR REPAIRING MR. JACKSON'S HOUSE, I CAN SETTLE HIS FIRE DAMAGE CLAIM.
O.K. BILL. YOU CERTAINLY GIVE THE PEOPLE FAST SERVICE.

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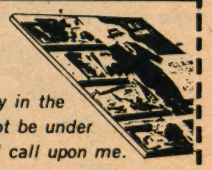

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CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE _____

THE LAUGHING PLACE

A bank teller skillfully embezzled $20,000, and did it so neatly that the bank couldn't prove a case. All they could do was summarily fire him.

The next day the teller applied for his old job.

The personnel man was floored at his gall. But the embezzler pointed out: "My wife and I have everything—a home, clothes, new car. Why hire someone who has to start from scratch, and might be tempted to steal?"

•

A Moscow news correspondent tells of a minor Russian official who made the mistake of referring to a member of the Presidium, the body that rules Russia, as a fool.

He was arrested, tried and sentenced to 25 years in a Siberian labor camp. He got five years for making an insulting remark about a State official, and 20 years for revealing a State secret.

•

An ingenue actress told her father she was going to have an audition in a producer's apartment and asked him what she should read.

"The Ten Commandments," Daddy said.

•

It was at the office Christmas party. They stood in the stock room, pressed tightly together.

"Oh, Irwin, Irwin," she said passionately, "you've never made love to me like that before. Is it because of the holiday spirit?"

"No," he said. "It's probably because I'm not Irwin."

"Please don't be too aggressive, Mr. Pinchley—when I get in trouble I instinctively strike the karate death blow!"

A little boy did errands and odd jobs for the town doctor and occasionally rode with the MD as he made his rounds.

One day the doctor had an emergency delivery and didn't notice that the boy followed him into the mother's room. As the doctor held the infant by the heels and spanked it to get its motor going, he noticed his little helper watching intently.

"Well, Oscar," asked the MD, "what do you think of it?"

The youngster replied, "Boy, he sure had that spanking coming for hiding where he did!"

"I always wanted to be the kind of girl who has sex written all over her"

A woman visited her dentist, and when she saw him preparing to drill her teeth, she cried out, "Oh, no, doctor. Not that. I'd rather have a child than have my teeth drilled."

The dentist eyed the woman, who was a well-shaped young blonde.

"Well, make up your mind," he said with a gleam in his eye, "so I'll know how to adjust the chair."

•

A sweet young schoolteacher was showing her pupils through the zoo. As the monkey cages were empty and the children disappointed, she hunted up the keeper. He explained that it was mating time and the monkeys were in the back.

Then she asked, "Do you suppose they would come out for some peanuts?"

"I dunno, lady. Would you?"

•

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. and win $5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.

For every man who's ever felt a pang of disappointment over his performance in the love game, this is must reading—a searingly frank, even controversial approach to the cultivation of sexual wizardry that cuts deep into the truly secret and vital areas of a woman's desire and gives males a brand-new, "roadmap guide" to the art of enjoying a full, rich, vigorous bedroom life. . . .

THERE is a need for a book written for the average male. *For* him in the sense of giving him the information that he requires, and *for* him in the sense of recognizing his sexual rights and problems. And, above all, *for* him in defining fairly and realistically a factor which has often been magnified to a gross extreme: his sexual responsibility.

The need for such a book and its potential for helping both men and women is confirmed almost daily in my practice. Few people are in a position to see, as the doctor does constantly, how naïve the average intelligent person can be about his sexual organs and their function. Few people can know as well as the practicing specialist how even a minor sexual problem can make a person as completely unhappy as a severe disease. A guide to sexual literacy for men can keep many of these problems from ever reaching the doctor's consulting room, such is their actual simplicity. Questions, doubts and fears about impotence, sterility and the normality of desires and responses, questions about the so-called male change of life—these and many other aspects of male sex need to be dealt with in a widely available book that anyone (*Continued on page* 90)

MEN
FEBRUARY, 1963

- THE FEMALE ORGANISM
- THE PLEASURES OF LOVE
- HOW MUCH OF A MAN ARE YOU?
- WHAT ABOUT HAVING "TOO MUCH" SEX?
- PROBLEMS OF IMPOTENCE IN A MAN
- THE FRIGID WOMAN
- THE PROMISCUOUS FEMALE
- HOW TO AROUSE A WOMAN
- VARIETIES OF FEMALE RESPONSE
- SEXUAL TECHNIQUES FOR A MAN

How to Achieve SEXUAL

BOLD NEW EXCLUSIVE

By JOSEPH J. KAUFMAN, M.D.
and GRIFFITH BORGESON

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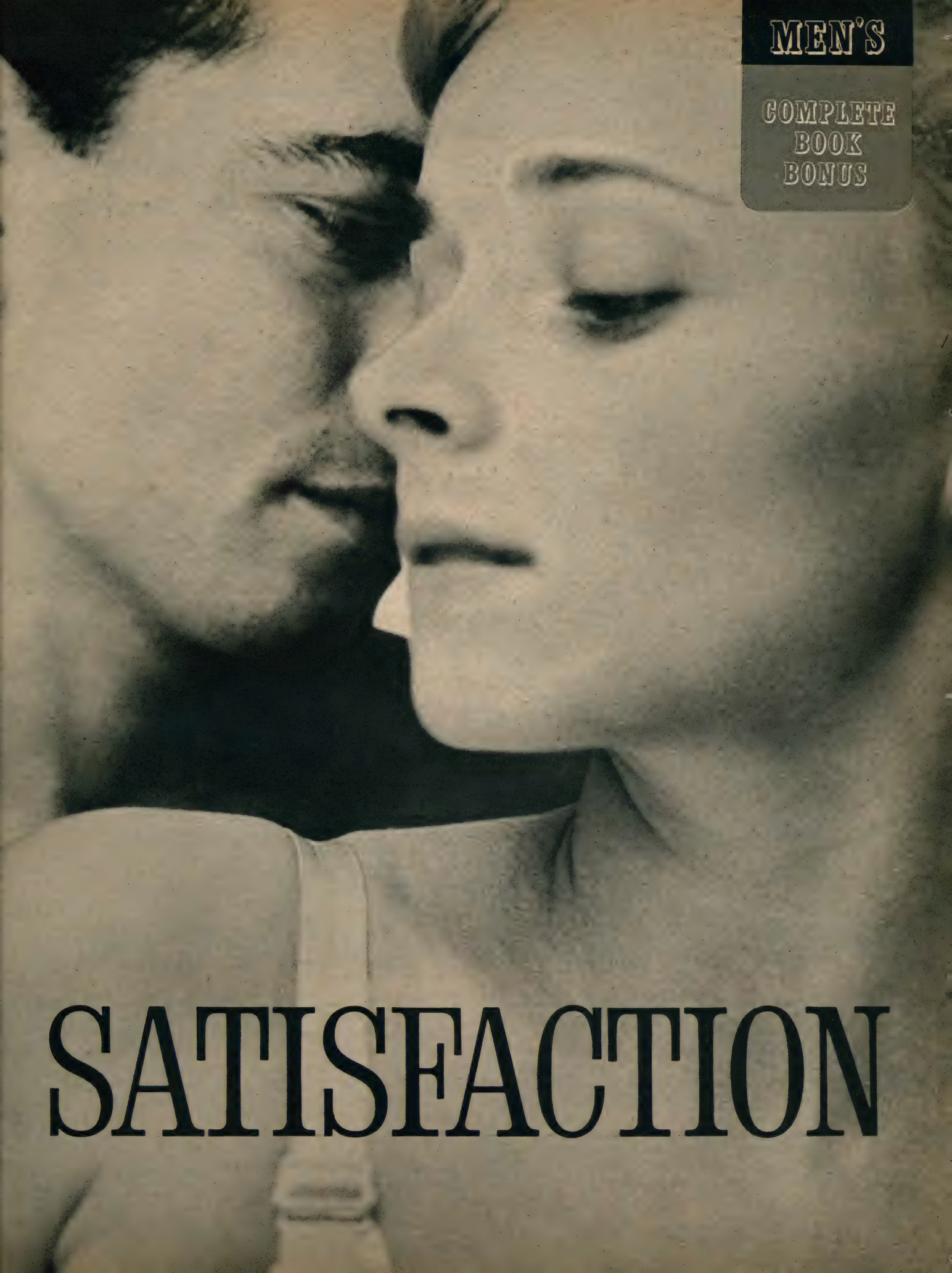

MEN'S
COMPLETE
BOOK
BONUS
SATISFACTION

GREAT COMBAT SAGAS

Fed up with red tape, anxious to get at the enemy, ramrod-hard, itchy-fingered U.S. Captain Herman Bottcher retired from the Army to go on a 13-day freelance fighting campaign, raging over the Pacific island of Buna like a cyclone, leaving a trail of corpses wide enough for a bomber to land on—and became the first GI to capture a Jap island singlehanded . . .

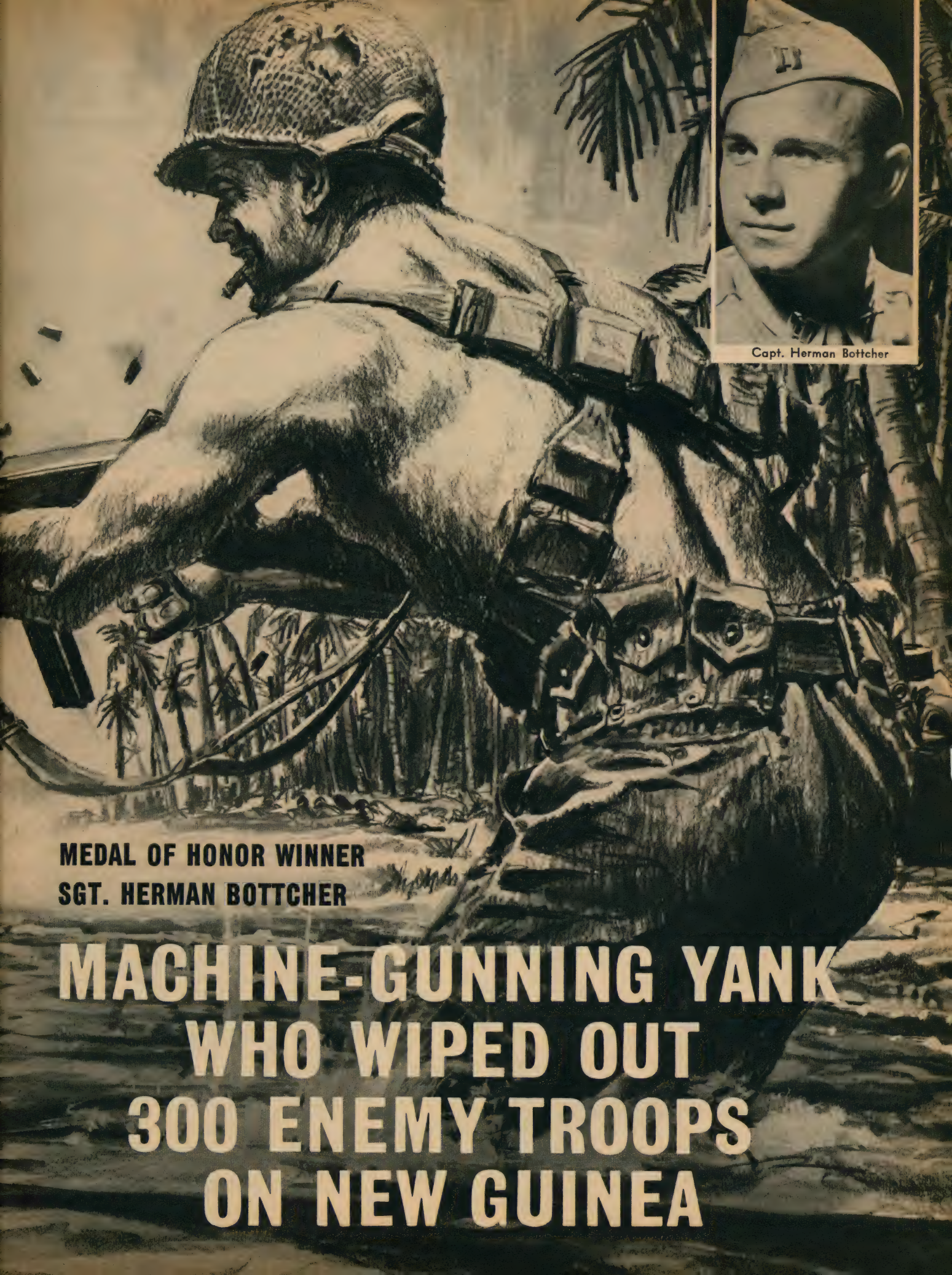
BY MARK SUFRIN
ART BY GIL COHEN

"COME ASHORE, you rat-bellies," Bottcher shouted, his machine gun blazing. "We've already got your graves dug"

SAN FRANCISCO:

JUST past dusk on December 5th, 1942, 16 sick, dirty, half-starved soldiers of the 32nd Division—the first American unit to go on the offensive against the Japanese—climbed from their holes in the jungle and moved slowly along a slimy trail. Within fifty yards, the haggard squad, all volunteers, went prone and crawled toward a stretch of kunai grass and the vast swamp of black mud beyond. Led by a burly, black-bearded, 35-year-old Staff Sergeant named Herman Bottcher, they were striking across the terrible country to gain a foothold on a narrow spit of beach along the Solomon Sea and drive a wedge into the Japs' massive fortifications at Buna in northeastern New Guinea.

Enemy snipers opened fire from the great hardwood trees as the jumpy men slipped toward the edge of the dense growth at a



Capt. Herman Bottcher

MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER
SGT. HERMAN BOTTCHER

MACHINE-GUNNING YANK WHO WIPED OUT 300 ENEMY TROOPS ON NEW GUINEA

ROUTED JAP soldiers retreated so fast in the face of Bottcher's wild commando assault, they left emblems, small artillery behind

MACHINEGUNNING YANK

hedging pace. At the first slap of rifle fire, the squad was pinned, lying with their faces pressed and smothered in the stink and spongy decay of the jungle floor. Huge leeches dropped on their sweating bodies from the dripping trees, but each man remained motionless, waiting for Bottcher's signal. In the glum light, the fierce-eyed, hulking sergeant spotted the two snipers. He triggered short bursts from his tommy gun, then held his fire. It was suddenly quiet, but Bottcher gestured to the BAR man to open up. Then he saw that the Japs had been tied to the trees, their dead bodies limp and sagging against the tough vines. Bottcher waved the men forward with a quick, firm signal. They were still close to their own lines and he was afraid they might panic and run. But the flurry of fire had girded them and they followed the sergeant as he stepped up the pace, desperate to get his men committed deep in Jap territory.

Bottcher had made his own reconnaissance and knew the approach to the beach was boxed with snipers and roving patrols, zeroed in by mortars and interlocking lanes of sweeping machine gun fire from every enemy bunker and pillbox. Traveling fast by night, he had to take the squad through razor-edged kunai grass as high as a man's head . . . across a swift river, a tidal creek, and deep swamp . . .

JUNGLE was tough going for GI's even with help of New Guinea natives (below) so wily Bottcher devised "wine-and-swamp" tactics

DRIVING WEDGE into Jap lines, Bottcher pushed enemy back far enough for U.S. to begin final heavy gun attack (above)

by-pass the luring cover of thick coconut groves where the Japs were dug in and his force would be cut down or become twisted and lost . . . pierce the ranges of barbed wire fronting the Jap perimeter . . . fight through the enemy lines with weary, feverish men—then try and hold until Division could launch an assault.

HE knew it was a crazy, suicidal raid . . . sixteen men against thousands of crack enemy troops barricaded behind a fantastic network of defenses at Buna Village and Buna Mission, the enemy strongholds on the coast, three-quarters of a mile apart. Every day for three weeks, the 32nd had hit the Jap positions, but each attack was beaten back with heavy losses. The inexperienced, poorly-trained American troops were physically battered, their morale gone. But Bottcher, a thick-accented, German-born adventurer, already combat-blooded in the Spanish Civil War where he served as a captain, knew Buna and its airstrips had to be taken. Buna was a grim, oppressive hell, only a bare scratch out of the tangle of jungle and swamp, but it was vital. If the Japs held—all of New Guinea, Australia itself, and the lines of supply and communication to America were threatened. If they could push the enemy into the sea, American forces would gain bases from which to strike (*Continued on page* 78)

ENEMY SNIPERS attacked from under logs (below) and hid in grass, making Bottcher's Jap-killing rampage even tougher

The American Escapee Who Lived Six Months on an

ISLAND OF BANISHED BLONDES

It was in the uncharted Sulu Archipelago, a tiny spit of land inhabited, amazingly, by the tall, golden-haired female descendants of a lost Swedish colony. For Robert Wyatt, fleeing from a Philippine prison, it became a paradise—but a two-edged one with more trouble per-square-girl than any South Seas adventurer ever encountered . . .

"THIS BEATS AN OUTRIGGER CANOE," the sea-weary Wyatt said as the girls carried him triumphantly toward the village

LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By NEIL TURNBULL

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN

"THERE it is!" Ivor Cargell, sitting in the prow of the outrigger canoe, shouted. "Dead ahead."

Robert Wyatt's gaze followed the big Englishman's outstretched arm. Miles away across the dirty green waters of the Pacific, a dark, hump broke the straight line of the horizon. Cargell swivelled around, a triumphant grin on his gnarled, sunburned, red-bearded features. His eyes wrinkled happily.

"Just another island," Wyatt grunted. "There are about 500 in the Sulu Archipelago and they all look exactly like that one. How can you be sure it's Onahiu from this distance?"

"Damn it, I spent two years here! I know every inch of these waters."

Wyatt, a stocky, 33-year-old American with a battered, homely face, wanted to believe the other man. For two months he and Cargell had been working their way down the archipelago—a long, broken chain of islands between the Philippines and Borneo—in the outrigger they had stolen after their escape from Sibuko Prison on Mindanao. Wyatt had been serving 20 years

BANISHED BLONDES

for gun-running; Cargell, a life sentence for murder.

Until the start of this insane voyage, Wyatt had considered the year he had spent in Sibuko to be the worst experience of his life. But it had been nothing compared to the ordeal of crossing 300 miles of ocean in a craft designed for coastal waters. Except for occasional stops at unpopulated islands, where they had searched—often without success—for food and fresh water, the entire time had been spent on the open sea. Three times they had been caught in heavy rainsqualls that had buffeted the outrigger around like a lily pad in a whirlpool, when all they could do was haul down the sail, crouch in the bottom of the boat and hope they wouldn't be swamped. Just as bad had been the endless sun-battered days when the wind died and the sail was useless.

Only Cargell's constantly repeated stories about Onahiu, their goal, had kept Wyatt going. The hell of it was he had never more than half-believed the Englishman. Rationally, it all seemed incredible—an island populated by a small band of women, descended from members of a doomed Swedish colony set up in the archipelago almost a century before, their men killed off in battle with native raiders from the North Borneo mainland . . . He had entrusted his life to what might be a fantasy in a madman's brain, knowing from the very beginning that Cargell was unbalanced. . . .

Then Cargell's apelike arms were wielding a paddle and the canoe shot forward. Caught up, despite himself, in the Englishman's excitement, Wyatt also began paddling. *Maybe it's true after all,* he thought. *Maybe it is. . . .*

DESPITE intermarriage with Asians, today's Onahiu girls (like one above) still show Nordic heritage

YANK SAILOR Robert Wyatt (l., in one of the few existing photos of him) once said of his stay on Onahiu, "It would have been perfect except for Ivor Cargell, the Limey who landed there with me. He was a very greedy guy—and with two dozen women to be greedy over, you can end up with a lot of fireworks. like my father used to say back on the farm in North Carolina—you just can't keep two roosters in the same barnyard without running into trouble"

"You two men have ten girls apiece," Elke, the leader of the island women, said, "and still you fight like dogs. So we will have an election—whichever of you wins gets all 20 girls and the loser's head mounted on a pole "

Half an hour later, he could make out a grayish beach, composed of the mixture of sand and volcanic rock common to this region; beyond it, a wall of cocoa palms; green, heavily wooded hills. Then, several hundred yards ahead, he saw the white-flecked, irregular band of water that invariably marked a coral reef. He shouted out a warning to Cargell.

"Just keep paddling!" the Englishman yelled back. "There's a passage. I've crossed it a hundred times."

Stomach muscles tense, Wyatt waited for the impact of jagged coral scraping through the bottom of the canoe. Once again he cursed himself for coming with Cargell. "I'm as crazy as he is," he muttered.

Then, miraculously, they swept over the reef, were caught up in gentle surf. And, for the first time, he really believed that the other man knew what he was doing. It wasn't just a dream!

WYATT got further confirmation—of a kind he hadn't expected—after they had leaped from the outrigger and started dragging it up on the beach. Suddenly he heard a shot, the whistle of a bullet past his ear. Letting go of the boat, he and Cargell turned together.

The American caught his breath at the sight of the girl who stepped out of the brush, resting a smoking rifle on one of her swelling hips. He had never seen anything like her. Almost six feet tall, she couldn't have been more than 25 years old. His gaze moved over her long, perfectly shaped legs, past the skimpy loincloth she wore to the great, naked mounds of her breasts, only partially covered by long, pale blonde hair. Her strong but completely feminine features were contorted with anger.

Abruptly, the alarm faded from Cargell's blue-white eyes. "Elke!" he exclaimed in joyous relief. "You remember me. I'm back!"

"Cargell," the girl replied. However, she didn't lower the rifle. "Yes, I remember you. And who is the other?"

"A friend of mine—Robert Wyatt. He can be trusted."

Slowly, amusement replaced her look of anger. "Perhaps—but I do not think that you can be. Both of you get back in your boat. If you aren't beyond the reef again in three minutes, I'll kill you."

"I don't understand," Cargell said in a dazed voice.

"You are not wanted here."

A sick feeling rising from the pit of his stomach, Wyatt realized that the girl meant what she said. Her finger was visibly trembling on the rifle's trigger. *All for nothing,* he thought in despair. *Two months of hell for nothing.*

"I don't understand," Cargell said again. "Let me speak to Mai. Or Leah. Anyone. I was your friend. I lived among you, taught you English. I don't understand."

"Back," she snarled. "Back to the sharks, where you belong."

Still stunned, Cargell and Wyatt turned and began pushing the outrigger clear of the breaking waves. Minutes later, they were on the open sea, beyond the range of Elke's rifle. Cargell dropped his paddle into the bottom of the boat, met Wyatt's hate-filled glance.

"All for nothing," the American said aloud. . . .

(*continued on page* 44)

RELAXING with the girls in the "boiling rocks" steam house, Wyatt suddenly saw a bullet zip into the wall

When every second could mean the destruction of this nation by Red weapons, a handful of key U.S. workmen are putting a roadblock in the path of our vital missile program. There's no doubt of their loyalty, but what makes these greedy boys so misguided that they weigh the lives of 180 million Americans against a few miserable shekels?

By RALPH HECKERSON

CAPE CANAVERAL:

At 2:25 a.m. on a morning in mid-October, three weary U.S. Air Force generals and a red-eyed senior official of the Central Intelligence Agency sat around a table in a heavily guarded "restricted area" of The Pentagon staring grimly at a series of aerial photographs. They examined the high altitude pictures of the Cuban countryside for the hundredth time.

"No doubt about it," the C.I.A. executive concluded.

"Intermediate range ballistic missiles—same (*Continued on page* 66)

THE MEN WHO DAMAGE OUR MISSILE PROGRAM

FIRING round after round into the plane, the raiders set it into flames bright enough for the oncoming Allied bombers to see

By the time the 44th Allied bomber fell fly, American intelligence had had enough experts and a quick-talking blonde guide to find and destroy the source of all the where the deadly, lightning-fast ME-262

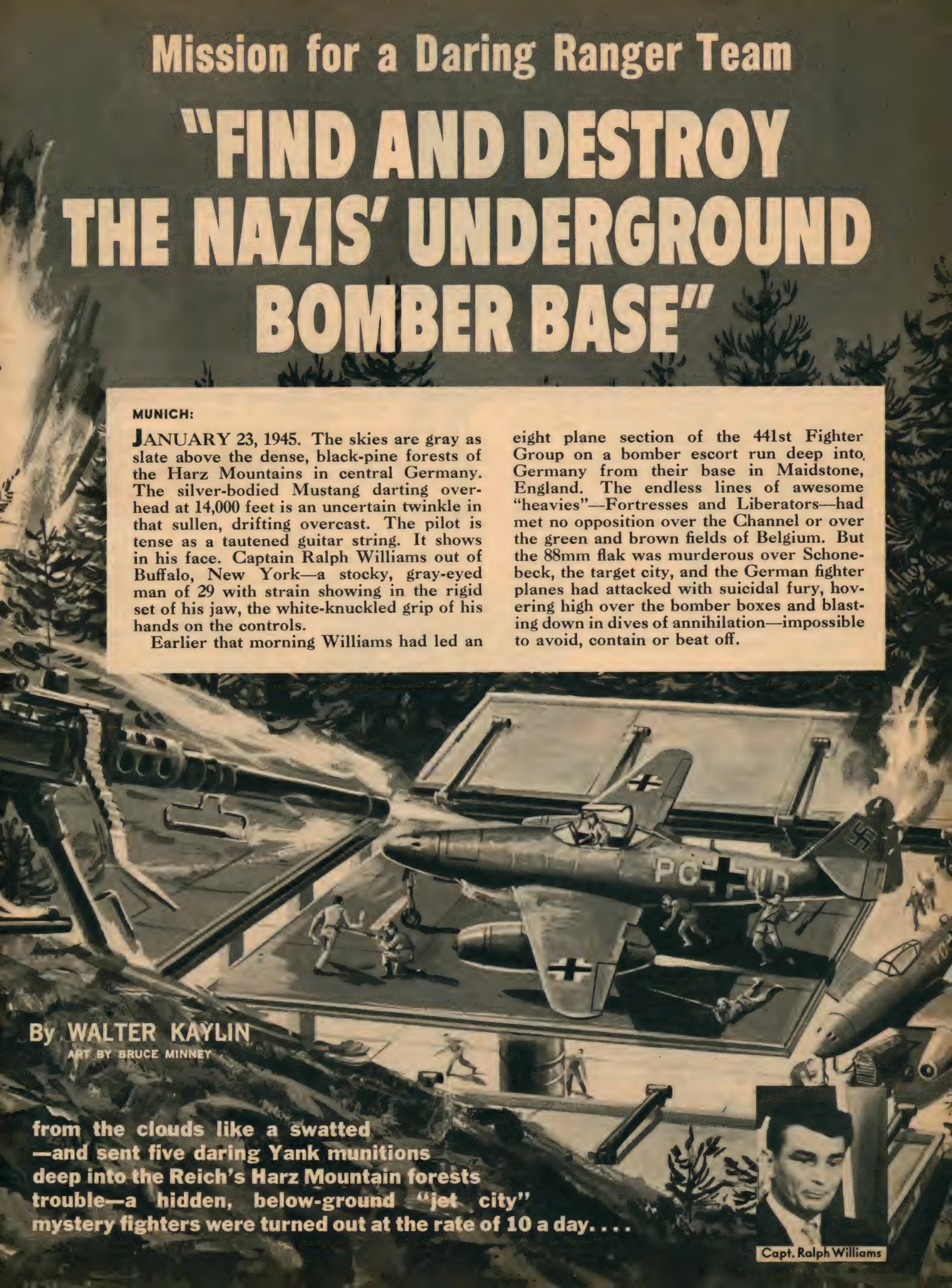
Mission for a Daring Ranger Team

"FIND AND DESTROY THE NAZIS' UNDERGROUND BOMBER BASE"

MUNICH:

JANUARY 23, 1945. The skies are gray as slate above the dense, black-pine forests of the Harz Mountains in central Germany. The silver-bodied Mustang darting overhead at 14,000 feet is an uncertain twinkle in that sullen, drifting overcast. The pilot is tense as a tautened guitar string. It shows in his face. Captain Ralph Williams out of Buffalo, New York—a stocky, gray-eyed man of 29 with strain showing in the rigid set of his jaw, the white-knuckled grip of his hands on the controls.

Earlier that morning Williams had led an eight plane section of the 441st Fighter Group on a bomber escort run deep into Germany from their base in Maidstone, England. The endless lines of awesome "heavies"—Fortresses and Liberators—had met no opposition over the Channel or over the green and brown fields of Belgium. But the 88mm flak was murderous over Schonebeck, the target city, and the German fighter planes had attacked with suicidal fury, hovering high over the bomber boxes and blasting down in dives of annihilation—impossible to avoid, contain or beat off.



By WALTER KAYLIN
ART BY BRUCE MINNEY

from the clouds like a swatted —and sent five daring Yank munitions deep into the Reich's Harz Mountain forests trouble—a hidden, below-ground "jet city" mystery fighters were turned out at the rate of 10 a day....

Capt. Ralph Williams

BOMBER BASE

HUNDREDS of "wing women" were brought to secret factory to speed ME 262 production . . .

The principal target was Schonebeck's huge Focke-Wulf assembly plant and it was hit a number of times, but the Nazi fighters made hash out of the Allied bombers and the attack was a disaster. The Focke-Wulf plant still stood, still functioned, and as the battered armada swung about for the return to Maidstone the same thought hung in the minds of all who had taken part in the attack—something would have to be done about the plunging, pulverizing, gut-grabbing ME-262 "hawks" that had done such a violently effective job over Schonebeck. Incredibly fast and maneuverable, the ME-262 was the newest and best of the German jets, an engineering marvel so supreme that nothing in the entire Allied arsenal could match it. If that had been doubted previously, the battle over Schonebeck more than proved it. Their dazzling feints and thrusts, their shattering power when they went in for the kill, had thundered them through the allied fighter screen to crowd the big bombers off target and send 41 of them—19 Fortresses and 22 Liberators—down in flames.

For Williams it had been a busy morning. A 14-plane ace and generally considered the deadliest of all the 441st's gunners, he had kept his six big 50's chattering incessantly—a flicker of approval touching his narrowed, gray eyes as streams of shells laced sudden, spreading gashes along the fuselages of 1—2—3 Nazi planes—ripped great chunks out of them—sent them tumbling earthward in crazy, falling-leaf patterns with thickening ribbons of black smoke spuming up above them. His 14 kills rose to 17 and this made him top man in his Group, but it caused him no elation. *They outflew us, outgunned us. If we can't handle their 262, we'll be slugging away out here for another ten years.* Moodily he flew on, the prospect of an endless war gnawing at him. His course took him over the black forestland of central Germany, the fabled "werewolf" country of the Harz Mountains lying dark between the Elbe and Weser rivers.

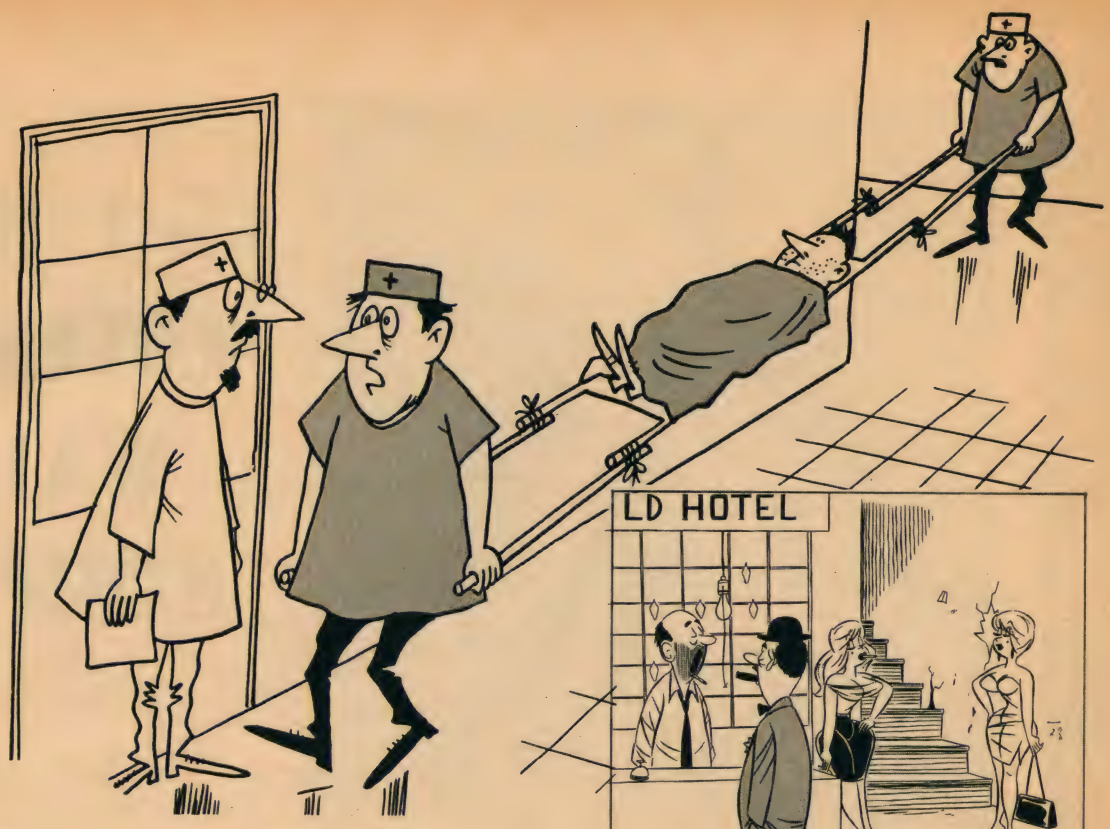
SUDDENLY a pinpoint of movement catches his eye below—a quick gleam—a hint of glitter. *It's below the level of the trees—in the forest—only what the hell is it?* He begins spiraling down, losing the object he's trying to make out, then picking it up again. Now he's close enough to see great jagged slashes in the heavy foliage—*bomb wounds*—and then the silvery movement again like a school of huge fish swimming in a dark pond. Still lower he goes and now the fish are big-bodied and metallic and suddenly he realizes they've got to be aircraft. *Aircraft in the forest?—a lot of them—what's it all about?*

He doesn't have time to do any more wondering about it. He's down to 3500 feet and three planes are rising vertically out ahead of him as though catapulted up out of the shrubbery—arcing high through the sullen sky—and roaring at him. ME-109s—vicious little brothers to the powerful 262s that wrecked the attack on Schonebeck. Even as he marvels at their hurtling speed, Williams races upward angling for a dive position, flips over on his left wing and starts on down. *Got you, Kraut!* The deft ease of his maneuver has sucked one of the German pilots into a longer pass than he had intended and now Williams is on his tail.

Slowly, inexorably as though it's being pumped full of air, the 109 begins to enlarge in Williams' sight ring. When it fills it, the American presses down with his right forefinger, but nothing happens. His heart thumps with the frenzy of a terrible fear. Once more he squeezes down—then jabs—but still nothing. His six deadly 50's are silent. Perspiration forms a cold sheet across his forehead and his body is clammy with it.

I shot myself out (*Continued on page 72*)

BURIED underground factory turned out thousands of deadly ME 262 fighters (above), bombs (below)—was so well hidden only commando raid could destroy it . . .



"It's contagious"

"Go up and throw that guy in 207 out. He hasn't got a dame in his room."

TAKE FIVE

Some men gulp coffee, others sneak a blonde out of the top drawer. MEN's cartoonists take a break by peeping into the secret file in which they hide their funniest laughs. Here are five of their zaniest "time-out" sidesplitters. . . .

"Boy, you're a real screwball!"

"I'd like to go to the bathroom!"

"I'm from the good ship Moresby that went down twenty years ago. What ship are you fellers from?"

GIRL WHO LOVES TO WATCH STRIPPERS

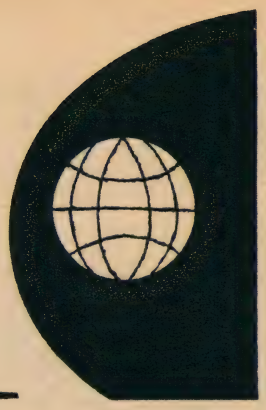
Svelte, sleek-legged Ann Choate (35-23-35) once asked a psychiatrist why she gets such a bang out watching burlesque cuties removing their clothes. "He told me that it was wishful thinking," Sally giggles, "that I had a repressed desire to do it myself. That's silly. My real secret desire is to go to some distant island, where a girl doesn't have to worry about clothes at all."

NEW
FACE

GIRL WHO LOVES TO WATCH STRIPPERS

"My psychiatrist keeps telling me that when I get close to the right man, I'll start breathing wildly. So far it hasn't happened. Do you think there may be something wrong with my lungs?" . . .

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

ASSASSINATION, INC.

Its job is killing. Its agents are diabolically clever, sadistically brutal and have as much moral backbone as a toadstool. To carry out their assassinations, they may use bombs, bullets, knives, man-eating fish and even, in one instance, the poisonous, paralyzing fluid extracted from the sexual organs of the Japanese globefish.

This, according to the favorite mystery writer of the President of the United States, is how the most secret Soviet agency in the world, an outfit called SMERSH, does its deadly work. The writer is a British ex-WWII intelligence operative named Ian Fleming, whose fictional hero, James Bond (British Intelligence code number 007) has the job of stopping SMERSH people from carrying out their assignments. Agent Bond's SMERSH adversaries have ranged from a bosomy, borscht-land seductress named Tania whose chief weapon was her flamboyant body, to a ruthless Red Saboteur whose job was to explode an A-bomb in Ft. Knox and grab all of America's gold. Prophetically, in view of the recent Cuban crisis, Bond was pitted against one SMERSH man who took over a Caribbean island for the purpose of sabotaging American missiles being launched from Cape Canaveral.

If all of this sounds fictional, it might be remembered that author Fleming, whose books occupy a prominent place on JFK's bedside reading table, swears that SMERSH really existed during WWII and after. If there is no longer a Red murder agency of that name, there is certainly right now a collection of hired killers employed by the Kremlin to dispose of any enemy of the Red State who is deemed ready for a morgue slab—and their murder methods are just as bizarre and seemingly unreal as the wildest episodes in Mr. Fleming's supposedly fictional accounts.

This is amply confirmed by a recent trial in West Germany, in which a former Soviet assassin detailed exactly how he had carried out his assignment. The assassin, Bogdan Nikolayevich, Stashinski, was a trigger man for the Soviet Ministry of State Security (KGB). He was ordered to "eliminate" two anti-Red Ukrainian leaders who had fled Russia to live in Munich, but were still a thorn in the Russian bear's side because they were involved in anti-Soviet sabotage campaigns being carried out inside U.S.S.R. The weapon Stashinski used was an aluminum cylinder about six inches long which fired a liquid poison spray. One whiff of this poison cloud and the victim keeled over. Neatly and "fictionally" enough, the poison left no trace in the corpse.

Stashinski caught his first victim in his Munich office in October 1957, pressed the button on the cylinder and left a lifeless body whose death was called a "heart attack." Unfortunately for the Red killer, however, Russian technicians apparently goofed on his second murder shot. He trapped his second victim on a staircase and dosed him with a blast of poison right in the face—but this time an autopsy revealed cyanide as the cause of death, though police found no trace of Stashinski and listed the murder as "possible suicide."

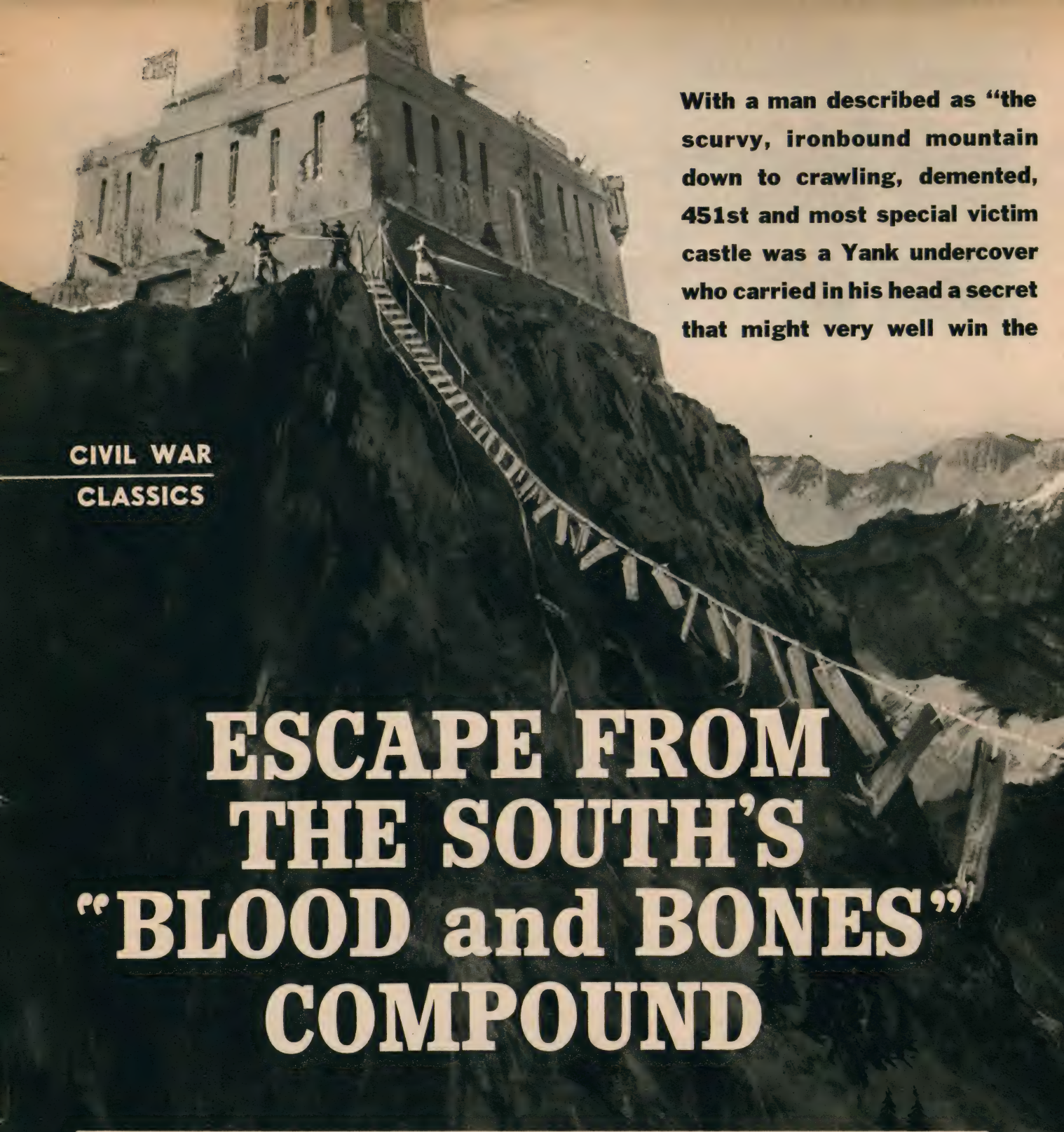
Ironically, even in the fiendish underworld of Russian assassins, Western "bourgeois" love still means something; Stashinski quit his murdering life because he had fallen in love with a 21-year-old East Berlin hairdresser and fathered her child. When she learned Stashinski's "trade," she insisted he quit. Like any dutiful capitalistic husband, Stashinski agreed, fled over the wall to West Berlin and told his story there, prompted by the fact that the KGB had "bugged" his Moscow apartment, knew about his girlfriend and her desire that he quit the assassination racket.

Perhaps all this proves that women are still the world's deadliest weapon.

THE BIG INCH

The applicant for the engineering job was an honor graduate of the best technical university, had performed brilliantly as research director for one of the largest electronics companies in the nation, was personable, soft-spoken, handsome and well-dressed. The report on him showed that he did not smoke, drank rarely and moderately, was devoted to his family and had numerous

(*Continued on page 56*)



With a man described as "the scurvy, ironbound mountain down to crawling, demented, 451st and most special victim castle was a Yank undercover who carried in his head a secret that might very well win the

CIVIL WAR CLASSICS

ESCAPE FROM THE SOUTH'S "BLOOD and BONES" COMPOUND

IT was the most glittering event of the season. Everyone in Charleston, in South Carolina, in the whole Confederacy who could beg, borrow or steal an invitation was there —the ladies resplendent in their ball gowns, the men dashing and handsome in their gray and gold uniforms and ceremonial swords.

The great mansion of *Ravenshill* was ablaze with 20,000 candles. In the ballroom, the orchestra played the latest music from London and Paris. The buffet tables, attended by liveried servants, groaned with food. Upstairs in the smoky card rooms, gentlemen hunched over green baize tables and bet away their fortunes and their slaves.

It was impossible to guess that the date was September 8, 1863, and that there was a war on—a desperate war for survival.

By JOSEPH HAZLITT
ART BY BOB SCHULZ

Gray's vilest, most brutal commandant" in charge, this
vault had worn 450 brave soldiers
"feebs"—and the
of this Carolina hell-
captain named Robert Wolfe,
the Confederacy had to know—a secret
war for the South . . .
"ONE INCH MORE," she gasped as Wolfe reached out. "But hurry. That's not molasses candy they're shooting at us"
RES

"BLOOD and BONES" COMPOUND

And yet the war was the reason for the ball, to raise funds the Confederacy sorely needed to buy guns and ammunition. If anyone had looked closely at the ladies, they would have noticed something odd. For all their finery, not a single one wore any kind of jewelry. All of it had been removed at the door, and tossed into velvet-lined baskets—as a contribution to the Cause.

Downstairs, Jeremy Cousin, master of *Ravenshill* and one of the wealthiest men in the South, was being the perfect host—greeting guests, exchanging pleasantries. Spotting a tall, dark-haired man wearing evening clothes and standing by himself, he walked over.

UNION SPY, Capt. Robert Wolfe (above) had job of stopping a gigantic shipment of guns, ammo from reaching Confederacy

"I don't believe, suh," he said with a soft drawl, "that I have had the pleasure."

The man was in his middle thirties, well-built and with the cool eyes of someone accustomed to command. He put out his hand. "Forgive me, sir. My name is Samuel Locke. I am a Canadian representing the interests of various British companies here. You have a magnificent house."

Cousin accepted the compliment. "It's a good thing you told me you're Canadian. With that accent, you couldn't have walked across this room without being arrested." Locke smiled. The Canadian detail had been his own idea, easier than trying to disguise his flat Yankee twang.

The most beautiful girl Locke had ever seen in his life walked up to Cousin and affectionately threw her arms around him. She had pale blonde hair and perfect skin, flushed to a faint pink by the dancing and the wine. Her dress, in the latest fashion, was cut very low to expose firm, rising breasts.

"My daughter, Leila," Cousin said. He introduced Locke and added, "You must treat this gentleman very well, my dear. We need his help and that of his British friends very badly."

You sure as hell do, Locke thought to himself. And the British are just itching to sell you all the guns you want. All you need is gold enough to pay for it.

He bowed to Leila and, aloud, said, "I am only pleased that your customs prevent you from carrying on business. I am sure that I could not refuse your first offer."

He led her to the dance. As they took their places for the quadrille, she leaned against him and for an instant he felt, through the rustle of silk, her thighs pressing urgently against his. Instinctively he returned the pressure and looked into her face. Her eyes were noncommittal, but her mouth parted slightly and the pink tip of her tongue peeped out and traced her upper lip.

Later in the evening, a servant approached Locke as he was standing with Leila on the terrace and politely asked him to come upstairs. Locke followed him to a heavily-carpeted, book-lined study furnished with massive chairs.

IN one of them sat Jeremy Cousin. Gone was the joviality of the host. He looked icily at Locke and spoke with a steel-tipped voice. "I apologize for interrupting your pleasure, sir. I realize that neither you nor your employers are sympathetic to our cause. You would just as soon sell your guns to that man Lincoln if he paid your price. That will no longer be necessary. Happily we will soon come into possession of a quantity of gold. Two hundred million dollars to be exact. I wish to place an order for the full amount—in rifles, cannons and ammunition. You may instruct your employers to prepare the shipments. Now, you may go back to the party."

"Thank you," Locke said, "I shall make the appropriate arrangements."

As he turned to leave, his mind started racing furiously. Damned right he would make the appropriate arrangements. Not as Samuel Locke, salesman for a syndicate of British gun runners, but in his true identity—as Captain Robert Wolfe of the 4th New Hampshire Volunteers, attached for special duty to the staff of the U.S. Secretary of War.

So the story which had sent him down to Charleston three (*Continued on page* 84)

LIGHTS, CAMERA, LAUGHS

"So there I was, 10,000 feet in the air, with this Hun coming straight for me. . . ."

Out of a ghostly, puckish sound track buried deep in the brain of MEN's gag editor comes these movieland mouthings, bringing to brilliant, slaphappy life again the silent scenes adorning this page—Any resemblance to the original dialogue is purely a side-splitting coincidence. . . .

"The employment agency said general housework, buddy, and that's all I'm going to do" . . .

"I am not at this time a candidate for the Presidency—no matter what Walter Winchell says"

"No, I'm not kidding. It's called a zipper. You just pull it"

"Now blink your eye. Now roll it around. There, I think it's out now"

"Gertrude, for God's sake, you've got to get off this Metrecal diet!"

YOUNG "TIGERS" WHO FLY AMERICA'S ATOMIC HOTRODS

BY DAVID MARS

NELLIS AFB, NEVADA:

IT was something fantastic to see.

The three MIG fighters bearing the red star of Communist China screamed down from 29,000 feet in almost vertical dives, levelled off just above the tree tops and raced north at top speed. A lone U.S. F-86 chased them. The MIG's were howling along at more than 800 m.p.h. as they flashed across the Yalu, their grim-faced Communist pilots frantically peering ahead for the Manchurian home field. Their eyes darted back and forth, sweeping the rear view mirror frequently. They knew that no United Nations planes would cross from North Korea into China, but they were too frightened to think. They were scared—dripping wet, tight-throated, bug-eyed scared.

They spotted their base. The Chinese traffic controller in the tower began to sing out landing instructions, but they were much too panicky to listen. Without waiting to hear a word, they simply gunned their Soviet-made jets and roared down the runways. Two of them collided, exploding with an echoing blast heard 18 miles away. Immense pillars of flame erupted as the kerosene in their fuel tanks went up in instantaneous ignition. The third MIG nearly crashed into the fire truck, swerved aside at the last moment in a sudden maneuver that blew out one tire and crumbled the right wing.

What was it that reduced these tough, hardened Chinese fliers to such unthinking panic?

It wasn't the U.N. anti-aircraft batteries or missiles. It wasn't the Free World pursuit planes, for the Red jets could climb higher and swoop faster. It was a little known U.S. weapon that no Communist nation has been able to duplicate, a fantastic killing device unrivalled in recent military history. The extraordinary gadget—sometimes known to enthusiastic Pentagon pros as "the walking weapon"—was the finest fighter pilot in the world. It was the razor-sharp quadruple-threat jet jockey of the United States Air Force's Tactical Air Command.

In the 32 months of savage fighting between November 1950 and July 1953, these winged wizards pitted their F-86 Sabrejets against a vast armada of MIG-15s in thousands of dogfights between 40 and 40,000 feet. The Yank pilots clobbered the Reds with overwhelming regularity. Final score was 802 MIGs blasted to 56 Sabrejets lost, an astounding

MILITARY MIGHT

You can find them any day on Nellis' sun-baked air strips. They're big on brains, long on courage, and in the fastest aircraft ever designed, they can drop a baby A-bomb down a pickle barrel at 10 miles high. They're America's young, lean, cocksure, nuclear-busting air cowboys and they live by the words: "Any enemy, any place, any time . . ."

JET AGE airmen learn to fire 6000-bullet-a-minute cannons, spray deadly napalm bombs, and refuel Starfighter F-104 (above), world's fastest fighter, in dark at 450 m.p.h.

ratio of 14-1. It is even more startling if one considers that the Communists rarely dared to tangle with Uncle Sam's lethal jet jockeys except when the Reds had a substantial numerical advantage.

TODAY, TAC's fighter pilots who man the 1,500 m.p.h. jets are even better.

They are the best pursuit "jockeys" in the world.

The most expert killers of hostile bombers.

The most skillful strafers—with fantastic 6,000 shells per minute Vulcan cannon and searing jellied gasoline and nuclear tipped missile.

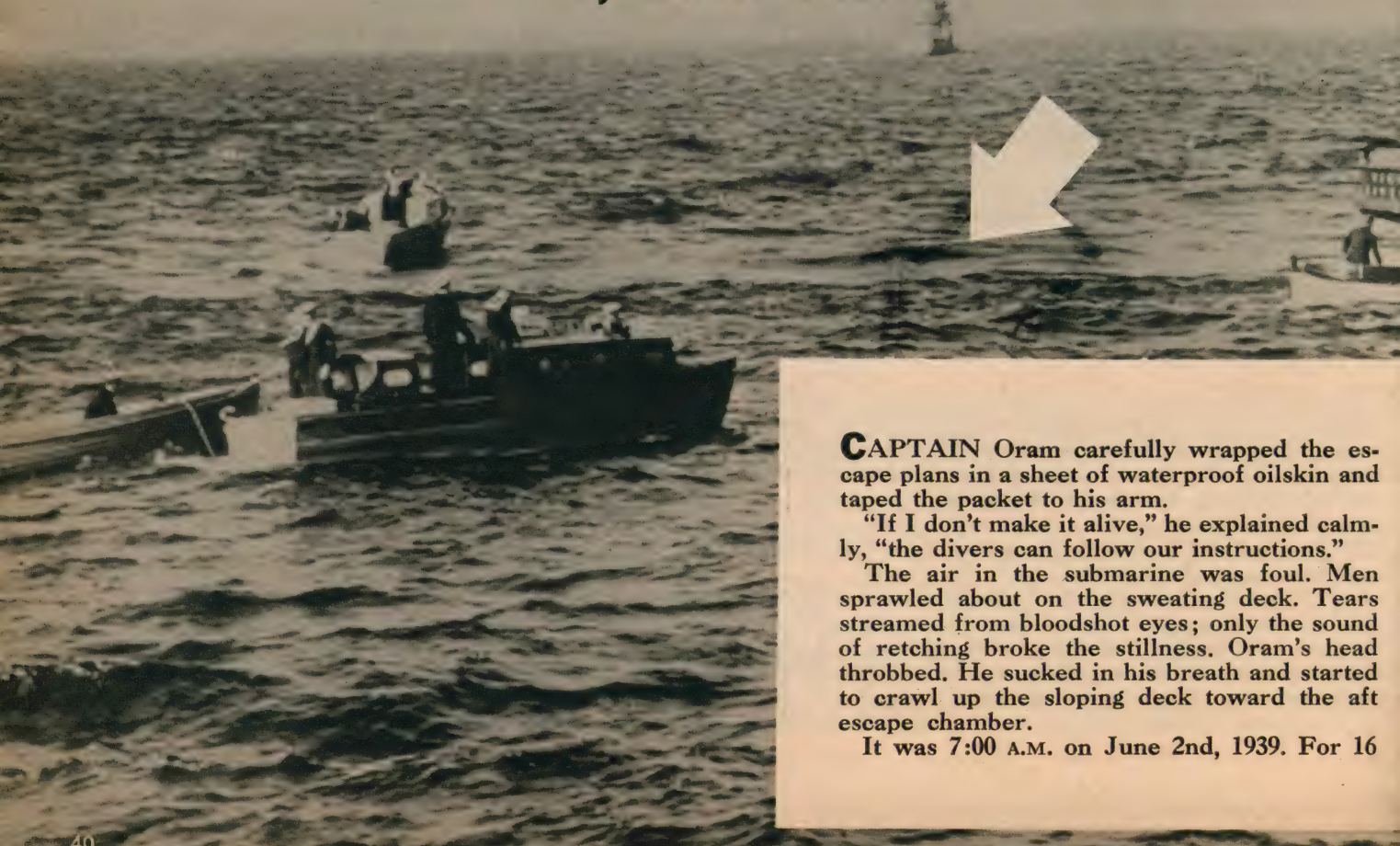
The most deadly deliverers of "baby" A-bombs to annihilate an ICBM base or radar site. They can skip-bomb, toss-bomb, dive-bomb with equal speed and accuracy. They can slip under radar screens, outfox anti-aircraft missile batteries, out-shoot defensive fighters on any continent in the world. They are young (23 to 26), well educated (about 90 percent college graduates) and justifiably cocky. Each of them is practically a one-man air force. He is a superb navigator, crackerjack gunner, master pilot, electronics specialist, and dead-eye bombardier capable of dumping a "special weapon" right "down the pickle barrel" at more than 500 m.p.h.

"So far as the Kremlin is (*continued on page* 52)

The Greatest Sub Disaster:

TRAPPED AT THE BOTTOM OF LIVERPOOL BAY

By MARTIN ENGLUND



CAPTAIN Oram carefully wrapped the escape plans in a sheet of waterproof oilskin and taped the packet to his arm.

"If I don't make it alive," he explained calmly, "the divers can follow our instructions."

The air in the submarine was foul. Men sprawled about on the sweating deck. Tears streamed from bloodshot eyes; only the sound of retching broke the stillness. Oram's head throbbed. He sucked in his breath and started to crawl up the sloping deck toward the aft escape chamber.

It was 7:00 A.M. on June 2nd, 1939. For 16

The *Thetis* was the sleekest, mightiest sub in the world, a high-powered cigar that could burn up the waves as no ship before it. But on its trial run, as it showed its power to the world for the first time, a tiny speck of foreign matter lodged in the throat of this giant steel fish and sent it flip-flopping to the bottom—giving rescuers only 7 hours for the impossible job of pulling 103 courageous but terribly shaken men out of its hull alive

NAVAL COURAGE

RESCUE SHIPS hover at spot (arrow) where Thetis went down

hours the British submarine *Thetis* had been trapped 130 feet below Liverpool Bay, its two forward compartments flooded with 150 tons of water. The sub's nose was clamped firmly to the bottom as though held there by some giant hand. The stern pointed to the surface at a sharp angle.

Fighting off a terrible inertia, Oram inched up the steep deck. He moved as though he were learning to crawl for the first time.

Lying on the deck to conserve their energy, men smiled wanly at his jerky movements, and with a quiet bravery stretched out their hands to help him on the way. The distance from the control room to the escape chamber was 100 feet. On the surface, he could have walked it in seconds. Now, it took him one-half hour. He reached his goal completely exhausted. His heart pounded. He struggled to catch his breath and get up enough strength to enter the escape chamber.

Fifteen minutes ticked by. His mind wandered aimlessly until he forced himself to focus on the simple details of escape.

The lives of more than 100 men depended on his success. He esti- (*Continued on page* 60)

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

Continued from page 8

FRONT PORCH—A fine new kindling for your fireplace is old milk containers—the wax causes them to burn with great speed and race all over the logs, igniting the works immediately . . .

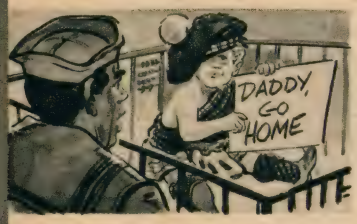
ONE SURE-FIRE SIGN OF TERMITES: tubes about the size of a pencil running along the walls of a basement, etc. . . .

When radio-buying, NEVER PICK A MODEL THAT'S TOO SMALL. Those with relatively large cabinets and speakers over four inches in diameter sound much better . . .

Some men have found that putting grapes in a spin-dryer of a twin-tub washing machine IS BETTER FOR MAKING WINE THAN STEPPING ON THEM IN A TUB . . .

Bartending industry gradually being taken over by large-bosomed lady bartenders, the theory being that WHAT MOST HEAVY DRINKERS REALLY WANT IS A MOM . . . There are 12 states that now say you must first take and pass a hunter-safety test BEFORE YOU CAN BE ISSUED A HUNTER'S LICENSE . . . A good safety idea when handling guns, incidentally, is to treat all guns as though they were loaded, checking always to see that the safety latch is in proper position . . .

Under a new law, ALL TV SETS MADE AFTER APRIL 30, 1964 MUST BE ABLE TO TUNE IN TO 82 CHANNELS. Not just the 12 that most sets now in use can receive. The 82-channel jobs will cost an average of $25 more to buy . . .

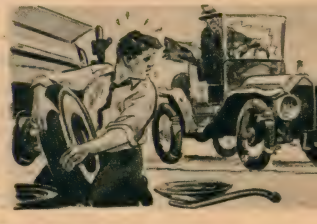


KHAKI CROWD—JAPS WERE SO CONFIDENT OF VICTORY ON GUADALCANAL their battle plans designated the spot where Marine Major Gen. Vandergrift was to appear for surrender. MARINES HOWEVER, HAD OTHER PLANS and killed 3500 Japanese on that island carrying them out . . . The Scottish folks supposedly got all upset when our U.S. Polaris missile subs first showed up in Scotland; but many of the Scottish lassies were real kind to the nuclear sailor boys. One hundred of them married our guys and THERE ARE NOW CLOSE TO 1000 DEPENDENTS IN HOLY LOCH AREA . . . Jumping out of a helicopter is altogether different than jumping out of a plane. Paratroopers have to learn the art all over again, have to jump straight out, rather than up and out—much trickier . . .

Best friend we have in the Vietnam war against the Communists is a poisonous vine called kpung, which we lay double thickness around all friendly villages over that way. WHEN A RED PRICKS HIMSELF ON THIS VINE HE'S LAID OUT FOR A MONTH WITH INFECTED SORES . . .

In the major campaigns of WWII, only one out of four seriously wounded men said they felt enough pain to want something done about it. THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT SEEMED TO DULL PAIN . . .

We even have a plan now on what to do about dangerous psychopaths and prisoners who might be released in the middle of an A-War . . .



UNDER THE HOOD—Makes sense to analyze your tire requirements before you buy a set. ALL NYLON TIRES ARE A GOOD IDEA if you do mostly sustained high speed driving. Maximum traction tires are what you want if you do lots of cornering and start-stop city driving . . .

Incidentally, a small cut or break in a tire MAY BE MORE SERIOUS THAN A LARGE ONE. Especially if it has depth to it. To test seriousness of cut, press the blade of your screwdriver into the cut and if it extends into the cord body, it's best to discard the tire, as you've got a strong chance of blowout . . . THE SIMPLEST OF ALL TIRE MAINTENANCE PROCEDURES IS PROPER ROTATION, which can get you 20 to 30 per cent more mileage—or from 4000 to 6000 miles . . .

When you figure the number of possible variations in makes, engines, transmissions, body styles, colors and rear axle ratios in the new cars, it shows there are 1,690,000 DIFFERENT CARS AVAILABLE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN THE NEW MODELS . . . Friday, Saturday and Sunday crack-ups represent more than 54% of all the fatal accidents in America . . .

NEW GADGETS AND GIMMICKS—Special air-conditioned soundproof enclosures in which AIRPORT TRAVELERS CAN GRAB THEMSELVES A HALF HOUR'S SLEEP while waiting for planes . . . Fishing rods for coming season with battery-operated radios in the rod handles . . . A pistol grip for archers so that arrows can be fired by trigger . . . A way to fight forest fires with radio-controlled gliders that fly over remotely, cover area with chemical spray . . . STEREO HEADSETS FOR SOME DINER PATRONS, so they can pick up jukebox music in greater depth . . .

A new infantry armor that's made of plastic yet is tougher than any metal we know of . . . New battery-operated toothbrushes that include gum massagers, tooth polishers, and stain removers . . .

AIR-CONDITIONED HEARSES ALL OVER THE SOUTHWEST . . .

A next-season electronic gadget that measures the amount of moisture in your lawn . . .

A small electronic box for your boat that will automatically repel sharks . . .

ODD NUMBERS—Still at least one case a month of a newly arrived foreigner in New York BEING SOLD THE INFORMATION BOOTH AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION as a site for a fruit stand . . . Whenever a restaurant is used as a backdrop for crime TV show, ITS BUSINESS ALWAYS INCREASES LIKE MAD . . .

Although judo is supposed to be a defensive technique, when a man gets into a tight spot and he knows a little judo and karate, HE'LL USE THESE TWO DEADLY TECHNIQUES ON HIS ASSAILANT all right, usually falling into them almost by instinct . . .

Biggest myth of the sea is that rats desert a sinking ship. They desert non-sinking ships, too, GOING ON AND OFF SHIPS DEPENDING UPON HOW THEY FEEL . . .

There's a town called Delightful in Ohio . . .

An Albuquerque, New Mexico, zoo sells its ostrich eggs at $3-$5 each . . .

DAY AFTER THE CONVENTION LEAVES TOWN is often hotter, wilder than when Convention is on and cops are on the lookout for trouble. Call-girls bust loose when the party's over and the cops go back to sleep . . .

ALONG THE IRON CURTAIN—It's been demonstrated that the reason Red China's commune system failed is that sex was regulated too rigidly and Chinese young folks finally rebelled. Refugees who fled the communes say couples were allowed only 20 minutes of private sex visits every two weeks. EVEN THAT 20 MINUTES WAS HECTIC, RUSHED, SO TENSE THE COUPLES WERE UNABLE TO PERFORM . . .

An ex-FBI agent in a recent exposé article has said that the FBI has one informer in the American Communist Party for every five real members—which would make the FBI the biggest financial contributor (through dues-paying) to the party. According to the same expert, in a few years the FBI MAY VERY WELL WORK ITS WAY INTO THE TOP LEADERSHIP spots in the American C.P. . . .

THE BIGGEST MILITARY PUZZLE IN THE WORLD IS WHY THE CHICOMS HAVE SO FAR BEEN UNABLE TO JOIN THE NUCLEAR CLUB BY DETONATING A WEAPON. We thought they'd have had the bomb years ago . . .

It's estimated that between 70 and 80 per cent of the Soviet officials in the U.S. HAVE ESPIONAGE ASSIGNMENTS . . .

News that Castro has taken arms away from his civilian militia is BIGGEST SIGN SO FAR THAT COMMUNIST CUBA MAY BE CRUMBLING INTERNALLY. Young militia troops have long been considered most fanatical Reds on the island . . .

ISLAND OF BANISHED BLONDES

continued from page 23

The incident that started Robert Henry Wyatt on his way to Onahiu had occurred a year and a half earlier in the Philippines. A native of Durham, North Carolina, Wyatt had gone to sea in his late teens, rose from deckhand to captain in less than ten years. Eventually, simple greed had brought him to the Far East, where, in the late 19th Century, a seaman with sparse scruples and any kind of ship under his feet could still make a fortune without too much capital. With his life savings, he bought a small sailing schooner, hired on a Malayan crew and searched for a cargo.

He found his first in Hong Kong—a load of Austrian rifles for the Philippine Nationalist insurrectionists then struggling to throw off their Spanish rulers. The voyage proved so profitable, he sneaked 12 more loads of armaments to the rebels during the next three months, building up a $40,000 account in the Hong Kong Merchants Bank. *There's no reason,* he thought, *why I can't make half a million bucks before I'm through. . . .*

As it turned out, there was an excellent reason—a salvo from the Spanish gunboat that blew his schooner out of the water while he and his men were unloading guns in an isolated lagoon 30 miles north of Manila. Cut off from the open sea, all he could do was splash ashore, take cover and watch his ship being turned into a splintered, blazing hulk.

An army patrol found Wyatt and his four crewmen hiding in a field of *sawale* grass the next morning. His attempt to bribe the Spanish soldiers with the money he had been paid for the guns failed.

Less than a month later, sentenced to 20 years for sedition, Wyatt entered Sibuko prison on Mindanao. Unlike Luzon, the main island to the north, Mindanao was a virtual wilderness, its inland population of Moro bandits and pirates still unconquered by the Spanish. Except for a few fields of tobacco and hemp worked by convict labor, there was nothing around the prison except sea and steaming jungle. The nearest settlement was a tiny fishing village ten miles to the south.

Sibuko lived up to everything he had heard about Spanish jails—16 hour work days in the fields, starvation rations of rice and bean sprouts, the dysentery and other chronic diseases that came with malnutrition. Even worse, in his case, was the personal isolation. He shared a cell with six sullen natives but none of them knew English or showed any urge to learn.

In later years, Wyatt decided that if it hadn't been for the preceding months of loneliness, his friendship with Ivor Cargell never would have developed. He had been in Sibuko nearly a year when the stooped, huge-shouldered Englishman was thrust into the cell. The man looked around warily, his blue-white eyes flicking from one Oriental face to another, as if he expected to be attacked. His gaze halted when it came to Wyatt. "English?" he asked in his booming growl of a voice.

"American," Wyatt answered hoarsely.

"Well, you might have been Dutch," Cargell sighed.

"What are you in for?" Wyatt inquired when they had exchanged introductions.

"You know what the Malayans call an *amok*?" Cargell said with quiet pride.

Wyatt blinked. An *amok* was a man who killed without reason, literally a human devil running wild in homicidal rage.

"That's what they called me," Cargell said matter-of-factly. "I killed three Filipinos in Baguio. Bashed in one's head with an ivory-handled umbrella, finished the others with my fists. Bloodiest mess you ever saw. Spaniards would have hung me if I hadn't been a white man. Not true, though, the part about my being crazy. The three lice tried to rob me. Couldn't get anybody to believe it. Damned Spaniards are worse than the Dutch . . ."

Wyatt soon learned a lot more about Ivor Cargell but believed less than half of it. Cargell claimed to be the disinherited youngest son of a baronet, a marine biologist with several important scientific discoveries to his credit and the ex-wrestling champion of Cambridge University. "Came east in '86," he concluded. "Trying to find a species of plankton suitable for human consumption. Cheapest and most plentiful food in the world once you've licked the poison problem. . . ."

ABOUT a month later, Cargell mentioned Onahiu for the first time. "It's southwest of here, about 300 miles away. One of the Tawitawi group in the Sulu Archipelago. Spent two years there, then got restless and headed for the Philippines. Worst mistake I ever made. I'm going back as soon as I get out of here."

Aware that Cargell was serving a life sentence with no hope of parole, Wyatt remained silent for a moment. "What's so great about Onahiu?" he asked at last.

"The women. All young and most of them blonde. I was the only man there. Forgot about my plankton hunting after a while." Noticing the American's dubious expression, Cargell said, "You must have heard of the Borkman colony. Everyone has."

Wyatt searched his memory. Eventually he recalled stories about a shipload of Swedes who had established a settlement on the island of Jolo, between Mindanao and Borneo, early in the century. They had been members of a crackpot philosophical sect seeking a new Eden in the Pacific. Instead they had found malaria, dengue fever and headhunters.

"That bunch was killed off 50 years ago."

"As an organized colony," Cargell said, "but their descendants—some of them almost pure Scandanavian—are scattered through the islands. This particular group settled on Onahiu."

"And what happened to the men?"

"Seven years ago the island was attacked by natives from the Borneo mainland. Members of the Kawali tribe—a branch of the Dayaks but without their fear of long trips across open sea. When a lookout spotted the beggars landing, the Onahiu men sent the women and children into the hills to hide. They came back the next day to find the village looted and their men slaughtered. Apparently the Kawalis suffered such heavy losses in the fighting that they didn't hang around to hunt for the women."

Oddly, they never talked of escape. When a chance to flee did come—late on a September afternoon—it took them and everyone else completely by surprise. He and Cargell were part of a 15 man work gang planting new tobacco in the prison's sprawling south field, less than a hundred yards from the green wall of the jungle. Suddenly one of their two Spanish guards toppled over soundlessly, a ten inch crossbow shaft sticking out of his back. *"Bajete!"* the other guard shouted. "Get down!"

The prisoners were already on their bellies, instantly realizing what had happened. It wasn't the first time that one of the jungle-dwelling Moros, who hated the Spanish, had taken a casual potshot at a uniformed guard.

Panicking, the surviving guard wildly squeezed off rifle shots into the trees where the crossbowman must be lurking. Abruptly Wyatt realized that Cargell, sprawling beside him in the dirt, was counting the reports.

". . . seven," Cargell said huskily. "That's it—the last bullet in his magazine." Gripping the hoe with which he had been working, the giant Englishman lumbered erect and ran toward the guard.

"Don't!" Wyatt yelled after him but it was already too late. With a guttural, bloodlusting howl, Cargell swung the hoe. The dull blade slammed into the side of the Spaniard's neck, cutting off his terrified scream. Cargell struck again and again like a farmer killing a venomous snake.

Then he and Cargell were running toward the jungle. The frenzied headlong flight didn't end until nearly half an hour later, when Wyatt crumpled to his knees in exhaustion. Cargell flopped down a few feet away, noisily sucking air into his aching lungs.

"Jesus," Wyatt gasped, "what got into you?"

Cargell bared his blunt yellow teeth in a grin. "You didn't have to come along."

"We're done for, you know. No one's ever gotten away from Sibuko. There's just no place to go in this wilderness."

"Onahiu. We'll go to Onahiu. It's only 300 miles away, maybe a little less. . . ."

WYATT finally agreed to the Englishman's plan, mainly because he couldn't think of any practical alternative. And, once more, luck was on their side. Miraculously, they made it back to the coast without running into one of the dozens of Spanish patrols that had to be searching for them by now. It was nearly dawn the next morning when they reached the Moro village ten miles south of the prison. Dozens of outriggers were lined up on the beach. Stealing one of them would be easy. However, setting out minus food or water was a suicidal notion.

"The fishermen should be shoving off soon," Wyatt said. "Since they're gone all day, they must carry supplies of some sort . . . maybe enough to keep us alive until it's safe to put into land further down the coast."

Finally, a lone figure carrying fishing line, a water bottle and a package that probably contained his lunch stepped out of a hut and headed for the boats. "There's always one

guy who tries to beat the others to the punch," Wyatt whispered.

When the man passed by their hiding place in the brush, Wyatt leaped out, clubbed him with the butt of his rifle and dragged the motionless body back out of sight of the village. He grabbed up the man's supplies.

Fortunately none of the other fishermen appeared before they shoved off in a stolen canoe. By the time the morning mists dissipated, they were out of sight of land.

It was the beginning of a two-month island-hopping ordeal that ended with the big blonde girl named Elke ordering them off Onahiu at gunpoint. . . .

"WHAT now?" Wyatt asked while he and Cargell sat in the bobbing outrigger, well beyond the reef. "Do we try landing someplace else?"

"I don't know of another passage through the reef," Cargell sighed. He swore under his breath. "It's that blasted Elke. She always had the notion that once a man was permitted on the island he was obligated to stay, help build up the population again."

"To hell with all that. What are we going to do? Drift around until we die of thirst or try for another island? There's a chance we can make the Borneo mainland."

"And face a committee of headhunters?" Cargell muttered. "Not on your bloody life. It's Onahiu or nothing . . ." He broke off, his pale eyes staring at the beach.

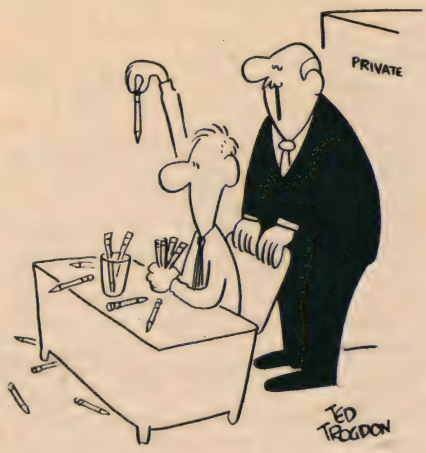
Wyatt followed his gaze, saw that half a dozen outriggers were moving toward them. They were filled with women—the most spectacular collection of massed feminine beauty the American had ever glimpsed. A few had dark hair but most of them were blondes or redheads. They were close enough now that he could hear their welcoming cries.

"One of the other women must have spotted us!" Cargell bellowed. "We're off the hook! Elke can't buck the whole bunch!"

A few minutes later the outriggers were all around them. Women were leaping overboard and swimming toward the two men's canoe, squirming into it like happy porpoises. "You'll swamp us!" Wyatt yelled as a slim, grinning girl slipped a flowered *lei* over his head. The inundation of creamy flesh was so heavy he could no longer see Cargell. The girl who had given him the *lei* grabbed his paddle and began propelling the canoe toward shore.

More women were waiting on the beach. Stunned by the hysterically joyful reception, Wyatt allowed himself to be lifted bodily on to a crude pallet carried by four girls. Other giggling women had rigged up a sunshade by suspending a large piece of cloth between the upheld barrels of the rifles they all carried. Behind him, Cargell was getting the same treatment. Out of the corner of his eye, Wyatt saw Elke standing away from the others, caressing the stock of her own weapon. Her cornflower blue eyes, blazing with hatred and frustration, briefly met his own.

The girls' village was a ten-minute walk from the shore. At first glance it looked like any other settlement of thatch-roofed, reed-walled huts to be found in the archipelago. However, differences were soon apparent. The central building, for example, was a stark, white-framed structure that wouldn't have been out of place in any small town in northern Sweden. He later learned that it was the village meeting hall. The procession halted in front of it and the pallets were lowered to



"Got a minute, Whipple?"

the ground. A plump, black haired girl ran out of the hall, her globe-like breasts bouncing, and threw her arms around Cargell's neck.

"Hello, Mai," he cried, patting her rounded, fleshy form. "You missed me?"

Laughing, she rained kisses on his face and shoulders, then turned to stare curiously at Wyatt with her huge black eyes. "My friend," Cargell said. "Come to stay here with us. He's almost as great a man as I am . . ."

Mai, Wyatt soon discovered, was one of the three island girls Cargell had taught to speak English. The others were Elke and Leah, the delicate-featured little honey-blonde who had given Wyatt a *lei* back in the outrigger.

"You must be tired," Leah said, taking the American's hand. "I show you how we take care of tired people on Onahiu."

THE others roared with merriment as she led him to a windowless hut on the outskirts of the village. To Wyatt's amazement, heavy clouds of water vapor billowed out of the place when she opened the door. The hut was literally a natural steam room, built around one of the volcanically heated springs common to islands in the archipelago. Leah shoved him inside, ordered him to lie down. Suddenly realizing how exhausted he really was, he surrendered to the moist comforting heat seeping into his body. He felt Leah's hands on him, stripping away his clothing. "Turn over," she murmured and began gently massaging his back and legs. It was almost as if the fragile hands kneading his flesh were literally rubbing out the horror of his year in Sibuko, pressing life back into his weary body. Soon he was asleep. . . .

That night a feast was held in the meeting hall. Cargell shared the place of honor with Wyatt, directly beneath a painting of a stern-faced, mutton-chop-whiskered man in a high collar and black suit. "Gustav Borkman, the Swede who organized the original colony," Cargell explained with a chuckle, pointing toward the portrait. "You'd never believe it to look at the grumpy old bastard but the whole way of life here originated with him. He and his followers tried to establish a utopia. Threw away all the European conventions—private property, marriage, the works."

After the festivities broke up, Wyatt accompanied Leah to her hut, weaving a little from the amount of native mead he had drunk. He blinked in surprise when he entered the one room structure and saw that the walls were draped with strings of orchids, gardenias and hibiscus. "A very special night," the girl said as she unbuttoned his ragged shirt. "It has been many years since I have had a man. I did not lie with Cargell when he was here before. I was afraid of him."

"He's all right," Wyatt said and took her in his arms, exulting at the touch of her warm, silken flesh. The odor of the flowers filled his nostrils as, bodies already locked in a trembling embrace, they lowered themselves to a reed pallet. . . .

Later, while they rested, Leah told him more about life on Onahiu. "Our only real enemies are the Kawali tribesmen from the mainland," she said. "Twice since the massacre of our men, small bands have raided the island but we fought them off. Luckily, they don't realize how few of us are left. If they did, they'd send in a large force and probably overwhelm us. Elke is in charge of the defenses."

"What's eating her anyway?" Wyatt asked.

"I think she believes that she will lose her own power if too many men come to the island. But she can do nothing as long as the rest of us want you here. And we do."

THE next few weeks were like a protracted dream. Like most seamen, Wyatt's previous experiences with women had been of short duration, an hour or two of love snatched between sailings. For the first time in his life he was literally inundated with girls—and had unlimited time to enjoy them. They seemed to pop up everywhere—on the warm beach when he went for a swim, even back in the hills, where he sometimes took long walks. Although the community's century-old rules barred permanent liaisons between men and women, Wyatt and Cargell eventually made their homes with Mai and Leah respectively. This arrangement didn't prevent them from taking up with any of the other girls when the mood struck them.

From the beginning, Wyatt was fascinated by the way traces of the community's Nordic heritage still appeared in its daily life. For example, their chief product for trading with the steamers that occasionally anchored off the reef was an oil made from shark liver, an industry previously foreign to this part of the Pacific but long practiced in Scandinavia.

One day, after he had been on Onahiu nearly two months, Wyatt asked Elke, who headed the shark fishing expeditions, to take him along the next time she went out. The tall blonde seemed a little surprised at his interest but nodded her agreement.

They left at dawn three days later in a large, flatbottomed boat that resembled no other craft in the South Seas. Built specifically for this kind of fishing, it was so wide that it barely passed through the break in the reef. The crew was made up of Elke, Leah and six other girls. The equipment they brought along baffled him completely. Besides the expected harpoons, it included several rope nooses, some heavy clubs and eight long poles with large, rattling gourds tied to their ends. There was no bait, not even a rotting fish head or two.

Shortly after ten o'clock, Elke ordered them to lower the sail. She gazed down intently into the rippled sea, as if her dark blue eyes could actually see more than a few feet beneath the surface. "Here," she grunted at last and stripped off the flowing smock she

had worn to protect her light skin from the sun. As usual, Wyatt was transfixed by the sight of her breasts, as upright and jutting as if supported by invisible stays.

The girls picked up the long-handled gourds and, four on each side of the boat, plunged them into the water, shook them vigorously. "Sharks, down below, hear the rattles, like a school of small fish moving near the top," Leah explained. "Better than throwing dead meat into water. That way you get only one shark, maybe two. For the gourds, they come from all over."

Improbable as her words sounded, a few minutes later a fin cut the water 20 feet astern. *"Ahos!"* one of the girls cried. It was the Melanesian word for hammerhead shark.

As if participating in a drill, Elke grabbed up one of the looped ropes and Leah seized a club. The other women continued to manipulate the gourds. Now there were other fins—at least half a dozen—circling them. But none approached closer than ten feet to the boat before darting out again.

"Cautious," Elke said irritably. "Too cautious."

Suddenly Wyatt heard a loud splash behind him. Wheeling, he saw to his horror that Leah was overboard. Without thinking, he dove after her.

"No!" Leah yelled as he swam to her side. Her slim legs were treading water as calmly as if she were in a sheltered pool.

Glimpsing a pair of fins swerving toward them, he grasped her naked waist and pulled her with him, flailing awkwardly with his free right arm. Then the first shark came within inches of them, so close that its rough scales almost brushed the American's side. A spurt of fear-induced energy propelled him and the still-struggling Leah to the side of the boat. Hands quickly pulled them aboard.

To his astonishment, as he lay gasping for breath, he saw that the women—even Leah—were laughing. "I jumped in on purpose," she said. "Sometimes the sharks stay too far out. They are puzzled because they can hear fish and feel the water move but can see nothing. . . ."

"So you give them something to look at?"

"They never strike on the first approach," Elke cut in. "Always two or three passes first. Plenty of time for the girl to get back." She was laughing like the others but there was a look of respect in her eyes when she looked at him, silently acknowledging his courage in going after Leah.

For the next hour, Wyatt kept out of their way. As Elke had predicted, Leah's act had drawn the sharks in. He watched in admiration as the girls speared the huge fish, looped ropes around their thrashing bodies and hauled them in to the side of the boat.

Cargell was waiting on the beach when they returned hours later. The red-bearded Englishman's face was sullen as he walked back to the village with Wyatt. "You're an absolute idiot," he grunted. "Once they get used to the idea of your helping with the work, you'll lose their respect."

Wyatt didn't answer. His friendship with Cargell had survived months in Sibuko prison and the long, hazardous voyage down the archipelago but now that danger and pain were behind them, their relationship had become badly strained. They simply began to realize that they didn't like each other.

HOWEVER, the erratic Englishman could still be pleasant when the right mood was on him. Heavy rains fell for a week after the shark fishing trip. When the weather finally cleared, Cargell entered Wyatt's hut and astonished the American by saying, "A bunch of us are going skiing. Care to come along?"

Since the temperature on Onahiu never went below 70 degrees, even at night, he was dumbfounded by the invitation. All he could do was nod and follow Cargell outside, where Leah, Mai—the plump, dark-haired girl—and some of the other women were waiting. Slung over their shoulders were highly polished skiis carved from teakwood.

It was an hour later before Wyatt fully understood what they had in mind, when they reached the lower slopes of a high hill in the center of the island. Down its side poured a swiftly moving stream, swollen by the rains of the past week. For hundreds of feet around its course, the heavily clayed ground was slippery and wet.

"Ski on mud?" Wyatt laughed.

"Of course," Leah replied in a puzzled voice. "What else could you ski on?"

It took them another half hour to slog to the top of the hill. To Wyatt, the sight of half a dozen semi-naked women strapping on skis under a boiling tropical sun was immensely comic but a few minutes later he was plummeting down the hill in Leah's wake. He realized he was following her too closely when a huge glob of red clay churned up by her skis splattered into his face, blinding him. In back of him he heard a bellow of laughter from Cargell, just before his left ski hit a rock. His stomach zoomed up against his lungs as he completed a half somersault, landed on his back, and continued to careen down in that position, choking on mud and gravel. The sickening journey ended when he crashed into a scrub palm.

When he had regained his breath and scraped the dirt from his stinging eyes, he looked around for the others. All except Leah had met with similar mishaps and even she was covered with muck from head to foot. Cargell, crawling out of a deep bog hole, looked like some hairy prehistoric monster that had been caught in a tar pit.

"We will clean up in the beer pool," Mai said.

This time Wyatt knew what they were talking about. The "beer pool" was a spring where jugs of native beer were kept. Soon all of them were splashing in the chilly spring and scraping the mud off each other's bodies. Stirred by the sight of Leah's shining, rose-tinted flesh, Wyatt started to pull her toward shore. But she held back, whispering in his ear, "No, Robert, you must save yourself. Tonight Elke will visit you. She told me this morning that I should sleep in another hut."

The weird social customs on Onahiu occasionally rattled him but this was the first time he had ever grown angry. "Wouldn't it have been nice if she'd told me about it first?"

That night, his head still reeling from the beer he had consumed, Wyatt lay awake nervously, watching the moon go down behind the gently waving palm fronds by the window of his hut. Despite himself, he was looking forward to Elke's coming, even though the way she had arranged it injured his pride.

Then she was in the doorway, her fair skin glowing like fine marble in the dying moonlight. He rose to meet her.

"Get out of here," he said, already wishing he hadn't.

Her jaw dropped. "You aren't serious?"

"Oh, yes, I am."

"I've seen you looking at me," she said skeptically, tossing her long blonde hair. "From the first, you wanted me more than any of the others."

"Sure—but I planned to do the asking."

She cursed and swung at him with a closed fist. He ducked the blow easily and grabbed her around the waist. For a moment, they struggled fiercely, Wyatt forcing her back while she raked his shoulders with her fingernails. Her full breasts heaved against him as they toppled to the dirt floor. Then her hands again touched his shoulders—caressingly now—and her mouth opened moistly against his own.

To hell with principle, he thought. . . .

ELKE didn't leave the hut until late the next morning. A few minutes after her departure, Wyatt made his way to the steam hut. Several of the girls were lounging about the place when he entered.

He was lying near the open door when a shot sounded and a slug ricocheted off a stone only a few inches from his head. With a shout of alarm, he rolled closer to the wall. One of the girls grabbed up her rifle and started for the door but Wyatt wrenched her to his side, just as a hail of shots tore through the walls.

"All of you keep down," he warned.

When there were no more shots in the next two minutes, he crawled over and peered out the door. Already women from the other huts were running toward them, alerted by the gunfire. The assailant—whoever he or she was—wouldn't be hanging around.

"Who would want to kill me?" Wyatt asked Elke, who was among the first to reach the steam hut.

The answer wasn't long in coming. Elke immediately called a meeting of everyone in the settlement. The single absentee was Ivor Cargell. Minutes later they discovered that one of the outriggers was missing.

"At first I was baffled," Wyatt recalled in a letter written years later to a friend in North Carolina. "Just the day before we'd gone on that crazy mud skiing trip together, friendly as a couple of puppy dogs. Then I

(*Continued on page* 50)

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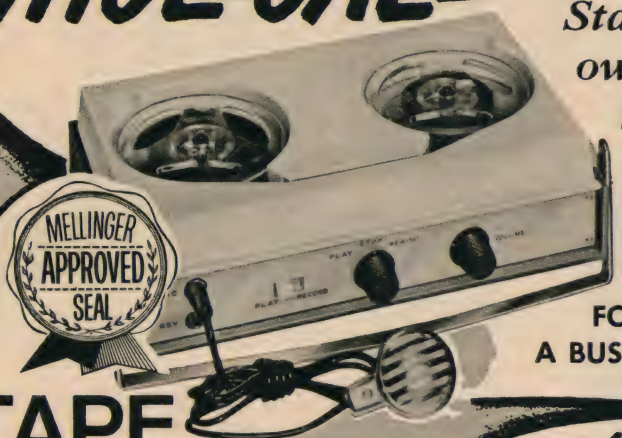

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(*Continued from page* 46)

started putting it all together and it made more sense. Mai, the only one of the girls Ivor really confided in, told us he'd been worried for weeks that I'd been plotting against him, making plans to kick him off the island and steal his women. She said it came and went. One minute he trusted me; the next, he was convinced I was going to put a knife in him some night. What finally set him off was finding out Elke and I had spent the night together. He figured we'd formed an alliance against him and blew his top. I guess the only real explanation is that he should have been locked up in a madhouse 20 years earlier. . . ."

The fact that Cargell had fled the island relieved Wyatt's nerves until he noticed that Elke had begun to look tense and worried. She finally gave voice to her fears:

"Where did he go, Robert? That is what bothers me. Suppose it was the mainland. Leah has told you about the Kawali tribe, the natives who killed our men? For years we have lived in terror of them. Only the fact that they don't know how few of us survived has kept them from making another big raid."

"And you think Ivor might tip them off about how weak your defenses are?" he asked. "To get revenge for what he thinks we've done to him?"

"He speaks their dialect; he knows that they would give him food and shelter in return for his help. But you know him better than any of us here. Is he that crazy?"

Wyatt didn't even have to consider his answer. "Yes, he's that crazy."

Elke immediately tripled the guard on the one navigable passage through the reef. Beyond that, it was simply a matter of waiting. The weeks dragged into a month, then two. Finally, her face bright with relief, she told him: "He hasn't done it—or they killed him before he could speak."

THE next morning, shortly after dawn, Wyatt was awakened by a strange, forlorn, howling noise. It took him a few seconds to realize that it was the pre-arranged danger signal from the beach look-outs—six long blasts on a conch shell horn.

Five minutes later he and Leah stood with Elke on a low hill overlooking the gray beach. The other young girls of the village—fewer than 20 of them—had dug in among the cocoa palms below Wyatt and stared across the green water, counting the long war canoes moving over the sea half a mile out. "Twenty-six," he muttered at last. "And each of them must carry at least ten men."

"We have one advantage," Elke said, pointing toward the white-flecked water above the reef. "Only one canoe can make it through the passage at a time."

Twenty-six canoes, he thought ruefully, fear hardening in his belly. The first dozen boats to negotiate the passage would be shot to bits—but enough survivors would make it to the beach to divert some of the girls' fire. After that it would be a rout and massacre of the islanders.

He wrenched his gaze away from the sea, looked toward their own outriggers, lined up just short of the brushline. The only boat anchored in the water, because of its weight, was the peculiar, barge-like craft used for shark fishing. He studied its heavy lines for a moment, hope flaring in his mind.

"Those war canoes," he gasped. "They ride pretty low in the water, don't they?"

"Yes," Leah said, puzzled. "Why?"

"And Cargell told me once the break in the reef is barely deep enough for an outrigger to cross . . ."

Elke nodded.

"When we went fishing that time, I noticed that barge of yours is so wide it nearly scraped the coral going out. The damned thing must weigh a ton. If we sank it right in the middle of the passage. . . ."

Elke was running for the beach even before he finished speaking. Wyatt was right on her heels. There was an ax in the small supply hut near the outriggers. She snatched it up and splashed through the light surf toward the moored shark fishing boat. Wyatt joined her and hauled in the anchor. Together they began poling the boat toward the reef.

When they reached the lapping waters above the coral shelf, the closest of the ornately carved, brightly painted Kawali canoes was less than 500 yards away. He could hear the shouts of the squat-featured, brown-skinned natives as they drove their paddles into the waves in perfect unison. While Elke struggled to hold their boat steady in the turbulent current at the mouth of the passage, Wyatt frenziedly swung the axe into the floor boards.

Crossbow arrows zipped through the air all around them. Grunting, Wyatt worked like a madman. Finally water started to trickle into the bottom of the boat.

"Wyatt! Damn you, Wyatt!" a growling voice shouted from the approaching canoe.

He flashed a glance upward, saw Cargell's gnarled, red-bearded face in the prow of the first canoe, like some ghastly figurehead.

Then water was swirling around their ankles, the boat settling into the passage.

"Head for shore," Wyatt yelled to the girl, diving overboard.

Even before they were halfway back to land, gunfire began pouring off the beach. Wyatt stopped, treaded water for a few seconds. The first canoe was now entering the passage. In the first heart-stopping seconds, he thought that it would make it over their improvised barricade, now out of sight. Then the canoe's prow rose into the air like a rearing horse, its belly torn out, spilling natives like dominoes from a box. Some of them were dumped on to the reef itself, where the sharp coral shelves cut their flesh like giant razors. Others made it to open water, where they swam in confused circles or struck out for shore. He saw no sign of Cargell.

By the time Wyatt re-joined Elke and the other women, two more canoes had tried to make it through—and had ended up the same way as the first. Elke had split her girls into two parties. One concentrated its fire on the canoes while the other aimed at the dark, shaggy heads bobbing in the surf. The remaining native crafts had backed up in a tangled flotilla beyond the reef.

"Look!" Leah warned, indicating a group of about a dozen Kawalis running out of the surf a hundred yards down the beach. Rifles swerved toward them but most of the bunch reached cover. Other isolated survivors from the wrecked boats were also making shore.

By the time the massed war canoes on the other side of the reef turned out to the open sea in defeat, more than a hundred lifeless forms were floating in the water. Only three of the island girls had been killed—all struck by spears or arrows from the handful of natives who had reached land. Among the dead women was Mai, impaled through the back by a feather-tufted spear.

Leaving six girls to cover the beach, the others fanned out to mop up the Kawali stragglers. It wasn't a hard task. Cut off from their fellows, terrified, the natives were soon reduced to little more than fleeing animals. For the rest of the day the crack of rifle fire echoed all over the island.

Wyatt and Elke found Ivor Cargell's body three miles up the beach. He had been chopped up so badly by Kawali bolo knives that even the strong-nerved blonde had to look away. Four dead natives, probably killed by the brawny Englishman in his last minutes, lay a few feet away. Even in death the man possessed a fierce quality, as if the bearded, severed head in the gray sand might suddenly scuttle off under its own power and tear with its teeth at an enemy's ankles.

"They must have turned on him, figuring he had deliberately led them into a trap," Wyatt muttered.

AFTERWARD, Wyatt didn't feel quite the same about the island. There had been too much tragedy to sustain the illusion that he was living in a new Eden.

On February 23, 1897—more than six months after he and Cargell came to Onahiu—a Dutch steamer anchored off the reef to trade with the islanders. Learning that the ship was going on to Hong Kong, Wyatt arranged with the captain to work out his passage. Leah took the news of his departure with a fatalistic shrug but Elke, to his astonishment, broke into tears.

"I'll be back soon," he promised the women who gathered on the beach to wish him goodbye. At the time he meant it but, as matters turned out, he never saw Onahiu again.

The $40,000 he had saved during his gun running days still waited for him in the Hong Kong Merchants Bank. With it, he opened a small importing company; a year later he married a British girl, the daughter of a prominent businessman in the city. The Wyatt firm, operated by his grandchildren, still exists today.

Although intermarriage with Asiatics has long since obliterated the almost purely Scandinavian bloodline of the Onahiu islanders, one thing hasn't changed at all. The portrait of mutton-chop-whiskered Gustav Borkman still hangs in the city hall of the town that has replaced the tiny village Robert Wyatt knew. Most of the islanders have forgotten the identity of the imposing man in the picture but it is still an object of veneration.

According to local legend, any barren woman who kisses the canvas will conceive a child within three months. ●●●

PHOTO CREDITS

P. 6, Galaxy; p. 10, DeLong-Galaxy, Black Star, UPI; p. 15, Lee Craft-Globe; pp. 16-19, Wide World (4), UPI; p. 22, European; pp. 24-25, Wide World, Official U. S. Air Force photos; pp. 27-28, Keystone Press, European, UPI, Japl-Pix; pp. 30-32, Galaxy; p. 36, Brown Brothers; p. 37, Roy George Associates; p. 39, UPI; pp. 40-41, Wide World; p. 54, Official U. S. Air Force photo; p. 58, Official U. S. Air Force photo; pp. 91, 94, 99, Lee Craft-Globe; p. 86, Prange Pictures.

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THE YOUNG TIGERS

continued from page 39

concerned, every one of these boys is Hell on Wings—at Mach 2 and better," an American general in West Germany declared a few weeks ago. The Soviets are especially concerned about these TAC aces, for the Fourth Bureau (intelligence) of the Red Army General Staff has learned that—at this very moment—U.S. pilots are sitting in A-bomb-toting fighters in Germany ready to strike. The Chinese Communists are even more worried about the lethal capabilities of U.S.A.F. "jet jocks" in the Far East, having suffered a painful introduction in the non-nuclear aerial meat-grinder of the Korean campaign.

There is something special about the American fighter pilot—something different from the rest of the U.S.A.F. For one thing, he is basically a "loner"—a man who prefers to fight his private war rather than go into action as part of a 10-man bomber crew. He doesn't mind the isolation or the total responsibility, but actually thrives on it. On the ground, of course, he's usually a gregarious type to be found hoisting a few mugs of ale with his squadron. He has an exceptional loyalty to his squadron, regarding others as adequate but inferior. Second, he is coolly certain that fighters are the only planes worth flying and often regards the bomber and transport pilots as useful but uninteresting "truck drivers". Third, in simply physical terms the "jet jock" is generally a bit smaller, quicker in his movements and more talkative. When he speaks, it is usually with plenty of gestures. "A fighter boy can't hardly talk at all with his hands in his pockets," the bomber pilots jest amiably. There is some truth in this, as you'll notice if you watch the TAC aces telling each other about a day's aerial maneuvers. Fourth, he is generally something of a romantic with a touch of the now-obsolete "White Knight of the Skies" spirit. "A starry-eyed Crusader with the steel-trap mind of an engineer and the go-for-the-jugular instinct of a Mafia executioner," a major at Nellis Air Force Base joked recently.

NELLIS, whose three million sandy acres make it the biggest air base on earth, is known throughout the U.S.A.F. and the entire Free World as "The Home of the Fighter Pilot". It is at this vast base eight miles northeast of Las Vegas, Nevada, that Uncle Sam puts the finishing touches on American fighter pilots. A number of other anti-Communist lands also send aviators to this ultra-realistic training that converts the already skilled single-engine flier into a wholly combat-ready pilot.

Nellis has already proved its immense value in putting a "platinum finish" on future aces, for nearly every one of the U.S.A.F. fighter pilots who clobbered the Communists in Korea was an alumnus of this extraordinary school for battle. "Today," says handsome 49-year-old Brig. Gen. Boyd Hubbard who commands Nellis, "our grads are even more versatile. We believe that we could throw anything from a leaflet to a megaton." The trim 5' 11" blue-eyed brigadier is a lean veteran of the B-29 operation against Japan who has since been checked out on the hottest jet fighters. He loves 'em.

"Hubbard even plays poker like his young jet jockeys," one of his lt. colonels told me when I visited Nellis. "A fast wide-open game and a damn good one. And like his whiz kids, he's a shrewd fatalist. He's also a very strict no-nonsense type of boss. Tight discipline, low accident rate, plenty of guts and spirit. He makes them enjoy their sweat."

It takes more than perspiration to make a top-notch TAC flier.

Here's what a typical young pilot goes through to become one of Hubbard's internationally respected combat-ready "Tigers".

The majority of the fighter pilots today come out of some college's Air R.O.T.C. program. A stocky young lieutenant from the U. of Kentucky, 22-year-old Andy Gardner, first reported to Lackland AFB in Texas for a month of paper work and processing, some elementary work on how to command and an extremely thorough physical to make sure he was suitable for flying duty. This was followed by six months of primary training in the rudiments of flying, leading to 120 hours in the "two burner" and two-seater T-37. After mastering this twin-engine jet, Gardner was transferred to Craig AFB in Louisiana where he spent 125 hours on the more complex and faster T-33. In his six months at Craig, he concentrated more on advanced flying—including "blind" and instrument work. Just before he got his wings, the big question was whether this tow-haired Kentuckian would spend his next five years in fighters or bombers. Since he was Number Four in his class, he could choose himself.

He picked a single-engine career.

"There's no right seat in a fighter," ambitious young Andy Gardner reasoned. With no co-pilot, he'd be flying all the time.

With the decision made, he went to Luke AFB in Arizona for another six months to learn to operate actual combat aircraft. At Luke, named after the great U.S. balloon buster and ace of World War I, Gardner was checked out on the F-100—current workhorse of TAC. Having put in six hours with an instructor in the tandem-seated "F" model of the Supersabre, he devoted his next 20 "rides" to the basics of strafing, shooting rockets, dive bombing, skip bombing, and both high and low angle "regular" bombing in the single-seat "C" model of the sleek 1000 m.p.h. F-100. He spent a good deal of time in simulated "dogfights" against "enemies" who flew the basic usual Soviet and Chicom maneuvers.

At Luke, Gardner began to feel comfortable "thinking on his back at 900 m.p.h.". He also learned how important it was to "Make the enemy fight *your* kind of battle" —to get the full advantage from the special features of U.S. planes. As he was to hear so many times at Nellis, "that's the name of the game." This game also included 20 flights devoted to the fundamentals of dropping nuclear weapons, plus low-level attacks at tree-top altitude. Finally, the husky Kentuckian completed the exhausting and fierce three weeks of rugged "survival training" in the wastes of Sead AFB.

Then he got his orders to report to Nellis.

Andy Gardner had heard about how demanding the "combat-ready" course was, so he drove his 1956 convertible up to Las Vegas three days early for a final fling. Having discovered just how interesting the spinning wheels and shapely desert lasses could be, he got a good night's sleep before he tooled his car through the main gate at Nellis at eight a.m. on a hot cloudless Monday morning. The sign over the portal read "Welcome Class 71 B". That was his class.

The armed Air Police at the sentry box directed him down Fitzgerald Boulevard (named after a dead flier who'd been the leader of the famed Thunderbirds, the fantastic aerobatic experts also based at Nellis) to a one-story, cream-colored wood building marked T-22, where he officially signed in. After dropping off his bags at a nearby barracks, he reported to the headquarters of the 4520th Combat Crew Training Group. Here he met the rest of his class—25 in all. They looked very much alike in their silver-tan "505" uniforms with open-necked short sleeve shirts. They were all sweating in the rolling heat waves that came in off the surrounding desert. They were all "first balloons", young first lieutenants. Gardner recognized two buddies from Luke.

BEFORE they could say much to each other, the Fighter Group C.O., a lean, tanned Californian whom somebody had nicknamed "Pudge" as a joke strode in to brief the "new boys". Colonel C.E. "Pudge" Wheeler, who busted out of Hitler's barbed-wire Stalaglufts three times, gave them a brisk 20-minute rundown on what Nellis was going to do to and for them.

Two of the main points were basic to the Nellis approach.

"Work hard but don't sweat. All you'll do is die all tensed up!"

"Be damn careful. There are old pilots and bold pilots, but no old and bold pilots."

Gardner could see that these made sense, for the forbidding mountain and desert combination that was Nellis made it a rather unhealthy area for emergency bail-outs.

After lunch with his friends from Luke,

"I've seen this coming for some time, Jessica—I guess the honeymoon is over."

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Gardner and his class hustled over to the flight line and the brick building that housed the 4521st Combat Crew Training Squadron.

"Wow!" one of the "first balloon" students gasped.

Across the face of the structure was a gaudy orange and black painting of roaring tigers, bamboo trees etc.

"Every man a tiger!" explained the escort officer. That was the slogan of the 4521st, an outfit whose terrific esprit would rub off on the young Kentuckian before he knew it. Another sign over the door announced that the mission of the 4521st was to "Train pilots to destroy enemy targets with nuclear and conventional weapons, to destroy enemy aircraft on the ground and in the air."

The students walked inside to the coffee bar, where Gardner met a good-humored, sharp-as-a-scalpel, 29-year-old instructor named Jack Weeks. At the time, Gardner had no idea that this amiable nuclear physicist from the U. of Alabama was going to be his main teacher in the months ahead. Captain Weeks and the 13 other "instructor pilots" were formally introduced to Class 71B a few minutes later in the large briefing room, where the C.O. of the 4521st explained each teacher's aerial qualifications, flying hours, etc. Andy Gardner was impressed, for they were all crack pros. He was also delighted to learn that he would be one of Jack Week's three "studs"—Nellis slang for "students."

IN the next 54 training days (12 weeks), Jack Weeks was to be his father, mentor, companion, cheer-leader, worst critic and ever-present, never-quite-satisfied boss.

"You're pretty sharp cookies or you'd never have made it to Nellis," the seasoned instructor told Gardner and the other two "studs" at the outset, "but you've got a lot to learn before you're combat ready for TAC. I'm going to pack your butts full of sand with more low-level stuff than you can imagine. I'll be the flight leader and you'll be my wing men. You'll be thinking for yourselves, flying for yourselves too. I'll be teaching first, and then scoring. Here's the program."

The tow-haired Kentuckian accepted the F-100 training manual that listed the hours allotted to such items as fighter armament, ejection systems, nuclear weapons, air to air missiles, tactical air operations, target intelligence, enemy ground tactics, electronic countermeasures and recognition of hostile forces. He read it carefully that night after dinner.

Within a few days, the amount of theoretical classroom work began to decline and Andy Gardner was getting up every morning at 4:30 A.M. to fly. He gulped down a quick breakfast on the flightline, grabbed his rubber-lined white Fiberglass "brain bucket" (crash helmet) with the built in earphones and hustled over to meet Weeks at the Tigers' building. There the young "stud" stripped swiftly to his underwear to don special flying gear. One crucial garment was the "green girdle," an anti-G suit designed to reduce the chances of pressure or gravity induced blackouts that could so easily kill a jet pilot.

The rest included black wool cushion sole socks to be worn inside thermal flying boots, footwear designed so the flier can get out of it quickly if he parachutes into the sea. Gardner's basic garment was a zippered green coverall with seven pockets, each also zippered to keep things from floating out under negative-G pressure or in bailout. Over this, he wore a green flying jacket with an orange liner—a bright color to be spotted by rescuers if necessary. The orange non-inflammable scarf was the squadron's own color. All the classes at Nellis wore jaunty black baseball caps, so Andy Gardner bought one too.

The briefing on weather and mission began at 5:15, and by 7:00 A.M., Gardner and Weeks and the other two were climbing into their F-100s down on the flight line. The young Kentuckian wriggled down into the seat carefully, and immediately felt completely hemmed in. It was a very crowded snug-fitting compartment with the plexiglass canopy top only two inches above his head. His "brain bucket" fit against a head rest, his booted feet on the rudder pedals. Once he took off, his right hand would operate the control stick and his left would regulate the throttle. The standard jest of today's fighter pilots is that "Everything moves but your fanny, and it can't because it's strapped in."

It was hot in the cockpit, even with the canopy open. Andy Gardner began to sweat, as he would every time he took up a fighter from Nellis. The Nevada desert area supplied excellent clear flying weather with little turbulance, but it was steamy for interceptor pilots until they could whoosh skyward and get their air conditioners going. On a typical day, the warmth of the desert and the heavy flying clothing combined to cook two pounds out of Gardner. Once, his loss of weight was nearly four pounds.

The steady sweating didn't distract the young pilot from his thoroughly memorized routine. Plug in the headset. Check the oxygen line. Adjust the seat height. Flick on the battery switch on the right side of the instrument panel. Study the engine "master" on the left until it shows that the turbine is delivering 20 percent of full power, then bring the throttle up to the "idle" position. Check all the instruments for hydraulic pressure, fuel supply, tail pipe temperature and a dozen other musts. The big jet motor is whining most irritatingly now—a nasty screechy sound. Now the fighter jockey waves to the crew chief on the ground, who quickly studies the big plane for any signs of leaks. Nothing. He jerks out the saftey pins, pulls the chocks from beneath the wheels and signals the pilot. Okay. Go ahead. The aviator gets a final clearance from the control tower, glances back via the silvery mirror in his canopy and taxies down the runway. He steers by directing the nose wheel.

Another clearance and instructions as the four Supersabres line up, and then the "big big big" roar of power as the F-100 races into the sky at last.

Airborne. Morning after morning, week after week. That was the pattern. After the so-called "dollar ride" around the local area to learn the landmarks and a precautionary "check-out" flight to make sure that Gardner and the others were familiar and current with the F-100D, the main work to make the "studs" combat-ready began. During the first six weeks, they flew mornings and went to class in the afternoon. For the last six weeks, it was all realistic practice in the sky.

The stakes were high, and Andy Gardner knew it. He was aware that (a) his own life depended on it (b) that he was being prepared to fly a single plane that could inflict more damage than all done by an entire B-29 armada of World War II.

"You may be asked to deliver a hydrogen weapon," Weeks warned him seriously. "It's an ugly thought, but also a terrible responsibility. You've got to live with it, and to deliver the goods if and when the chips are down."

The combat-ready rehearsals began with Mission 3, a simple ride in a dual-seated jet with Weeks in the back seat demonstrating how to "shoot" a dart down with a gun-camera. The Dart is an air-towed target dragged through the sky at 500 m.p.h. by another jet, and the rear is only five feet across. Missions 4 to 9 required Gardner to go up alone with "hot guns" and ammunition, to blast holes in the Dart with his 20 mm. nose cannon. Each flight was an hour long, with Weeks scoring from his own Supersabre nearby at 26,000 feet.

Missions 10 to 14 called for instrument flying, for TAC's swift fighter-bombers must be able to reach their targets in any kind of weather. Because the climate at Nellis was so good, Gardner and his three flying-mates had to jet to other USAF bases many hundreds of miles away to make the instrument missions realistic.

THEN came a brief but intensive refresher on bombing techniques, missions 15 through 17 which involved pin-point attacks at high speed with both "tear drops" and "beer cans" weighing about 25 pounds apiece. The "tear drop" fell with the characteristics of the conventional high-explosive "iron" bomb, and the weapon shaped like a beer can descended just like one of the atomic "special devices" that TAC's fighter bombers may have to deliver. There are unusual problems involved in dumping a nuclear weapon, including the danger of the pilot being wiped out by the blast of the bomb that he has just released.

To avoid such an unpleasant accident, Lt. Gardner practiced the fine points of the "retarded laydown". The dummy bomb was dropped with a small "drogue" parachute that slowed its fall, thereby permitting the 1200 m.p.h. jet to move several miles away

(*Continued on page* 58)

REFUELING in mid-air (above), Jet Airmen can fly 7000 miles non-stop . . .

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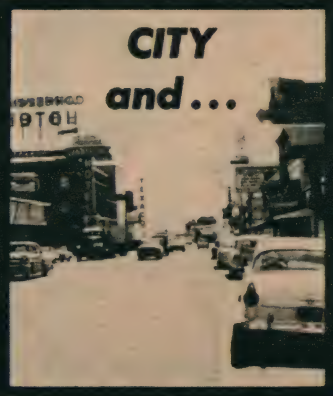

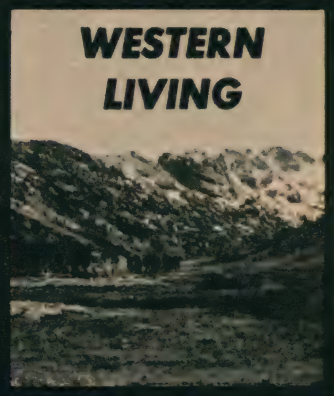

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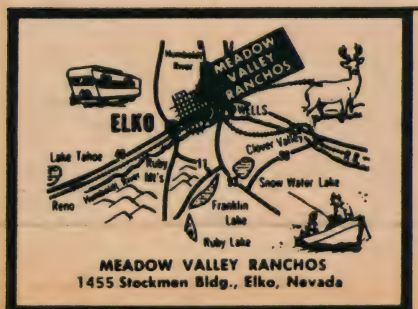

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KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD

continued from page 33

friends who attested his loyalty and integrity.

But he didn't get the job.

After the personnel man interviewing him had glanced over the applicant's papers, nodding his head in satisfaction at the glowing reports, he said: "Please stand up. I must see if your body measures up to your mind and your background."

Then he took a tape measure and carefully, making calculations at every point, measured the engineer's thumb, ear, arms, legs, feet, hands, in fact, every part of his body. When he finished, the personnel man said: "I am sorry, my friend, but you do not conform to the golden rule and the golden rule never lies."

The personnel man with the tape measure is a hiring consultant for a French company in Nanterre called Télèmecanique Electrique. For the past 15 years, he has applied his unique and rigorous "Inch Test" to every applicant for a company job, and according to the company, he has been right in his selection 95 per cent of the time.

Behind the measuring process is a complicated mathematical formula invented by the Greek mathematician, Euclid, the father of geometry. This formula produces a ratio which has become known as "the golden proportion," and it is this ratio which the personnel man applies when he does his tape measure trick.

According to the personnel man's theory, if an applicant doesn't measure up in every way to the "golden proportion," he does not have the intelligence for the job. For instance, using the proportion, a man's ear must be the same height as his thumb. The height of his thumb should equal exactly the distance from the underside of his nose to the base of his chin. And whatever the distance of his navel from his feet, the distance of his navel from his head must be in the "golden proportion" (actually .618) to the lower distance. Arms, legs, hands, feet, all must measure out to the magic ratio—or no job.

Which is all very well—but would that funny little man named Einstein have passed with flying colors?

CARS MAKE CRIMINALS

The accident was pretty much like thousands of others that occur on America's highways each year. Two cars met head-on when one ran a red light. Fortunately, only one driver was injured, a tall, bony, 17-year-old high school student who came out with a seven-stitch gash on his head. As everyone at the scene in the Midwestern city agreed, it could have been much worse.

Until a year and a half had passed, no one realized how bad it actually was. Within that year, the 17-year-old boy, a bright, cheerful, well-behaved lad, was involved in three senseless, brutal crimes—all of them a direct aftermath of the accident.

To begin with, the boy was caught by two policemen in the local lovers' lane attempting to rape a 16-year-old girl. He was dragged off the girl as he pulled at her clothes, pummeled her face and shouted: "What's wrong with my breathing?" The girl refused to press charges and he was released.

Two months later, he broke into a gas station and when the owner's wife caught him fishing in the cash register, he fractured her skull with a tire iron. This time he got a year in the state reformatory.

In a year, he came back home to finish high school. He seemed the same "nice kid" he'd always been and his friends, relatives and neighbors excused his criminal behavior. Their judgment: it was "just a crazy growing-up thing" adolescents go through.

A month later, the boy prowled through the city's park and waylaid an attractive, red-haired secretary on her way home from a night of working late at the office. Ripping off her dress, he tied her to a tree, and was whispering obscenities as he prodded her with a tree limb when a policeman came on the scene and rescued her.

It was only after this third crime that the boy was given a thorough mental and physical examination, and it was only then that the source of his trouble came to light. In the "lucky" auto crash, the boy had suffered damage to his brain, and it was this accident-induced chemical and hormonal abnormality that led him to commit the crimes.

His case is not at all unusual. Each year, highway accidents in America create hundreds, perhaps thousands, of individuals like him. These deranged men and women, called "sociopaths" by medical men, become bizarre victims of an injury they are usually not even aware of, and their behavior is affected accordingly. They become socially dangerous persons who lack consideration for others, aren't concerned with the consequences of their acts, are unable to profit from experience and are compelled to commit crimes, often of a sexual nature, over and over again.

Sociopaths, of course, are not created only by auto accidents. Injury at birth is probably the commonest cause of the condition, and disease, infection and brain degeneration can also bring it about. Usual psychiatric methods do not work with sociopaths. They are, in effect, basically incurable "criminal types," and America's prisons are filled with men and women from their ranks.

And their ranks are growing. Increasingly, the sociopath is getting that way as the result of a car crash—since highway speeds are increasing, along with the number of cars and the number of accidents. Most disturbing, as one doctor has said, is the fact that "the damage usually goes undetected after the accident and these unfortunate victims are set loose in society to do terrible things before they're caught and learn the truth about themselves."

Needless to say, the knowledge that this can happen to you should be inducement enough to drive carefully.

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Says Teddy Ryan, Norfolk, Va.

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"EVEN BEFORE I GRADUATED I EARNED $2,000!"

Says Robert N. Miller, Oakland, N. J.

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(*Continued from page* 54)

before the weapon actually hit the ground and exploded. Another tactic that Gardner rehearsed was the LABS operation, the low angle bombing system that involved whistling in over the tree-tops and climbing sharply near the target—with the bomb being arched out over the target as the attacking plane rose steeply. He also worked to sharpen his "toss bombing", which flipped the weapon out over the target as his plane swung up in a climbing turn away from the objective. Both methods were designed to permit accurate delivery without compelling the fighter-bomber to pass directly over the heavily defended target area. For this reason, they have become more popular than the old-fashioned skip-bombing and dive-bombing used so generally in World War II and Korea.

In his intelligence classes during this time, Gardner was learning about the Soviet radar-directed 85 mm., 10 mm. and 130 mm. anti-aircraft guns, the smaller and more mobile 57 mm. Red Army batteries and the new Communist types of ground-to-air missiles. He was already familiar with the various camouflaged "flak traps" that had been used by the Reds in Korea, but he picked up several additional pieces of practical information from Jack Weeks. One of these was a thumb-nail sketch of the Communist trick of planting dynamite near military installations, and exploding the charges to clog up the air intakes of attacking U.S. fighter-bombers with clumps of earth and debris. More than one U.S.A.F. jet was choked to death this way.

MISSIONS 18 through 23 called for low level "navigation" to find and destroy unknown targets. Some of these were abandoned "junk" vehicles dumped out in the badlands, and others were bull's eye-painted banners mounted on twin poles in the desert. In one case, it was just a flagpole without any banner.

"We're playing a little rougher now, gents, but you might as well get used to the fact that TAC always demands the best," Captain Weeks warned his "studs" bluntly. "This is going to be tough."

"How tough?" Gardner asked evenly.

"You'll be up there going like gangbusters," the instructor explained, "so even if you navigate perfectly you'll have to sweat your eye-balls to spot those targets when you're maching along at six to ten miles a minute."

Mach, airman's lingo for the speed of sound (about 600 m.p.h. at low altitude), was the outside limit for accurate strafing runs. Everything was scored extremely closely. Gardner had to find the target within *five* seconds of the time set and to deliver his bombs, rockets and cannon shells within X *feet*—not yards, of the target. "X" represents a figure that is still classified, but it is impressively small. To make it even tougher, some of these flights involved attacking on a straight speed-run and others required the abrupt "pull up-and-toss the bomb" technique. This shifting back and forth helped force Gardner to become truly versatile as a triple-threat back.

Because many TAC targets in any future wars may be beyond the range of the fuel that a compact single-jet fighter plane can tote, the next three missions focused on in-flight refueling in which the F-100 "nursed" at 17,000 feet from a huge KB-50J six engine tanker. Mission 26 was a "real hairy" (i.e. tricky) one, in which Andy Gardner and another "stud" had to lock in on the extended fuel lines hanging out behind the tanker in total darkness. Night time refueling at 350 m.p.h.—with two jet fighters gulping the highly inflammable kerosene at the same time—is strictly routine for TAC, but it was one of the jobs that left Gardner damp under the arms. A single major error in the night, and—finis.

It was after this mission, number 26, that Andy Gardner went down to the Officers' Club at Nellis for a few mugs of ale to unwind. He didn't find much company there, however, for fighter pilots don't drink much. As a matter of fact, about 30 percent are complete teetotalers. Flying daily at speeds of 600 to 1,600 m.p.h., they simply can't risk it.

GARDNER found out how much he needed his stamina and sharpness on two day missions, such as the joint 27-28 sortie. That ultra-realistic "strike" combined night air refueling, a long cross-country flight to a strange base in Oklahoma for over-night rest, daylight refueling on the way back and precise bombing of a small remote target at high speed. This was exactly the sort of mission that TAC men might have flown if a complete battle-ready Composite Air Strike Force had moved down to Florida when President Kennedy announced the U.S. quarantine of Cuba. The ability to move such a strike force to a distant trouble spot (via air refueling) and to get it there ready for instant combat is one of the major strengths of the Tactical Air Command. Because such swift reaction to crisis can also help "put out the fire" before it gets out of control—as did the strike force rushed to Turkey during the trouble in Lebanon in 1958—Nellis made Gardner and the other "studs" rehearse such operations repeatedly.

In the last three weeks at Nellis, Andy Gardner faced up to the fact that he could expect hostile fighters to try to stop him on any actual combat missions. At Luke AFB, he had polished tactics to counter such red aerial maneuvers as the "Yo Yo" (a ring of MIGs at high altitude circling while one after another peeled off, dived to shoot at

ONE-MAN jet with weapons (above) has destructive power of WWII bomber force

American aircraft and then climbed up to form another "Luftberry" circle for a repeat) and the "Staircase" (flights of camouflaged Communist jets staggered at ascending levels—with a decoy out front) and the "scissors" (a wide pincer movement of two apparently unrelated flights of MIGs). Now he worked with the latest air-to-air weapons that he might someday use to blast such Red gambits out of the sky.

These included the GAR 8 "Sidewinder" and the GAR 2 "Falcon", both supersonic guided air-to-air missiles that home in on the infra-red rays emitted from the tailpipes of enemy jets. Both whoosh along at 1300 m.p.h. or better, and the "Sidewinder" has already proved itself in service with the Chinese Nationalist Air Force in the defense of Formosa. It killed nearly a dozen Communist planes within 72 hours by blasting off their tails after being launched from a mile and a half away.

Gardner found that these swift killers were simple and deadly. After a single instruction flight with Weeks in a two-seater, the Kentuckian went up to fire the GAR 8 himself. The optic eye in the head of the missile "saw" the infra-red rays and kicked off an audible signal that alerted Gardner to prepare for firing. When he heard the precise sound that indicated the missile was properly aimed and within range, Gardner pulled the trigger. In these practice runs, his rapidly moving 1000 m.p.h. target was a U.S.A.F. five-inch rocket screaming along at 30,000 feet.

"You better get him on the first shot, Andy," Captain Weeks warned soberly by radio as the "stud" maneuvered for a firing position. "In combat, the other side will be lobbing rockets at you too. It's going to be you or him—a real old fashioned High Noon showdown about six or eight miles up."

Gardner recalled what the Nellis intelligence experts had told him about Red air-to-air missiles. He didn't miss. Then—to top it off—he demolished a ground target with four conventional "iron bombs". In any real war, merely knocking out the defending fighters would only be the prelude to actually delivering the explosives—the main purpose of the mission.

Bombs and rockets—both air-to-air missiles and air-to-ground weapons built to blast tanks or pill-boxes or enemy ICBM batteries—were only two of the weapons that Andy Gardner had to master. He also had to polish and prove his proficiency with napalm before he could earn his "Ph.D." as a sophisticated and combat-ready fighter pilot. Napalm is jellied gasoline, a product originally invented by a Harvard professor as a weed-killer but later used effectively against the Nipponese in the last 11 months of World War II. It is horribly potent against both men and buildings. A single gob —ablaze—can burn right down to the bone, and it played a large role in the devastating fire raids against Japanese cities in 1945.

On Mission 31, each "stud" flew out with two 750-pound "cans" of napalm for attacks on abandoned WW II half-tracks and tanks. They used the flat dive for a skip-bomb approach, bouncing the napalm onto the targets the way boys might skate a flat stone over the waves. Gardner and his team-mates dived down to 100 feet—fighting the G (gravity) pressure as it mounted. It squeezed their chests, pushed in their cheeks

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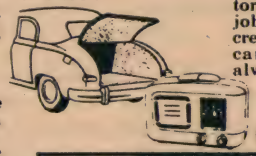

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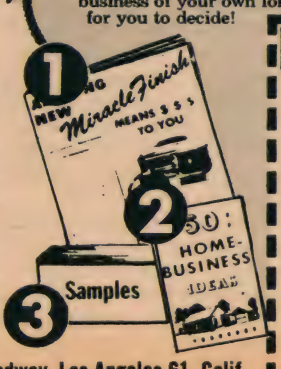

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and squashed them down in their seats. But the counter-pressure provided by the air bladders built into the "green girdles" helped to equalize the stress, and the anti-G suit prevented any black-out that could easily have forced Gardner to "buy the farm". With modern safety gear, it is extremely rare today for any flier at Nellis to "auger in" fatally.

Andy Gardner didn't. Instead, he pulled out flat at 100 feet and accurately skip-bombed his incendiary cargo onto the obsolete vehicles in the desert. They burned furiously, and any occupants would have been charred meat. The North Koreans discovered this—as did the Chinese Communists—when scores of earlier Nellis graduates gave them a short applied course in napalm a dozen years ago.

Having mastered napalm delivery, the young "stud" had only two more missions. One was a "supermarket flight" that called for him to use nearly everything in "the store"—rockets, dive bombing with high explosives, skip-bombing with napalm and high speed strafing of ground targets with 20 mm. cannon shells. All of these weapons are standard items on the F-100, which also fires the air-to-ground "Bullpup" rocket to blast surface targets.

Gardner's final flight was Mission 33, and he was ready for just about anything by that time. This was precisely what he got. First he had to hit ground targets with a pair of dummy 750-pound "general purpose" bombs, then strafe a mock convoy and finally fly all the way to Luke in Texas to shoot up a bunch of obsolete World War II planes on an unused emergency field. It was a long, sweaty, demanding mission—one of the typical TAC flights that leave the fighter pilot contented but suffering from cramped muscles, a sore "parachute tail" and a great yearning to find the nearest latrine. A jet jockey needs sharp eyes, a quick mind and excellent kidneys to survive a four to eight hour mission.

WHEN Andy Gardner showered and dressed in a sharply creased fresh uniform after Mission 33, he breathed a long sigh that combined satisfaction and relief. He could see from Jack Week's face that the instructor was pleased, which meant that he had passed the course. With the rest of the class and faculty, they adjourned to the Officers Club where they all lifted their specially marked "Class 71-D" mugs to celebrate. The big grind was over.

But Andy Gardner's training was not. It would never end so long as he remained with the Tactical Air Command. He was given 30 days leave before joining a fighter outfit in West Germany, where he is on "alert" duty right now. He is qualified as combat-ready for six months, but he may be sent back to Nellis again—perhaps to be checked out on a new plane or some new weapons. The same high standards and treatment are applied to more senior and more experienced officers as well, and it is not unusual to see majors and colonels with 15 years of duty perspiring as "studs" in the Nevada desert.

The reason is simple.

The TAC slogan is the triple A—"Anything, Anytime, Anywhere."

That requires top-notch jet jockeys.

That takes the finest fighter pilots in the world. ●●●

BOTTOM OF LIVERPOOL BAY

continued from page 41

mated there was enough air in the submarine to keep them alive until approximately 3:00 P.M. They were seven hours from oblivion and time was running out. He crawled into the escape chamber.

The new submarine *Thetis* was the British Navy's pride. Laid down in the Cammell Laird shipyard at Birkenhead, she was 265 feet long, armed with six 21-inch torpedo tubes and a four-inch gun on the forward deck.

On Thursday, June 1st, 1939, she prepared to undergo her final trial—a run under the surface. Excitement pervaded the yards that morning. The work of thousands of men and more than two years' time would come to fruition in this diving test.

At 9:00 A.M. the ship's skipper, Lt. Cdr. G. H. Bolus, welcomed aboard Admiralty specialists and armament technicians. Key shipyard mechanics came along to make adjustments during the run. With them was W. H. Smith, a sixteen-year-old apprentice who had begged a ride.

Captain H. P. K. Oram, Commander of the 5th Submarine Flotilla, was assigned to her in an unofficial capacity to observe the officers in action as well as report on the ship's behavior.

To serve the brass, the builders ordered a special lunch from a Liverpool caterer. Two elderly waiters, feeling like buccaneers, climbed into the sub to serve the meal.

All told 103 men were aboard.

It was sunny, clear, warm at 9:45 A.M. when the *Thetis* slipped out of the basin and down the Mersey River. Behind the sleek submarine was the escort tug, *Grebecock*. Its job was to keep in constant touch with the *Thetis* in case of emergency.

In open waters, Cdr. Bolus put the sub through some surface paces. The steering gear was tested at full speed. The main tanks were blown to make sure they operated properly. Around noon, the two waiters from Liverpool served lunch.

After the meal, preparations were completed for the dive. Cdr. Bolus mounted the bridge. Using his megaphone, he called the tug alongside.

"Pass the word along," he told his signalman. "Anyone wishing to disembark, come up now."

No one came up. The adventure of an underwater trip was too attractive.

"Remain a half mile on my port quarter," Bolus shouted to the *Grebecock*. "The diving course is 310 degrees."

The time was 1:40 P.M. Bolus intended to remain below the surface until 4:40 P.M.

Cdr. Bolus ordered the sub's main and auxiliary tanks flooded to take the Thetis down. The flooding was done slowly to be on the safe side. More than an hour passed. Then Bolus attempted to submerge, but the sub was still too buoyant.

The buoyancy was puzzling. The diving plan of the *Thetis* called for the flooding of torpedo tubes number 5 and 6 to compensate for the extra buoyancy of the newly-built underwater ship, which carried no supplies or torpedoes.

Bolus asked Lt. Frederick Greville Woods, the torpedo officer, to check the torpedo tubes. In the torpedo room, Woods peered at the glass gauges set on the rear door of each tube. By the amount of water in them, these gauges indicated whether the tubes themselves were full or empty. Woods saw that each tube showed empty except number 6, which registered half full. For submerging, both 5 and 6 should have been full.

Woods did not know it, but the bow cap, or outside door, of number 5 was wide open and the tube was filled with sea water. The gauge showed empty because it was clogged by a tiny speck of dirt.

That tiny obstruction was to cause the most tragic disaster in submarine history.

Before reporting back to the control room, he inspected the tubes to check for leaks and to make sure the bow caps fitted snugly under pressure. He opened the rear doors to the first four tubes and flashed a light inside. He stepped up to the rear door of number 5 tube, pulled the lever. It was stiff, but he wasn't worried. The parts were brand new and hadn't been broken in. With the final movement of the lever, a trickle of water came from the bottom of the tube.

"There must be a fracture in the tube," flashed through his mind. In that instant, the door was flung back. Water under tremendous pressure surged into the compartment. Frantically, Woods struggled to close the door, but it was like trying to turn back the sea. The enormous force of the flood through the open tube smashed seaman Hambrook to the deck.

IN the control room, the officers waiting for Lt. Woods to report suddenly felt an increased pressure in their ears. Capt. Oram saw the aneroid barometer rise two inches. The sudden increase in pressure made him sense an accident.

"Blow your main tanks," he shouted to the ship's captain. Bolus took immediate action, but high pressure air rushing into the main tanks to force out the water had no effect. The submarine turned its bow to the bottom and at an angle of 40 degrees gathered speed as it plunged to the bottom. Quickly, Bolus released an indicator buoy and fired a smoke candle. The round, red, cage-like buoy bobbed to the surface. Printed on it was one word: "WRECK."

The *Thetis* hit bottom with a dull thud and the lights in the two forward compartments went out.

"Blow the tanks!" Woods shouted to Petty Officer Mitchell.

Mitchell phoned the order to the control room. In other compartments, men shouted, "Surface!"

The torpedo room in the nose of the ship filled up rapdily and the water spilled into the stowage compartment. Tables, stools and boxes slid down from aft because of the sharp angle of the sub and fell on top of the men. They groped in the dark, slipping and falling and clawing their way past the debris that slammed into them.

"The door!" Woods screamed.

Flinging himself against the huge door between the stowage compartment and the torpedo room, Woods struggled to swing it closed. The other men fought their way to his side. If they could close the door, they could confine the flood to the small torpedo room. Slowly they heaved the heavy door closed. Woods slammed one clip in place and screwed it down, but the door was still open a crack. A butterfly clip was jammed in the frame. Water hissed through the narrow opening ominously.

"No use!" Lt. Jameison shouted. "Let's get out of here!"

Clawing their way out of the stowage compartment, stumbling over upended boxes, slipping on the wet decks, with water swirling around them, they entered the third compartment from the bow. The water by then was up to the coaming of the hatch leading into the third compartment.

When they were all out safely, they slammed the door shut and made it watertight. The flood waters were sealed in the two forward compartments.

Cdr. Bolus, accompanied by Capt. Oram and a large party of Admiralty brass and civilian experts, went forward to the third compartment. There, Lt. Woods told them what had happened. The outside cap on tube number 5 must have been open.

Everyone on board remained calm. They faced the situation with quiet confidence. The crew was certain that within a few hours they'd be able to surface.

One of the seamen laughed. "Now," he remarked, "we'll get a closeup view of the 'brains' at work."

The *Thetis* was equipped with the latest underwater diving "lung"—the Davis escape apparatus and two special escape chambers.

The escape chambers were iron boxes built into the side of the hull. Each box straddled a bulkhead and was equipped with two doors. Two men at a time, wearing Davis "lungs" entered the box. When enough sea water was admitted to the chamber to equalize the outside pressure, clips released a hatch at the top of the chamber and shot the men to the surface. The hatch was then closed by a control from inside the ship and the water drained off.

The forward escape chamber straddled the bulkhead that separated the flooded stowage compartment from the dry third compartment.

CDR. Bolus reviewed the situation. The crash had wrecked their receiving and sending radio equipment. Although they had no way of communicating with the surface, Bolus expected the tug *Grebecock* to see their smoke candle and marker buoy. Help, he supposed, was at this moment on the way. Except for their radio and the two flooded compartments, the submarine was in operational condition. The lights worked. The pumps remained dry. There was no cause for alarm. With 103 men aboard instead of the normal crew of 58, their air supply of 48 hours was cut in half. Beyond 24 hours, the air would turn foul and they would die of carbon monoxide poisoning. No one thought it would come to that.

Bolus was not quite so sanguine. A quick count showed that 29 Davis "lungs" were lost in the flooded compartments. Only 93 sets remained. This knowledge made him and the assembled experts determined to raise the sub if possible to enable every man

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking!

TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple — yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depends upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view — to be receptive to your proposals?

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to escape. Their 24 hours of grace would last until 3:40 P.M. on Friday.

There were two methods of getting rid of the water. The simplest was to blow it out using air from the high compression tanks. "Let's try that first," suggested Cdr. Bolus.

As the air boiled into the flooded compartments, Bolus watched the gauge. Fifty percent of their compressed air supply had already been used to blow the main tanks. The remainder was going too fast without quick results. Bolus ordered a halt.

The second plan was to pump the water out. It was necessary to close number 5 torpedo door and open two valves inside the flooded stowage compartment.

"We'll pass a man out through the escape chamber and into the flooded compartments," said Bolus.

First Lt. Chapman volunteered. While he strapped on his Davis "lung," Captain Oram briefed him.

"We're down about 115 feet at this point," said Oram. "You have to work fast."

The men grew silent. Oram continued. "On the surface, you can breath pure oxygen for long periods of time. At this depth, sea pressure is a problem."

As the men listened to this almost professorial lecture, they grew fully aware of the danger. No longer was this a lark. Escape was no longer certain. Tension gripped them.

"What's the effect of breathing oxygen under pressure?" Chapman asked.

"Oxygen poisoning," said Oram. "You may get a tingling of the fingers. Take that as a warning because unconsciousness follows quickly."

Oram went on to explain that Chapman could breathe oxygen freely at that depth for about fifteen minutes. "That's a rough guess from memory," he said. "Now, it will take a little over three minutes to flood the chamber to equalize the pressure. It will also take about the same time to drain you down after the work is complete. That means you'll have to move fast."

Chapman nodded. He fitted the mask over his face and climbed into the escape chamber. The door was shut. Oram watched Chapman through the glass scuttle in the door. The chamber began to fill.

The time was approximately 4:40 P.M. One hour of their time limit was used up.

ON the surface, the tug *Grebecock* chugged away from the scene of the disaster. The day had turned gray. The sky was overcast, a dismal mist rolled in from the Irish Sea. Visibility was five miles. No one aboard the tug saw the marker buoy.

When the *Thetis* failed to surface at 4:40 P.M., the tug searched the choppy waters for five minutes. Then in a typically British understatement sent this urgent message of alarm to the naval station at Portsmouth: "Something is amiss."

Inside the escape chamber, Lt. Chapman was almost up to sea pressure. In a few seconds he would be able to open the door leading into the flooded compartments. Suddenly, he signaled frantically for the water to be drained down. A low, nervous murmur spread outward like a ripple as the men passed the word along. Water draining out gurgled into the sub's bilges. When the chamber was empty, Captain Oram yanked the door open and pulled Chapman out.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm terribly sorry," Chapman apologized. "I was faint and dizzy. I was afraid of passing out. I couldn't help—"

"Let me try," Lt. Woods begged. Cdr. Bolus nodded. "I'd better take another hand with me," Woods added.

Petty officer Mitchell at once volunteered. A torpedo gunner's mate, Mitchell knew his way around the tube compartments.

The men entered the escape chamber. When the water was chest high, Mitchell showed signs of distress. He clapped his hands to his ears. His breathing grew labored. Woods was not affected. When the water reached their chins, Mitchell writhed in agony and Woods signaled quickly to drain them out.

A third attempt was planned. Woods again volunteered. This time Petty Officer Smithers went with him. Once more the water flooded up to their chins. Once again the man with Woods couldn't stand the pressure. When they were drained out, two seamen volunteered to make still another try, but Bolus decided against it.

The time was 7:40 P.M. Four hours of their allotted time had slipped away. Three hours had passed since the S.O.S.

Coming in March Men:

THE BLONDE WITH THE SINFUL TORSO

A roller-coaster collection of curves whose blonde loveliness spelled desire with a capital D, Hollywood star Zelda Roxanne was every bit as wild and free as her screen image, a deadly, provocative, blackmailing nymph. She was riding high—until she invited five of her ex-lovers for a blazing weekend in her Beverly Hills mansion. All of them wanted her dead, and private eye Rick Holman, who was occupying the current place of honor on her bedroom roll, was directly in the line of fire—

COMPLETE, HARD-HITTING MEN BOOK BONUS

At midnight—more than seven hours after the S.O.S.—the British Navy steamed to action.

While the British Admiralty followed the numbers, the men inside the submarine continued their calm deliberations in the control room. Unable to empty the flooded compartments unaided, they drew up a plan for assistance from the outside. They instructed the rescuers to tie an air hose to one of two connections—the gun recuperator on the forward deck, or the whistle connection on the bridge. Those positions were high up in the submarine and would be most readily found by a diver. Once a hose was connected and the air compressor of the surface vessel pumped air down, the men inside would be able to cooperate by opening the necessary valves to let the water be blown out.

An engineer officer put the plan on paper and drew rough diagrams of the placements. The idea proposed was that one man using his "lung" would escape to the surface with the plans.

The time was then 8:00 P.M. on Thursday. They had used up four hours and 20 minutes of their 24 hours of air.

The *Thetis* had foundered in a strong tidal stream. Unless ships were in the vicinity, anyone shot to the surface at night would meet almost certain death. Rather than risk a life, Cdr. Bolus suggested they sit tight until dawn on Friday.

At 8:30 P.M. the commander-in-chief, Plymouth, phoned his friend Capt. Hart, chief of all salvage work in the Liverpool area. A grizzled seaman, Hart had lifted more than three hundred sunken vessels.

Hart wasted no time. He ordered steam raised on three camels (huge compressed air chambers that can jack up a vessel), rounded up two experienced divers and his superintendent of operations, the wreck master. One hour later he was aboard the salvage vessel *Vigilant* and moving out to sea.

At 9:00 P.M. the destroyer *Brazen* drew alongside the *Grebecock*.

"Have you located the *Thetis?*"

"No, but we saw a flare dropped by one of those aircraft."

Flights of planes were still sweeping low over the sea. It was dusk. The *Brazen,* using a large searchlight and two 10-inch signal projectors, searched the spot, but found nothing. For the remainder of the night, the *Brazen* swept around the *Grebecock* in ever-widening circles.

INSIDE the sub, the shipbuilders worked steadily for three hours. By 11:00 P.M. they had made all the necessary connections for the compressed air hookup from the surface. By then the air inside the sub was turning foul. Breathing became more difficult, and some of the older men were visibly suffering.

The *Thetis* had been submerged seven hours and 20 minutes.

While official notice of the S.O.S. moved at a snail-like pace, word-of-mouth news spread like wildfire. By 5:00 P.M. on Thursday—less than twenty minutes after the accident, anxious relatives streamed into a large waiting room at the Cammell Laird yard and little knots of women gathered at the entrance gate.

Inside the sub, the men moving about like automatons slowly raised the stern of the *Thetis*. The air was growing worse. Someone suggested they freshen it up from the high compression air tanks.

"No," said Captain Oram. "We can't. If we start breathing this foul air under high pressure, we'll all come down with CO_2 poisoning."

Just before dawn, the tail of the *Thetis* splashed above the surface. Air in her ballast tanks held her at an angle of 35 degrees.

In the control room, a last dramatic conference took place. A small group consulted with Cdr. Bolus.

"It will take at least 10 minutes to a quarter of an hour for each pair of men to escape from the aft chamber," said Capt. Oram. "If we wait any longer men won't have the time or the strength to get away when help arrives."

"Even now, some ships not connected with the Navy may be standing by."

"I wish I knew," Bolus exclaimed. "But you are right. We can't delay."

Oram offered to take their plans to the surface.

The time was 7:00 A.M. Friday. They had been entombed more than 15 hours. Unless they got help, only nine hours of life were left

Oram suggested another man to go with him to double their chances of being found.

Men passed the word along. "Volunteer wanted!"

Two seamen stepped forward. Woods, not knowing what the job was, climbed up the steep incline to the control room and offered himself. Oram chose Woods because he felt the officer would be more useful in directing rescue operations.

"When I reach the surface," Oram said to Bolus, "if the luck of the tide permits, I will try to reach the marker buoy or the tail of the submarine. Even if I'm swept away by the tide, I'm sure I can direct a ship back here."

"Let us know as quickly as you can if any surface ships are in the vicinity."

"Quite," said Oram. "And I suggest that as soon as you hear a signal, you have the men escape in pairs—one naval rating with one civilian. It will ease the situation with fewer men. Just keep those you need for the rescue operation."

Oram, followed by Woods, started the long slow journey toward the stern. Woods glanced back. Lt. Cdr. Bolus had wedged himself in a bulkhead door because of the steep angle. He was gasping for breath. Sweat rolled off his face.

"Give me a reading on the after depth gauge," he ordered.

A seaman called out the figures. The submarine's stern was above the surface. Unfortunately, the tail of the sub was a complicated wilderness of pipes, gear tanks, and shafts. "Open 'Z' outboard vent!"

The vent was opened.

"Try 'Z' inboard vent for water!"

"The vent is open, sir."

The tiny ¼-inch valve should have allowed air into the hull. No air entered.

When Woods and Oram recovered their strength after the climb, Lt. Chapman helped them into the escape chamber. Slowly the water seeped into the small iron box. When the chamber was almost full, Chapman drained them down again. The water pouring into the sub had splashed over the bilges because of the steep angle and shorted an electrical circuit. Smoke billowed into the compartment. Some men put on gas masks. Others snapped on Davis "lungs."

"What's wrong?" asked Woods when the chamber door was opened.

"Is the top of the escape chamber above water?" Chapman asked.

Oram was deaf from the change of pressure and couldn't hear the exchange. Woods shook his head. "I don't think we are."

Chapman started closing the door to flood the chamber again. At that moment Woods and Oram heard depth charges fired. They had been found. Men sprawled on the angled deck cheered and waved their arms.

WHEN the pressure inside the escape chamber was equalized, Oram and Woods shot to the surface.

The time was 8:00 A.M., Friday. They had eight hours left for rescue.

Across the waters of Liverpool Bay, the *Brazen* continued its futile all-night search until dawn, when it steamed back toward the tug *Grebecock*. Lt. Cdr. Mills, on the *Brazen's* bridge, scanned the sea through his high-powered binoculars. Suddenly, he shouted, "There she is!"

The stern of the *Thetis* projected about 18 feet above the water. It had gone down 14 miles from Great Ormes Head, a Welsh promontory in the Irish Sea, and 30 miles from the mouth of the Mersey River. The *Grebecock* was over five miles from the submerged submarine.

Mills wheeled his destroyer for the wreck and sent out a signal to the salvage vessel *Vigilant*, the only other ship on the scene: "Follow me!"

Quickly the *Brazen* closed on the *Thetis*, dropped twelve underwater charges to let the trapped men know they'd been found, and lowered a whaleboat. As soon as the whaleboat hit the water, Oram and Woods shot to the surface and were taken aboard the destroyer.

"Other men will be coming up," said Oram.

The chunky salvage vessel *Vigilant* reached the sub at 8:15 A.M. "Stand clear of her," ordered Capt. Hart of the *Vigilant*. "If we pull alongside, we'll block any hope of men coming up from the escape chamber."

Officers aboard the two vessels shouted messages to each other. Word was passed up to Capt. Hart. There was no immediate need for salvaging equipment. Someone shouted: "Everyone inside is quite happy. They are all expecting to escape with their Davis 'lungs.'"

More whaleboats were put into the water to pick up survivors. While the seamen in the boats anxiously waited for survivors, the news was flashed to the Cammell Laird offices at Birkenhead.

Sydney Woodward, secretary of the company, ran to the waiting room. "The *Thetis* has been located," he shouted, "and everyone aboard is alive."

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The women, after their strained all-night vigil, burst into tears of relief. To them, the report meant their men would all be saved.

Actually the trapped men were fighting a desperate battle against time. The lights in the compartment containing the aft escape chamber had faded and gone out. Flashlight batteries had been used up. The air was unbearable. A few men stumbled in the darkness. The rest were sprawled on the deck gasping for breath, moaning. Some had already lost consciousness.

Lt. Chapman took charge and ordered four men into the escape chamber. "Two ratings and two civilians!"

Smitty, the 16-year-old apprentice, stepped up. The seamen helped the two civilians put on their Davis "lungs" and Chapman gave them rapid instructions. "Inflate your oxygen bags," he barked. Quietly they crowded into the tiny escape chamber and turned a tap that admitted oxygen to the mouthpiece. Chapman flooded up the chamber.

THE swift change from foul air to pure oxygen was a grateful relief. They were elated by a feeling of delight and happiness. They relaxed. The chaotic cobwebs in their brains cleared. Then a new tension gripped them. The chilling sea water lapped about their legs and brought a sense of dread. Time seemed to stand still and a second was an eternity. Slowly the water rose. The pressure made the blood pound in their ears. After five minutes, the water sloshed against their faces. The men reached overhead to push against the hatch. It didn't budge. The pressure had not yet been equalized. Frantically, they pushed harder Their heads ached with a terrible pain. The sudden change from foul air to pure oxygen now brought on terrible nausea.

Wilford Hole ripped off his mask, tearing the elastic band in his mad haste to ease the suffocation. He struggled to hold his breath, but in a moment sucked in a lungful of water. Two others fought the temptation to remove their masks, but the mouthpieces grew intolerable. They were being strangled. Vomit filled their throats as they writhed in pain. Frenzied, they tore the elastic bands that held the mouthpieces in place. Their agony lasted only one brief moment.

Only Smitty, the young apprentice, fought down the nausea. Wild-eyed, he stared at the dead men squeezed into this chamber of death. With a terrible cry, he tried to push open the hatch, but his strength had left him. The pressure was equalized. A slight shove would have sent him to the surface, but he was unable to reach up. He could only stare at the patch of diffused green light above him. There, only 20 feet away, was safety. And then, as though life itself was ebbing away, the water in the chamber drained out. He had been inside fifteen minutes, but each second had seemed endless.

Chapman and Stoker Arnold dragged them out. Three men were dead, drowned in a tiny tank of water.

"What happened?" Chapman repeated over and over again.

Smitty was beyond questions. His mind had snapped and he could only roll his eyes in terror. Then with a terrible moan, he choked. His eyes stared blankly. The boy was dead. It was the end of his underwater adventure.

The men in the compartment were horrified. Only a dim light came through the open door from the adjoining compartment. Darkness heightened their terror. They could steel themselves to face the creeping poison of carbon monoxide poisoning. That was an expected danger. But the sight of violent death and madness was beyond their comprehension. No one spoke. The only sound was the hoarse voice of Chapman asking over and over again, "What happened?" Then Chapman grew silent, too. The labored, harsh breathing of the men in the foul interior grew louder.

CHAPMAN looked about in despair. He asked for volunteers. Shaw, a steam-fitter from Cammell Laird, was a rotund, ordinarily cheerful, little man. Now, his face was drawn and white. He pulled himself erect. "I'll chance it," he murmured. Stoker Arnold stepped forward. He tried to appear casual, as though the escape chamber was the London Underground. Chapman told them to get ready.

Shaw had his Davis "lung" on his chest. The straps wasn't long enough to wrap around his thick body twice. Arnold tied them at the back. They stepped into the chamber. Arnold 's calm manner gave Shaw courage.

When the chamber flooded up, Shaw pushed open the hatch and went up. Arnold's clothes hooked on some clips of the hatch door. He kicked himself free and rose to the suface rapidly. His own courage and calm had brought them both to safety.

To a casual observer, the four survivors seemed in fairly good shape. Actually, they suffered from carbon monoxide poisoning. The poison fogged their thinking. A kind of collective guilt about their own safety made them insist that the entombed men were well enough to follow them out. Forgotten was the shortage of Davis "lungs." Forgotten the gasping breaths.

The time was 9:40 A.M. on Friday. The men had been entombed 18 hours and 20 minutes. At most, they could last five or six more hours..

The plan brought to the surface by Oram was given to Capt. Hart. Since the discovery of the sub, a strong tide had been running. It was impossible to undertake diving operations immediately. As soon as the tide slacked off, a deep sea diver from Liverpool was briefed and sent below.

Fighting the tide, the diver fastened ropes to the forehatch as a guide. That simple operation took almost two hours. He hammered on the hull and heard faint hammering in reply. When the diver surfaced, he asked to be sent below with an air hose immediately. Capt. Hart turned down his request. He was afraid of coming too close to the *Thetis* and fouling up any others zooming through the escape chamber. Minutes ticked by. No one else came up.

By then Lt. Woods was shaking the fog from his brain. Wild with anxiety, he screamed that the men inside the submarine were in no shape to cooperate with their rescuers. "They are desperate!" he shouted. "Don't you understand? They need air!"

For the first time, Hart clearly realized that he was in a race against time. Although Capt. Oram had estimated the men could last until 3:40 P.M., it was obvious from the hysterical outburst of Lt. Woods that Oram was optimistic.

At 10:30 A.M. the 6th Destroyer Flotilla arrived after an all-night journey from Portland. Commanding was Captain Nicholson, the first naval officer of authority to reach the *Thetis*.

Nicholson and Hart decided to pass a cable under the stern of the *Thetis* to keep

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it out of the water, then remove a plate from the stern and send a man inside the submarine.

The wreck master, Charles Brock, still clung to the stern of the *Thetis*. He directed the passing of a "messenger wire" under the hull. When the wire was in place, they drew a 3½-inch cable round the stern. Brock hammered on the hull and he spelled out in Morse code: "Come out." There was no answer.

The salvage vessel *Vigilant* then drew close. The winches ground into action and the stern slowly rose higher until the *Thetis* was lying at an angle of 45 degrees.

Brock removed one of the outer cover plates on the stern of the *Thetis*. Underneath was a solid manhole cover secured by nuts. He started to ease them off. A sharp hiss of air escaped from inside the sub.

"There's considerable air pressure under the plate," he yelled across to Captain Hart.

Neither Hart nor Nicholson was familiar with the construction of subs and couldn't tell whether the removal of the inner plate might not be dangerous to the men inside.

"Harden her down, Charlie!" Hart shouted.

While Brock tightened up the nuts, Captain Oram was consulted. Oram assured them it would be safe to remove the manhole cover.

Brook loosened the nuts again. The strong tide, meanwhile, swung the stern perilously. Suddenly the tail of the *Thetis* heeled over.

"Into the ditch!" yelled a seaman.

Brock slid off the stern into a whaleboat. The cable pulled taut and the stern again held steady. Brock clambered back to the stern. Working fast, he loosened all but the four corner nuts. Once again the submarine canted. The cable groaned and rubbed against the hull with a whining note of protest. The men in the whaleboat screamed a warning. Brock lashed a rope around his waist and was swung off the stern to safety.

The *Thetis* twisted on its nose and swung in a complete arc of 150 degrees. Again it lay in the water at a 35-degree angle. The time was 2:40 P.M. The air-starved men had been trapped 23 hours.

Navy ships, tugs with spectators and newsmen, fishing vessels kept arriving minute by minute. Thousands of men were spectators of the drama.

INSIDE the submarine, the air was indescribable. The man sucked in the foul air, gasping and choking, crawling about helplessly, hearing the hammering outside, but too weak to answer. One by one, the air-starved men lost consciousness and died. Only a handful still clung to life.

"It's now or never," said Captain Nicholson to the salvage veteran, Hart. "We must heave the stern up high enough to be clear of the machinery in the tail."

"It won't work in this tide," Hart warned.

"I can't approve."

"It's my responsibility!" snapped Nicholson.

"You know the odds are 100 to 1 against success? If we cut a hole and she slips into the water, the men will certainly die."

"What do you suggest, Hart? Wait until slack tide at 6:00 P.M.? Any risk is justified now! Stop wasting time!"

Nicholson barked out orders and seamen with oxyacetylene cylinders and torches rowed to the stern. Two tugs attached tow ropes to the *Vigilant* to help her pull the *Thetis* into the tide. The winches roared. The stern rose higher and higher until the ship was almost standing on its nose. Clinging to the hull, the acetylene experts cut into the steel. Blue flame flashed from the torches and sparks cascaded into the brown water of the sea.

The time was 3:10 P.M. The 24 hours were almost up.

The surging tide roared past the steel hull. Slowly the sub turned on its nose. One swell caught the *Thetis* in its grasp, rolling her into the sea. The torch wielders leaped down the sides to the water. The steel cable holding the stern stretched and, with an angry crack, parted. The *Thetis* hung one moment in the air, then slipped underneath the waves like some giant fish. The wire holding the marker buoy in place snapped and the red buoy bobbed out with the tide.

That was the final moment of life for the entombed men. Sulphuric acid from the big storage batteries amidships spilled into the bilges. The combination of acid and sea water generated deadly chlorine gas. Limp bodies rolled and tumbled forward to come to rest in a tangle of corpses against the bulkhead. . . .

At noon on Saturday, after listing the names of the men aboard, the Admiralty issued a brief communique. "Regret that hope of saving lives on the *Thetis* must now be abandoned."

The women, the relatives, the friends shuffled away for the first time since Thursday night. The vigil was over. Ninety-nine lives had been lost—the most terrible submarine disaster in history. ●●●

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MEN WHO DAMAGE MISSILE PROGRAM

continued from page 25

ones the Soviets showed off in Moscow on May Day," one of the men wearing stars agreed.

"Those guys certainly moved fast—didn't they?" sighed another general as he started on his third pack of cigarettes. "Last week, just a few scars in the ground and now complete combat-ready rocket batteries for dumping nuclear warheads on 30,000,000 Americans."

"*They* probably didn't even have any labor problems," the third Air Force intelligence commander explained.

NOBODY laughed. The situation was critical, and the jest wasn't very funny. It was an ugly joke—on you and every other American. The real authors of the nightmare gag were the thousands of supposedly patriotic U.S. citizens who have been slowing down Uncle Sam's crucial missile construction with crippling strikes. In the past six years, some 551 work stoppages at American rocket plants and bases have cost the Free World 202,837 man-days of work.

Work on the vital long range Titan II missiles needed to counter the threat of megaton-sized fireballs to be delivered by the Kremlin's own growing force of ICBMs.

Work on urgently needed new Skybolt airborne ballistic missiles that would permit comparatively slow (700 m.p.h.) B-52H bombers to retaliate from beyond the range of the latest 1,800 m.p.h. Soviet "Flashlight" jet interceptors.

Work on U.S. solid-fueled Minuteman rockets that may deter Red aggression because they can be fired back so quickly that no sneak "nuclear Pearl Harbor" could obliterate them on the ground.

Work on the Navy's submarine-launched Polaris missiles that are converting America's atomic undersea craft into roving invisible rocket pads for swift punishment to any attacker.

Work on the key research rockets at Redstone Arsenal and huge boosters at Cape Canaveral used to thrust America's determined astronauts up into orbit, scheduled for service in the nation's multi-billion dollar race for space and the politically important landing on the moon.

General Curtis E. LeMay, outspoken brilliant Air Force chief of staff, has publicly warned that "The nation suffers and the free world may be endangered"—but the strikes have continued.

Why?

Why would thousands of U. S. craftsmen, technicians and laborers walk off their essential jobs again and again—from California to Florida—at a time when the entire country is struggling to close the shocking missile gap?

Why would they strike when the Communist empire was cynically trying to terrorize the world by continuous "rocket rattling" and threats of intercontinental thermo-nuclear salvos?

Were these men Communists or fellow-travelers?

Were they dupes led by crooks or lunatics?

Were they simply stupid during this most perilous period of modern times?

They were neither Reds nor suckers nor idiots. They were simply narrow minded, arrogant, greedy individuals who put their own pride and pocketbooks ahead of the national interest. Complacent in the power of their union locals and confident that nobody—either employers, the Air Force or their own national labor leaders—would dare to challenge them, these "dollar commandos" hurt America's crucial missile program. They ignored warnings about the importance of rapid rocket installations at a time when the U.S.A.F. was phasing out manned bombers, refusing to be bothered by the possibility that their selfishness might leave the U.S.A. semi-naked in the interval between the halt of B-52 and B-58 production and the actual combat-readiness of the missiles. They yawned in boredom at appeals to their patriotism, snickered at outraged senators and generals, and studied the baseball scores while front page headlines screamed of the latest Communist advances in the not-so-Cold War.

Not only did they pull off jurisdictional strikes (squabbles between two unions), organizational strikes (picketing to force workers to join and employers to recognize their union) and assorted wildcat strikes (many for reasons that seem ludicrous), but they also staged numerous slow downs and mass absences to force the desperate contractors into doubling or tripling the amount of lavishly paid overtime.

THESE get-rich-quick artists, who fortunately represent only a fraction of the intelligent and hard working U. S. labor movement, whined that many of these stoppages were necessary to get themselves better pay. Before going into the facts on the individual strikes, let's take a quick look at the wages paid to these unfortunate men. To quote Senator John L. McClellan, chairman of the Senate investigation that exposed these outrages last year. "One electrician made $748 in a single week, which is more than the combined salaries paid Dr. Wernher von Braun, the missiles expert, and Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover, the atomic submarine specialist. A spot check of a contractor's payroll during a single week showed 90 pipefitters and electricians at Vandenberg Air Force Base were each paid more than the $365 received weekly by the commanding general at Vandenberg. A foreman of common laborers at Cape Canaveral received $434 in a week, just $1 more than the pay of the Secretary of the Air Force." Many workers—including some with limited skills—raked in $21,000 to $26,000 each year. Elevator operators made $360 a week.

Much of this money—YOUR money because it was paid with your tax dollars—was baldly forced out of the contractors with the same terror tactics that the Communists used on the international scene in recent years. It was the old Al Capone routine—give us what we want or we'll put you out of business. Instead of acid bombs and tommyguns, the missile workers used strikes that stalled the crucial defense projects. And money was only one of the reasons that they struck.

Here are some typical examples of the types of work stoppages they pulled in various parts of the country.

At a Wyoming ICBM site, cement finishers who were not satisfied with their already ample wages decided that they simply had to get more overtime—at double and triple pay. Since work was moving well on the carefully planned rocket pads, the contractor told them that there was no legitimate justification for such a costly move. Unimpressed, the cement finishers went out on strike. They started a small picket line, indifferent to the impact that this might have on the U.S. defense program. Other workers, who were getting plenty of overtime themselves and saw no reason why the cement finishers shouldn't get their share of the federal gravy, refused to cross the picket line. Appeals to patriotism and pleas for negotiations after work was resumed were brushed aside harshly. The cement finishers had a stranglehold, and they didn't mind squeezing. With the Red ICBMs pointed at America like Mafia machineguns and The Pentagon grimly reminding the contractors that every day counted, the strikers won easily. It was really no contest. They had much better weapons than the traditional blackjacks, baseball bats and sawed-off shotguns of the classical racketeer. They had the long range rockets, hydrogen bombs, bacteria and poison gas of the entire Communist empire.

ANOTHER kind of work stoppage that has been even more common in the U. S. missile program has been the jurisdictional dispute. These struggles between different unions have cost the national defense dearly. In April 1961, President Kennedy warned the U.S.A. that the Reds were confident that "the complacent, the self-indulgent, the soft societies are to be swept away." Even as he spoke, electrical workers were on strike at Lowry Air Force Base in Colorado. They quit work on the installation of urgently needed Titan and Atlas ICBMs to protest that they should have "exclusive rights" to certain jobs during the construction of the launch installations. They were annoyed that some tasks had been assigned to men not members of their union, but "strangers" connected with another labor organization. Since the electrical workers had strong alliances with the construction "craft" unions, furtively many hundreds of craftsmen quit in sympathy with the electricians. The theory was apparently that the "exclusive rights" of the electrical workers were more important than the survival of the U.S.A., a proposition that millions of Americans menaced by Soviet missiles may find a bit difficult to swallow. Some may even gag at this nonsense.

"Nothing to sweat about," one striker commented after the mess had been settled. "After all, we can make up that lost time by putting in some overtime!"

At double or triple pay, of course.

Do these justifications for crippling a vital part of the defense effort seem minor to you?

They do even to many union leaders.

When an irate Senate subcommittee challenged a business manager for a plumbers union local, the union official had to admit

that "some of these were trivial." He seemed somewhat embarrassed when Senator Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska called upon him to explain the loss of 1347 work-days on the Titan pads at Cape Canaveral. That incident was prompted by a reason that was not trivial, just astonishing. The National Astronautic and Space Agency brought in some civil service specialists to handle certain very delicate installations, and the plumbers weren't going to stand for that. They rated the government technicians in the same class with non-union "scabs," so they quit. Other craft unions refused to cross the picket line, thereby forcing the federal government to knuckle under. NASA might be able to put America's heroic astronauts into orbit—and conquer the lethal mysteries of space—but it couldn't lick the plumbers.

THE missile program at Cape Canaveral had already taken its lumps from the plumbers in several earlier work stoppages, including two big organizational strikes that wasted 1228 man-days and 30,856 man-days respectively. On another occasion, the plumbers didn't toil because they were reluctant to cross the picket-lines set up by the teamsters—who were tossing an organizational strike of their own. The teamsters, whose top gun—Jimmy Hoffa—has been repeatedly denounced as a rogue and gangster associate by the Senate Rackets Committee and the Attorney General of the United States, weren't getting very far with their efforts to win control of Florida's truck drivers. The teamster bosses drove in their opening wedge at Cape Canaveral.

They followed the traditional line of attack. They set up their pickets, and Cape Canaveral died. For four weeks, this important base was dead—empty—abandoned by all the members of other unions who wouldn't buck the teamsters. The strike itself finally failed when a state court issued an injunction against the picketing, but Uncle Sam was a month behind in his missile program. Later, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations tried to talk to the local teamster chief. He gave his name as Joseph W. Morgan of 515 N.E. 178th Street in North Miami Beach, Florida. He identified himself as "general organizer for the International Brotherhood of Teamsters." Then—to the surprise of absolutely no one—this earnest friend of the working man took the Fifth Amendment. Again and again and again, he claimed his constitutional right not to be forced to be a witness against himself. He didn't want to talk about the strike, or his relationship with another teamster official who'd been arrested on charges of bribing a judge. As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan would not even admit that he was a citizen of the United States.

The teamster strike cost America 30,856 man-days of work. It also angered the slow-to-boil but righteous Senator McClellan, who pointed out that the teamster boss Mr. Hoffa had piously sworn that his Teamsters would never strike any defense installation. On the question of whether Cape Canaveral was such a "defense plant," Morgan again refused to commit himself. He took the Fifth Amendment again, just a few minutes before the Senate Subcommittee's able general counsel (Jerome Adlerman) revealed that the Teamsters had also struck "at the Fairchild Air Force Base near Spokane,

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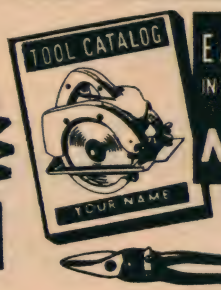

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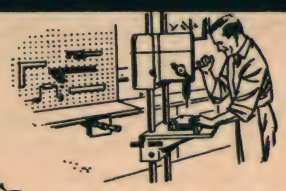

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Washington, for three days—and that affected the Atlas missiles."

Although the Cape Canaveral missile complex has had one of the most shocking records in regard to work stoppages, the scandals have spread like some ugly weed across the entire country. Let's take the case of a BOMARC base at Suffolk, Long Island. The BOMARC is one of our prime bomber-killing ground to air rockets, and the Long Island battery was to have a vital role in protecting the 8,000,000 men, women and children of New York City from Red H-bombs. When Boeing Airplane Co. labor relation manager James D. Esary, Jr. was asked to tell Congressional probers about "the effects of jurisdictional disputes, work stoppages and interruptions," he exposed the horrifying history of labor problems at the Suffolk base to the whole country.

"DURING the period from February 26, 1959 to September 18, 1959, there were eight separate work stoppages.

(1) February 26, 1959—the riggers walked off the job as a result of a jurisdictional dispute with the plumbers and pipefitters; three work-days lost.

(2) March 13, 1959—the plumbers and pipefitters walked off the job as a result of a jurisdictional dispute with the riggers; nine and a half work-days lost.

(3) March 30, 1959—the riggers went on strike because three riggers were discharged for refusing to return to their assigned work areas and go to work. A picket line was set up by the riggers and was honored by nearly all craft trade employees on the site; four and one half work-days lost.

(4) May 28, 1959—300 pipefitters walked off the job, refusing to work a swing shift for the 15 percent premium provided for in the international agreement. Double time, instead, was demanded despite the contract; one work-day lost.

(5) June 15, 1959—300 craft electricians walked off the job in sympathy with two electrical foremen who quit their jobs in protest over a requirement to raise production to a reasonable level; one work-day lost.

(6) July 1, 1959—380 pipefitters walked off the job as a protest over the dismissal of a pipefitter general foreman and a job steward for leaving the job prior to the end of the shift; two workdays lost.

(7) September 1, 1959—the operating engineers walked off the job over a jurisdictional dispute involving the operation of electrical generators in the heat and power building; four work-days lost.

(8) September 18, 1959—over 300 pipefitters walked off the job protesting the dismissal of a general foreman for insubordination; one work-day lost."

More than 6000 man-days of skilled labor were lost at this one base in less than seven months in strikes that were apparently inspired by inter-union squabbles, greed for illegal overtime, and insisting on taking it easy (i.e. goof off at high pay).

If it seems that Boeing had a rough time with the Suffolk BOMARCs in 1959, in 1960 the company took lumps as bad when it brought the Minuteman rocket to Cape Canaveral for testing at the Atlantic Missile Range. The Minuteman, a vastly superior and much cheaper ICBM that can be fired in instantaneous retaliation because it is solid-fueled, has been widely hailed as *the* missile that will make the difference. "When we get our hundreds of Minutemen in their blast-proof underground silos," General Thomas S. Power of the Strategic Air Command has announced, "the entire defense picture will change. America will be so tremendously

SILVER STAR YANKS AND LOVE-HUNGRY WOMEN

THE TEXAS MARAUDER WHO FOUGHT WITH THE VICE GIRLS OF MANILA BAY—A hot-tempered U.S. Lt., Charlie Barren got riled when his Philippines AA battery was shot out from under him. Instead of surrendering, he hid in Manila's silkiest bordello, recruited a dozen patriotic, honey-skinned dolls as allies, and mounted a deadly, 3-year back street war against the enemy, doing more damage than 10 B-29 raids and laying down a giant carpet of dead Japs for our Leyte Gulf invasion fleet to roll in on—GREAT TRUE BOOKLENGTH ADVENTURE IN FEBRUARY MALE

THE PARALYZING YANK BOMBER RAID THAT BROKE HITLER'S BACK AT PLOESTI—A sky-filling swarm of B-24's, they were loaded to the turrets with TNT-and-flame destruction, winging through a needle-thin back door into the gut of Germany's Third Reich on a precarious, 20 feet above the earth "haystack run"—their target, a gushing river of oil on which the entire Nazi war machine depended—TRIPLE-LENGTH

NEW FREEDOM FOR THE STRANGE WOMEN WHO WANT TO LOVE OTHER WOMEN—Bosomy night club singer or office typist—whoever they are, these dolls have one thing in common—the desire to exclude men from nature's most private moment. And their number is so great, they're crowding "normal" sex out of the picture

THE U.S. HUMAN TORPEDO WHO DESTROYED GERMANY'S POLARIS SUB—15 years before our scientists got the same idea, Hitler's undersea geniuses actually came up with a rocket-firing sub that could erase America's cities—and the only obstacle in their path was a to-hell-with-living Yank frogman who strapped a hopped-up, TNT-loaded "wasp boat" to a B-17's belly and then rode it on WWII's wildest air-and-sea collision course

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powerful that only a lunatic—a damn suicidal lunatic—would dare to attack." Each Minuteman can kill an entire city, but none of them can either deliver a hydrogen warhead or scare off a potential aggressor until properly checked and tested. Before that, the basic model has to be proved safe and accurate at the Atlantic Missile Range.

During the seven months of testing at the Cape, Boeing was jolted by six work stoppages—some by just the ironworkers or the electricians and others involving all the craft unions. Boeing lost 1280 man-days, of which 1268 were the results of strikes that had nothing to do with Boeing. Those labor disputes originated in friction between the unions and other firms, but the men hired by Boeing wouldn't or couldn't cross the picket lines. In most cases, nobody knows or cares exactly what the other union is striking about on any particular day.

Sometimes it is hard to find out even if you are interested.

TAKE the December 20, 1960 incident at Patrick Air Force Base. Three Senate investigators—all competent pros with plenty of experience—arrived shortly after 8:00 a.m. to dig into complaints of work-stoppages hampering the missile and man-in-space programs. Sweating under the hot Caribbean sun, the visitors from the District of Columbia drove to complex 34 on the assumption that the huge Saturn project tower there would be swarming with scores of workers to interview. There was no one in view.

The baffled federal investigators found the site superintendent, Mr. Ira Miller, and asked him where the employees of the morning shift might be.

"I don't have the foggiest idea," he replied gloomily with a shrug. "I'd guess that they'd all gone fishin'."

"On a regular day in the middle of the week? All at once?" a Washingtonian wondered aloud incredulously.

"No, I don't mean real fishin'," Miller confided to Senate investigator LaVern J. Duffy. "That's just the routine slang we use around here on the days that nobody comes to work."

"The *day?* Is it a frequent thing?" asked Jerome Adlerman.

The site superintendent shrugged.

"Why are they out fishin' today? Any special reason?" Adlerman pressed.

"I don't have any idea. They didn't say. They didn't even say that they weren't coming in today," the superintendent replied.

The Senate investigators looked at each other.

It sounded ridiculous, impossible, crazy.

They spent the next three hours trying to find out from a dozen different supervisors on the staffs of four contractors why the various crafts were all refusing to work. Nobody knew. It was nearly noon before the Senate investigators were able to learn that "all the workers were out because of some difficulty that iron workers were having with one small contractor on the base who employed four laborers."

The men from Washington looked at each other again.

It seemed stark raving mad to stop hundreds of skilled men from working on important national defense projects simply because of some minor wrangle about four laborers. It didn't make any sense at all.

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Park Ranger
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order to prevent and discover fires and to prevent theft
of timber; Cutting of timber; planting the land to building fires
lines; Cutting of trees; planting and transplanting trees;
Seeding, trimming trees, shrubbery, and sprout growth...I spend
much time assisting the public with permits for our recreational
facilities.
Among them, fish and game, timber, water, and many other related
items.
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has helped me both in passing my examination for my appointment
and is successfully carrying out my duties as a State Ranger.
I constantly refer to my course for various problems that
arise and find that I would be lost without it. I strongly
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who wishes
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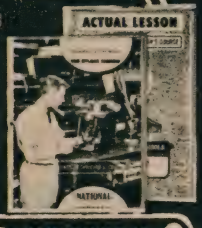

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It was just as loony as "Alice in Wonderland," striking and not telling anybody why.

The Senate investigators began to wonder whether they were at a missile base or a mad house. They resolved to try to get the answer to that puzzler from iron workers, if and when they could find them. The government probers started to drive back to their motel after one p.m., when they passed a truck parked alongside the main road into town. They stared at the sign it displayed—"Iron Workers Not Working Today"—and they recognized this as the signal to members of all other craft unions to stay home. When Senate counsel Jerome Adlerman walked over to ask iron workers in the truck why they were on strike, they not only refused to discuss it but wouldn't even give their names.

THAT afternoon, the Senate trio finally tracked down the union's local business agent in the swank Cocoa Beach Motel. The agent was vague about the strike, claiming that he was against it. Nevertheless, the strike continued for another five days. During this work-stoppage, 1000 man-days were lost on Air Force contracts and 1538 on missile projects of the Corps of Engineers and 150 man-days on work for NASA (the U.S. Space Agency). When subsequently called to testify about this performance, the iron workers' local business agent disclaimed any responsibility for the wildcat strike. He had, he said, begged workers not to leave their important jobs. He had "pleaded with tears in his eyes."

It is not unusual for labor leaders of missile workers to deny any knowledge of or responsibility for the destructive and wasteful work-stoppages. When queried by journalists or federal investigators, the various business agents often insist that they simply cannot influence or control their boys. The so-called "boys," anonymous in their mass and therefore much safer from individual criticism or prosecution, are described as "fiercely independent" and prone to erupt in "unauthorized" wildcat strikes.

In nine cases out of ten, this is pure hogwash.

It is generally a deliberate fake, one that is contemptuous of the public and of Uncle Sam—but effective. It is nearly impossible to prove beyond any reasonable doubt in a court of law that this particular work-stoppage is a cynical and well planned conspiracy. The "pious" and "patriotic" union officials shake their heads in misery and deplore the damage to the nation's missile program. Sometimes they go through the farce of pretending to appeal to their members to go back to work.

Somehow, the strikers never do.

Not until the employers have knuckled under.

Then the victorious "boys" troop back triumphantly, quite nonchalant about the delays that they may have caused. Some U.S. missile bases—the Free World's ace cards today and even more crucial in the future when the Strategic Air Command will have fewer manned bombers for retaliation—have been completed four to seven months behind schedule. Others are still not ready. In addition, strikes at factories have given the U.S.A. fewer military rockets for immediate use and work-stoppages at test sites have retarded the checking out of new weapons for tomorrow.

Actually walking off the job is not the only way in which the missile workers have hurt the defense program. These other stunts include: (1) SLOWDOWNS—Mr. J. Vanderwood, vice president of the Crail Construction Company of San Diego, has revealed under oath how deliberate slowdowns have been used to force additional overtime. These cost his firm an extra $270,000 on a single job. Other companies have taken a similar shellacking running into many millions of dollars in the past five years. As a result, they now all charge the government a great deal more for any job than they would otherwise.

(2) FEATHERBEDDING—A variety of rules have been arbitrarily created to produce more work and greater pay for the rocket unions. Perhaps the most extreme case involved the installation of manifolds at the ICBM launch site at Vandenberg AFB in California. The type of manifold that caused the mess was an assembly of pipes and valves needed for the hydraulic system of each ICBM pad. When the manifolds arrived at Vandenberg from the factory—all ready to install—the union pipefitters claimed that this would result in a strike. They insisted that it was their "exclusive right" to assemble those manifolds on the site—and ignored the fact that real precision work was impossible there.

The basis for their objection to the assembled manifolds was quite unusual.

They contended that they should disassemble, clean and reassemble the manifolds—all utterly unnecessary—because they had absolute and sole privileges to handle pipe less than two inches in diameter. The contractor, American Machine & Foundry, thought that this was preposterous. AMF, which had a cost-plus deal with the government, argued briefly and then submitted. The result was a repeated farce in which the manifolds were "blessed."

THIS is how it worked. When a manifold arrived, the pipefitters would take out a single pipe and go through the motions of inspecting it "to see if it met with the union's required standards." Then they put it back, and figured out how long it would have taken them to disassemble, clean and reassemble the entire manifold. This was usually four hours. They were paid for that non-existent four hours work.

Some lawyers might feel that forcing a man to pay you for work you never did is outright criminal extortion, but the issue was never brought to any court. After all, the U.S. taxpayer would never hear about this and Uncle Sam was so eager to get those ICBMs ready that no argument was likely. But that was not all. Not only did the pipefitters get the money, but they did no work during the four hours. They sat around chatting, reading the ball scores and generally relaxing.

"At least they didn't actually mess up the manifolds," one Air Force expert sighed as he fought to hold his temper.

This may seem like a small favor, but it was one that the Convair Co. technicians at Cape Canaveral might have welcomed. When their experts—all intimately familiar with the electrical system of a new rocket, being tested at the Atlantic Range—had disconnected 1000 wires in a blockhouse, all hell broke loose. The electrical workers forced them to reconnect all those wires, which

were then disconnected for a second time by members of the local union.

Pretty silly? Then why aren't you laughing?

You paid for that joke too, so why not enjoy it?

(3) LOW PRODUCTIVITY—Loafing and goofing-off on the presumably urgent missile jobs has been close to scandalous. Hundreds of workers have been cheerily playing Uncle Sam for a rich sucker, as exemplified by the fact that brickmasons who laid 700 blocks a day for private employers put down only 300 a day at the Cape.

Here are a fistful of unpleasant quotes from contractors who have tried to meet USAF and NASA deadlines at Cape Canaveral.

The president of Gable Electric Service of Dallas branded productivity there "the worst I have seen in nearly 30 years," and said the goofing-off doubled the cost of each job.

A test conductor for Convair assigned to Project Mercury said productivity was "maybe 60 or 70 percent of capacity."

The operations manager for a major astronautics manufacturer complained that "we are getting quite simply 40 percent production."

The head of Modern Electric Contracting of Jacksonville disclosed that low productivity and excessive overtime forced his firm to bid "at least 50 percent more" on Cape Canaveral projects than on civilian jobs.

The stunts with overtime and low productivity alone are costing the taxpayer literally scores of millions of dollars per year. Some workers put in very little regular time but lots of lucrative overtime. One apprentice electrician put in four hours of straight time and 80 hours of overtime one week to collect $748. That is rather fair pay for an apprentice, even if he is the brother-in-law of the top electrical worker official on the Cape.

(4) POOR WORK—Even working so slowly, the missile craftsmen have not been doing a wholly satisfactory job.

Item: a ten foot plank that somebody casually left inside the fuel tank of a rocket.

Item: remnants of a ham sandwich crammed into a vital valve.

Item: eight metal bolts that should have secured a fuel filter clanking around loose inside the missile itself. A furious SAC colonel declared that if this rocket had been fired it would have exploded. It might have wiped out the entire crew.

Item: half a bucket of sand found in the fuel line of an ICBM.

And this is what we're getting for the fancy $300 to $700 a week salaries.

THE strike situation—worst of all—became so bad in 1961 that the Building and Construction Trades Department of the national AFL-CIO finally got around to issuing a "statement of policy" opposing work-stoppages in the missile industry. In the next two and a half months, there were 39 strikes at various missile bases around the United States. Five of these involved members of unions that had signed the no-strike statement.

In recent months, the situation has improved somewhat although 10,000 machinists struck two Aerojet-General plants (producing components for Minuteman, Skybolt, Polaris and Titan II) only two weeks before the Cuban crisis came out into the open.

Although they have been receiving more and more criticism from national labor leaders and the heads of their own international organizations, the members of the locals that have served U.S. missile programs so unsatisfactorily feel that their behavior has been justified. They point out that it has taken a long, tough struggle for organized labor to achieve its present strength, rights and recognition. They argue that they are simply trying to hold the line, to defend what American unions have won in the past quarter of a century.

They contend that they are correct in striking whenever any contractor on any rocket project brings in any—even one—worker who is non-union, for if they permit a single employer to "get away" with this, then it may start a trend. They are quite committed to this position, even if (a) the worker is getting "union scale" wages or better (b) the state law specifically gives every man the "right to work" whether or not he belongs to any labor organization.

As for respecting the picket lines of other unions that may be striking for the silliest reasons, the missile locals insist that they have to do this (a) so that the other union will reciprocate if and when *they* ever strike (b) to present a firm and loyal "united front" to all employers. In regard to jurisdiction disputes, the missile workers contend that in most cases the work-stoppage is the only way to protect their own unions from economically harmful "raids" by other labor organizations that might deprive their own members of jobs or pay.

THEY defend the organizational strikes as a "traditional and accepted tactic" that has been used by thousands of unions, including some guided by the same national labor leaders now criticizing them. Following the same tack, they argue that the "featherbedding" is an "accepted method" of many unions—including railroad, musician, stagehand and many non-defense groups—to preserve members' jobs in the face of automation. It is their position that the general "right to strike" is a "basic American freedom," and that there really have not been "too many" work-stoppages in the missile program anyway.

The question remains whether the U.S.A. can stand any missile strikes at all.

The answer is no.

It is based on two factors. First, unlike the men engaged in making atomic submarines or nuclear warheads, the missile unions have demonstrated that they are only vaguely aware of the danger to the United States. Second, military rockets are now the single weapon in which America is behind the Red empire—the arm that is most urgently and swiftly required.

Nobody says that unions are bad. That is obviously preposterous: they have done a great deal for our standard of living.

Nobody says that the missile workers are all rogues or incompetents.

But just about everybody says that their record in the past five years is so bad that something has to be done to end the damage to America's $12,000,000,000 rocket program. The contractors and NASA and the Air Force all seem unable to handle this dangerous mess. In fact, they appear to be afraid to tackle it lest they be branded anti-union. Even the national labor leaders have tried and failed to pound a little sense into their cocky locals.

Let's hope that Congress ends this nightmare—now. ●●●

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NAZIS' UNDERGROUND BOMBER BASE

continued from page 29

of ammunition over Schonebeck. Now what do I do? Bluff 'em. A chance in a million—but it's worth trying.

There begins then one of the most startling encounters of the entire air war in Europe. One American pilot—out of ammunition—against three of Germany's toughest marauders—all armed to the teeth.

Firm, yet feather-subtle in his handling of the racing Mustang, Williams rams it along after the prey he's been tailing. The Nazi knows he's dead if he doesn't escape—or rather *thinks* he is because he doesn't know Williams is out of ammunition. Desperation inspires him and he puts his plane through a series of twisting maneuvers never tried by even its daredevil testers—a looping, lunging madman's course designed to shake the grim-faced Americans ripping along behind him. But Williams stays with him—20 seconds—30—40—then gradually, almost imperceptibly, he permits the 109 to start pulling away. Now the German dares to hope—maybe he can still throw off this crazy American sticking to his tail.

He twists, spins, flings his plane through the sky in an incredible exhibition of flying skill and mechanical response. He pulls over on his back—roars straight down—and Williams starts down with him—then slowly, making it look reluctant, he permits him to edge out of his gunsight, then break clear and finally scream his way to safety.

One bluffed out of the game. Two more still holding cards.

The action that followed was witnessed by ground observers and reported, and the exploit described stands high on the list of WW II's outstanding air achievements. Suffice it to say here that Williams—an iron-nerved fighter of unparalleled flying skill—outmaneuvered the two remaining 109s—terrorized both pilots with his hell-for-leather rushes—convinced them he could shoot them down whenever he cared to—and finally sent both of them scurrying for safety. Then—an unarmed man having just routed three talented killers—he swung out and began the flight back to Maidstone.

BACK at the base Williams immediately sought out Colonel Walter "Scrappy" Mulvaney, head of Group Intelligence, and told him about the aircraft he had seen in the Harz Mountains. A stocky, bristling man perpetually chewing on an unlit cigar, Mulvaney listened in silence as Williams described what he had seen. Then he asked a number of questions, told the flyer he would want to speak to him again later on, and dismissed him. Williams returned to his quarters, was toasted in champagne by his friends, and went to bed that night still thinking about the ME-262s that had torn apart the Allied bomber armadas over Schonebeck—and wondered what could be done about them. *We'll be here forever if we don't think of something fast.*

Two days after the disastrous raid, he was summoned again to Mulvaney's office. He found the Intelligence head and four or five more officers poring over maps and charts. They looked grim, tense and fatigued. It was obvious none of them had had much sleep. Mulvaney got right to the point.

"You're being given an ugly assignment, Williams," he said brusquely before the flyer was even seated. "It's not exactly your kind of thing, but we still feel you'd be the best man for this particular job. You've got nerve. You know aircraft. And the men you've worked with all respect you. Those are the things that are going to count."

Williams' disclosure of aircraft in the Harz Mountains had been investigated. Thousands of aerial photographs of the area had been taken. None of them had shown anything similar to what he had described. Yet on the basis of what he had seen, plus various other information previously collected, plus the disturbing fact that as yet they had no idea at all where the dreaded ME-262s were being built—Intelligence had come to a startling conclusion. The ME-262s—scourges of the German skies—were being assembled beneath the forests of the Harz Mountains in underground plants. Attempts to discover just where in that dense, dark tangle they were being produced had been unsuccessful. But it was now accepted that the plant was there and that it would have to be found and destroyed—the production of 262s disrupted, ended. If that were done the Allied bombers could return to their destructive schedules and the war brought to a conclusion.

"What we're going to do is sneak you in there at the head of a small team," Mulvaney said. "Your job will be to find the 262 plant and radio its exact location to us. We'll have several bomber squadrons on the line and ready to go as soon as we get your word. They'll hit the plant with everything they've got—saturate the area—pulverize it If they're successful—"

He sighed, shrugged, let it go at that. Williams frowned. There were better than 200 square miles of forestland in the Harz Mountains. How was he to go about finding an underground aircraft factory in an area that size—especially since he was no woodsman? He wouldn't even know where to begin.

"We're sending Hilda Schroeder in with you," Mulvaney explained. "Actually, it's partly on the basis of interrogating her that we figured out about the underground assembling plants. She comes from one of the mountain villages there, you know, and she's been home several times on furlough. She let it slip a few times that some kind of underground industry is being carried on there."

A defector from Hitler's cause—or so she claimed—Hilda Schroeder had been a Nazi observation pilot until Christmas Day, 1944. That day she had flown her plane to Maidstone and told the astonished men to whom she surrendered that she could no longer participate in Hitler's efforts. "I have only just learned of the concentration camps, the gas ovens," she had whispered to her interrogators, hiding her face in her hands, her body shaking with sobs. "It is horrible, hor-

rible. I can no longer be where such awful things are being done."

She had been questioned for hours on end, but gave little information that proved of any value. She insisted she knew no more, but there was a strong tendency at Intelligence to disbelieve her. Some thought her defection was a fake—a part in some elaborate spying scheme. In any event, a month after reaching Maidstone she was still there—a tall, blonde girl sharing a room with two WAC sergeants (both of whom refused to talk to her), her manner always coldly correct, her long-legged, full-bodied beauty attracting the men's winks and whistles even though she made a point of never noticing them.

"We still don't know if we can trust her," Mulvaney admitted. "That's going to be up to you to decide once you're there. If you feel you can't—well, you'll have to decide for yourself what to do about it."

The remaining members of Williams' team were four borrowed infantrymen—the famous Navajo "talkers" Pierce, Logan, Dundee and Isbel. Radio operators primarily, they were able to communicate with each other by voice in a language the Nazis found untranslatable. It had made them invaluable in numerous field operations. They had also shown themselves to be tough and capable in combat—all of them lean, silent, expressionless men and one—the bull-shouldered, narrow-eyed Dundee—already a legend for his strength and endurance.

"They'll make up for you being no woodsman," Mulvaney said. "They're the best we've got."

IT was an hour past midnight on the morning of January 26 that Williams, Hilda Schroeder and the four Navajo "talkers" were parachuted into the forests of the Harz Mountains in central Germany. They wore black-dyed khakis and black half sneakers and the girl's blonde hair had been hacked off short enough to hide what was left under a soft, peaked driver's cap. They were dropped in a wide, barren ravine inside the northeast edge of the forest some 20 miles from where the girl had spoken of underground industrial activity. The men carried knives, revolvers, a carbine over one shoulder and a pair of grenades at the belt—also a radio transmitter and receiver and a .50 caliber machinegun still packed in boxes. Finally, there were a number of detailed maps of the entire area overlaid with grids for accurate identification. Williams carried these in a waterproof pouch strapped next to his body.

They moved south through a belt of black pine, Williams and the girl together, the Navajos in pairs far out on either side of them. There was a sliver of moon overhead, but they went for long periods of time without seeing it—so thick was the growth above them. They walked steadily for three hours without seeing any evidence that any other humans had ever been there. The forest was perfectly still, the silence broken infrequently by a rustling in the undergrowth and once by the long drawn out howl of a wolf. They trudged on without signs of any sort to indicate they were going right and it was past four o'clock when Dundee and the wiry Isbel slipped out of the darkness to join Williams and the girl. The powerful Dundee spoke, his voice flat, unhurried. "Someone's coming. Don't move."

They stood perfectly still in darkness too deep for them to see one another, but Williams could hear the girl's quick, light breathing and sensed her trembling. The Navajos were still as posts. For several minutes they remained that way. Then, as though it were a great way off, came the soft chuffing of a motor, the suggestion of a gutteral voice.

"A car," Williams whispered.

The car continued on toward them and soon they could tell from its sound that it was jeep-like and small. They heard quiet laughter and the voices of two men speaking German. All except the bottom third of its headlights had been blacked out. It passed within 20 feet of them and passed on, the voices and the motor chuffing growing steadily fainter, then dying out. When they could hear it no more the Indians spoke briefly to each other in their own language. Then abruptly Dundee left.

"He's going to follow them," Isbel said. "I'll stay with you."

For a second Williams was close to getting angry. He was in charge. He should be saying who did what. But he decided against it. It

"Oh—I can't complain. How about yourself?"

was too obviously the sort of situation they were familiar and comfortable with, whereas he'd never been in anything like it before.

"Will he be able to find us again?" he asked.

"We're going to do wolf howls to signal each other," Isbel said.

They started out again and soon the night began to thin out and turn a misty gray. Now for the first time in hours Williams could see the two with him—the girl white-faced and tense—the Navajo stolid, dead-panned. Williams became aware of resentment inside him. The night had gone by and they hadn't accomplished a thing. He watched the girl narrowly. Was she deliberately leading them away from their objective?

At about seven o'clock they pressed through a clump of thick brush into a small clearing and stopped there to have a can of rations and coffee. Before joining them Isbel let out a long wolf howl. Moments later it was answered by another, faint and far away. Ten minutes later Pierce and Logan came toward them, walking rapidly under the trees. Dead-panned as always, they still looked irritated, annoyed. It was Logan who spoke for them.

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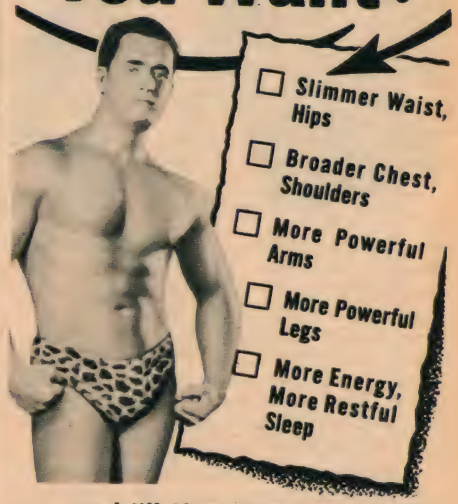

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"She's not trying to find where they're making those planes," he said nodding at the girl. "She's just trying to see that we don't. She's been taking us around in a circle."

The girl's face went whiter still and her voice went shrill in protest. It had been pitch dark, she insisted. How could they blame her for losing her direction? Now that it was daylight, she would be able to find her way again. Her protests were interrupted by a wolf howl a short distance off. Isbel responded. They all fell silent and looked in the direction the first cry had come from. A few minutes later they could see Dundee running toward them. His shirt was ripped and there was a jagged, blood-clotted gash running down one side of his face.

"I ran right into a guard," he said, sounding as though he was disgusted with himself for having let it happen. "I had to knife him and sink him into a pond back there. I guess they'll be missing him before too long."

"That means we've got to move fast," Williams said sharply. "Where did that jeep lead you? Did you find the plant?"

"That's where it went," Dundee said squatting down and helping himself to coffee. He took a swallow, then looked up at the girl. "It's only a couple of miles from where we came down. She's been leading us away from it all night."

THE girl screamed suddenly and swore it wasn't true. Something about the silent, watching Navajos seemed to terrify her. She flung herself against Williams trying to hide her face against his chest. He realized she was making a point of brushing his face with her soft, fragrant hair—pressing the long slim length of her legs against his own—jutting her high, firm breasts against his chest. He put his hands on her shoulders and threw her back. She lost her balance and fell to both knees and put the back of her hand against her mouth.

"I ran away from them because I couldn't stand the things they were doing," she whispered. "But I can't betray them. I can't. They are my own people."

"You should have worried about that before you came along," Williams growled.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You'll go along with us, but we'll see to it there's no chance of your getting away and telling your friends we're coming."

The Navajos were all for killing her. They argued she'd only slow them down. But Williams over-ruled them. At his orders they gagged her and tied her hands behind her. Then they moved out.

They traveled slowly and with extreme caution. It was daylight now and there were Nazi soldiers not too far off. On several occasions they had to lie still in the underbrush to avoid them. The Navajos were incredible. They saw so much—heard so much. Also they were tireless. When the girl began to stumble and showed plainly that it was becoming increasingly difficult for her to keep up, Dundee flung her across his shoulder like a sack of laundry and kept going. They ran that portion of the show themselves without bothering to tell Williams what they were doing. At Dundee's grunted orders one or another of them would go up ahead of the party or drop back behind it.

Late in the afternoon Dundee led them to a low, dark cave sunk into a rock wall and said that was as far as they could go in the daylight. When it got dark he'd take Williams the rest of the way and show him where the assembling plant was and the defense the Nazis had set up around it. Until then there was nothing to do but rest up. It was going to be a big night. Williams had them untie the girl and remove her gag. The Navajo, Pierce, stationed himself behind her. "One wrong move, one attempt to cry out and he'll kill you," Williams said. The girl nodded and wrapped her arms around her knees. She looked worn out, exhausted. She bent her head and looked at the ground between her feet.

As soon as it was dark, Williams and Dundee left the cave, the flyer's hand resting lightly on the Navajo's back so there would be no chance that they might lose contact. In a matter of minutes the character of the forest changed. There were far fewer trees, bushes and undergrowth. Yet overhead the sky was still hidden by a thick network of branches and leaves. Williams quickly realized that the interior of the forest had been gouged out to leave room for easy movement—enough room so that even large vehicles, even aircraft could pass along there —but that a camouflage ceiling of branches and leaves had been constructed over it, extending from top to top of the trees left standing. Planes flying over the forest there would see no evidence that anything had been done, but actually the earth had been hammered down flat as pavement and as Williams went along behind the Navajo he felt as though he were walking through a great empty train station.

Suddenly Dundee took the flyer by the arm and hurried him over to the side of the cleared area and into the thick brush that bordered it. At first Williams heard nothing—saw nothing. Then he heard faintly the gutteral sounds of German speech and a moment later the Navajo, his ham-like hand pointing, guided his attention to something up in the trees. Williams strained his eyes—brought all his concentration to bear on it—and finally made out a platform there

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with several men on it and the long barrels of heavy guns poking skyward. "Anti-aircraft," he whispered and Dundee nodded and they started forward again.

As they went on, skirting the outer edge of the great open area, they saw still more of the overhead gun stations and heard the low voices of the men on duty there. At one point they saw a truck moving slowly ahead of them—at another they saw two racing motorcycles. Then Williams became vaguely aware of a remote humming noise and couldn't get its direction until he realized it was coming from beneath them—that they were actually walking across the roof of the underground plant. It seemed so eerie to him. Men were working down there—building the violent birds that were ripping apart the Allied bomber armadas—yet it reached him as no more than that faint humming.

Then the Navajo pulled him to a sudden stop again and seconds later he heard the onrushing sound of a jet plane. On it came—became louder still—filled his ears as though it were only yards away—then died down and went off as the plane landed somewhere close by. Now there were many voices, the sounds of vehicles, and then the sudden headlights of two trucks and behind them the powerful plane they were towing. The ME-262—sleek—ominous—a sky marauder of awesome speed and power. Men ran along beside it shouting—guiding it—easing it along. Buried in the underbrush Williams and Dundee watched silently. Now the entire area before them was alive with movement. The plane rolled on past them and they crawled through the bushes to keep it in view. Officers barked orders—men rushed here and there—the truck motors emitted heavy grinding sounds as they tugged their valuable load slowly along. Then the Navajo's hand was on Williams' shoulder and the flyer sucked in his breath sharply at what he saw.

THE big plane had been towed to the edge of a raised area about 100 yards square. Four more ME-262s stood just off its edge on both sides—two planes on each side. The raised area was smoothly formed and sloped gradually upward toward its center so that it resembled a gigantic closed eye. But as the plane was brought to a stop a little before it, the whining noise of heavy machinery suddenly reached the watching men. Then movement could be seen at the center of the eye—two great lids parting and rolling smoothly back into the ground. A blaze of white light showed briefly in the opening created there. Then men in coveralls came forward out of it and guided the plane into the opening and onto a ramp going down into it. Quicker than would have been expected, the plane was drawn downward to disappear below the ground level in a matter of seconds. The white light of the plant could still be seen and the banging and clattering of the work going on down there was very loud. Then the concealing lids rolled up and towards each other again and the dark, bulging protective mound was once more in place. The men gathered there returned to their stations and soon all was quiet again.

"All right, let's go back," Williams whispered. "I've seen all I need to."

Back in the cave he went over his maps in the beam of a tiny flashlight. The radio operator, Logan, had already made one brief contact with the bomber squadrons standing by at the Allied-occupied Bergisch airfield less than 100 miles away; the operator at Bergisch was still another Navajo named Partridge. As Williams continued exploring his maps Dundee and Isbel put the .50 caliber machinegun together. Pierce continued to watch Hilda Schroeder.

"Well, this seems to be it," Williams said at last touching his finger to a spot on one of his gridded maps. "F-8. The ramp they bring the planes up on lies inside this square. If that area is heavily bombed, we've got a good chance of wrecking the plant. The trouble is they wouldn't leave themselves just that one escape hatch. There's got to be another one. It's not going to do us much good to wreck this one if they're going to be getting their planes out and safe away through the other one while we're doing it. We're going to have to find that one too."

It was decided that Williams and three of the Navajos—all except Logan—would go out and see if they could find the other ramp. If they weren't back in two hours, Logan would give the F-8 map indication to the bombers at Bergisch and the attack would be ordered. Williams wasn't too happy about the plan—it didn't give them enough time—but he wanted to get the attack going that night if it was possible. The longer they waited the more likely it was that something would go wrong.

"Wait a minute," the girl said quietly as the four men prepared to leave. "There is another heavily guarded area not too far from here. That might be where the other ramp is. I can tell you how to get there."

Williams didn't have time to waste asking her why she had changed her mind. Actually, he wasn't even sure she had; maybe she was still trying to mislead them. But he had her point out the place on the map, then sent Dundee and Isbel to check on it. The Navajos were back inside of an hour to report her information was correct. They had found another ramp camouflaged as the first one was and similarly protected by platformed anti-aircraft stations. The map notation was E-6.

"All right, go to it," the flyer said and a moment later Logan was at the transmitter and speaking in the harsh, dry language of the Navajos. Almost immediately the other "talker" Partridge responded from Bergisch. The grid coordinates were given—the raised anti-aircrait stations described. Then Logan turned from the transmitter and spoke to Williams.

"They're worried about missing the target because it's so dark," he said laconically.

"They can't afford to miss," Williams said trying not to shout. "Ask them if they want to bomb it by daylight?"

"They don't. They're worried about the ack-ack."

CURSING bitterly, Williams began to pace up and down in the cave. The others watched him—the Navajos silent—the girl biting her lips. At last he came back to Logan's side.

"How long will it take for them to get their bombers over here?"

The Navajo operators spoke to each other. Then Logan turned back to Williams. "They can be over the target in 35 minutes."

"Tell them to come ahead," Williams said grimly. "We'll have a fire going at the F-8 location. A big fire. They'll see it all right. Tell them to start out exactly 20 minutes from now. Twenty plus 35 means they'll be over the target in little less than an hour."

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The message was given and the grim-faced Logan rogered out. Williams turned to the German girl, Hilda, scratching the stubble on his chin. What was he going to do with her now that they knew where the ramps were? She was excess baggage—and dangerous. She dug her foot at the ground, wouldn't look up. He could kill her, and there would be no more problem. But they were deep in Nazi territory, a dangerous spot, and she still might be of use. Hadn't she been right about the second ramp?

"Okay, sister," said Williams, "you're coming along with us. But one wrong peep, and it'll be the last you'll ever make."

The Indians stood by silently, their eyes expressionless.

Williams explained his plan. They would form two teams. He would lead Dundee and Isbel to the F-8 location, keeping the girl with them. They would take the machine-gun. Pierce and Logan, who looked like twins with high foreheads and prominent cheek-bones, would form the second team and carry most of the hand grenades, leaving enough for Dundee and Isbel to fill their belts. They would take the E-6 location. The flyer explained the plan of attack and what everyone would have to do. Then the men shook hands and went their different ways.

On Williams' team the powerful, sharp-eyed Dundee was placed in lead-position. He supported the barrel of the machinegun while Williams and the stoop-shouldered Isbel carried the heavier part. The girl stayed by Williams' side. The path was narrow, dim, and stray branches caught at their clothing. The girl stumbled, a branch ripped her blouse with a hissing sound—but she didn't speak, grabbed at Williams' trousers to keep from falling, and kept moving with the men. A sharp sensation darted across Williams' stomach when the girl touched his leg.

SOON they came to the gouged-out section through which the 262's were towed to nearby runways where they were sent up to torment Allied bombers. Here they moved into the brush treading carefully. When they reached the area where the anti-aircraft platforms began, they went flat on the ground and snaked through the underbrush the rest of the way, the girl following the lead of the men, not speaking, careful and intent.

Now several of the overhead platforms were clearly visible and again they heard the guttural voices of the men on the guns. Dimly they saw trucks in the cleared space and the four planes they had seen there earlier. Then, a sudden shouting of orders. Men leaped up as though out of the ground and began to run to their stations. The barrels of the anti-aircraft guns were traversed to new positions. The whole quiet scene was transformed into a whirlwind of activity.

"Our bombers are on the way," Williams said through clenched teeth. "They've picked them up. We've got to hurry with this gun."

Quickly now they crawled to a patch of heavy brush that provided a clear view of the mound over the assembly plant. Figures raced back and forth in front of them. The four planes on opposite sides of the mound began to roll forward. The mound began to open—the protective lids to roll back—but no light came up out of it. "They're not going to give us any help," Williams said settling down behind the gun. "They're blacked out down there."

He knew he faced a tough, almost impossible, assignment and was going to need all the luck and manpower he could muster. "You, Hilda," he barked at the German girl. "Feed the gun belt to me."

The bull-shouldered Dundee and the frail Isbel knew what they had to do. They moved on quiet cat's feet to side positions, ready to lob hand grenades at any threat to their position. The German girl got slowly beside Williams, and held the gun belt gingerly at first as if it was something unclean. Williams studied her face carefully in the pale light, noting the way a frown worked at her forehead. All at once he sensed something click inside her head as she tossed her blonde head back and raised the gun belt to firing position. He had seen that same expression on women who decide suddenly to give a man what he wants. He knew now that she was fully on his side, and he returned to the business at hand.

The four planes that had been on alert were out of sight now, but from close by could be heard the screech of jet power that indicated they were taking off. Trucks rolled past the opened mound. A terrible tension seemed to hold the men in the anti-aircraft platforms. Williams felt something soft touch his shoulder—Hilda's hand—and heard her whisper, "There it is."

THE dark outline of a plane could be seen emerging, rolling up the ramp. Men ran toward it—blurred in dark movement—shouted excitedly. "I want it part out and part in," Williams said tensely. "If we get it right, it will block anything else from coming out." More and more of the plane could be seen. Hilda's hand went hard as a claw on his shoulder.

"Now!" shouted Williams.

Roars of astonishment turning quickly to fury rose from the men at the ramp as Williams' machinegun began its spitting assault. Bullets cracked against a truck—cut down two men crouching beside it—spattered a murderous path across the hard ground—then found the plane. In the trees the ack-ack guns had begun to boom and far overhead the sound of the approaching Allied armada was deep and steady as a thousand waterfalls. "You got him," Dundee shouted from the side.

A deadly machinegunner—the acknowledged best among all the men of the 441st—Williams had quickly gotten the range of the Nazi jet and now he was methodically shooting it apart. His first burst had put a huge, splintering hole in the fuselage and now he continued to rake that vital area until suddenly the great plane burst into flame.

"That will do it," he screamed. "There's their fire. They ought to be able to see that 100 miles away."

Desperately, the men at the ramp strove to put it out, while others delivered a fierce, yet uncertain fire in the general direction of Williams' gun. They still hadn't seen him, still weren't sure where he was firing from—and even as extinguishers were being played on the flaming plane Williams continued to fire away at it, tearing great chunks out of the body, ripping holes in the wing roots. Then a sudden explosion of orange flame. *Ruptured gas lines. There goes his tank.* Skeletonizing—burning itself down to its naked frame—the plane crouched on the edge of the huge pit like a great disintegrating monster and flames from its crumbling

carcass shot skyward in long, night-cracking sheets.

The perfect target! Here come the heavies.

Jammed at the top of the ramp and blazing like an inferno, the 262, couldn't be moved, nor could the "lids" be closed to protect those still underground. It blazed—flamed—made the entire area light as day. From the tree platforms orange balls zoomed into the sky as the Nazi gunners sent up a furious barrage at the powerful fleet overhead. But alerted by Williams to the presence of anti-aircraft in the trees, Mustang fighters were out ahead of the bombers and now these were darting low over the trees and spraying them with the crackling violence of their multiple 50's.

"Let's get out of here," Williams roared "Back to the cave. There's nothing else we can do."

Behind them as they ran, screeching gunners were spilling out of dangling platforms. The 262 still blazed furiously and a number of trucks close by had been caught up in the holocaust. Glancing quickly over his shoulder as he ran, Williams saw a trio of Nazi riflemen lunging out of the orange-white light thrown by the burning plane. But Dundee and Isbel had seen them first.

"We better take them," Dundee said to Isbel. "They look mean."

The two Navajos stopped, took positions behind trees and waited for the split-timing second to arch their grenades. The Nazi riflemen ran a zigzag course, coming nearer. Dundee pulled the grenade pin, counted to next to the last second, then jumped from behind the tree and lobbed the hunk of metal. His arm was still raised when a rifle cracked, and he dropped to his knees. From that position—pain-twisted, snarling—he motioned for Isbel to run for it. Then came a blast and a shower of debris from the grenade. Isbel moved quickly through the smoke of the explosion, put his arms around Dundee under the armpits, and began dragging his Navajo brother toward the darkness of the forest. Williams pushed Hilda in the shadows of some brush and started for the two Indians when a barrage of fire tore into the two Indians, twisting them apart. It took Williams only one quick look to realize the Navajos were dead, their bodies twisted like driftwood and unmoving.

He ran back to Hilda, grabbed her hand and made his way to the cave, dragging her when she stumbled. He was thrown down once himself when the heavy bombs began to hit and shook the earth. They scrambled into the cave, while behind them the bombs plowed down through the trees pulverizing the entire area—smashing great craters in it—geysering up thick clouds of smoke and dirt—setting fires.

Once inside the cool dampness of the cave, they couldn't relax. There were times when they were thrown violently across its floor.

What went on outside was nothing but confusion to them—the thunder of the bombs, the scream of jets, the agonized howls of men in pain. Dust filled the cave and rocks and debris clattered down outside the piled up before the entrance.

At last the assault came to an end. For a while all they heard was the drone of departing planes. Then that too stopped and next they heard the dry licking of flames. Peering through chinks in the wall of debris that held them in, they saw fires blazing everywhere they looked. "Nothing to do but wait it out," Williams said and they retreated to the interior of the cave and sat down in the darkness.

They were there for two days. The fire blazed for hours, but even when it finally died down they were unable to push through the rock wall in front of the cave. The cave was cold and dank and they found it necessary to huddle together for warmth. They had enough to eat, but nothing to drink and this caused them a great deal of physical distress. Shut in as they were, the events outside seemed miles away and years ago. They didn't speak of the raid, but talked about themselves—what they had done—what life had been like before the war. At times they shouted for help, but no one came to dig them out and the thought was in their minds that they would die there. For hours on end they lay in each others arms sensing death and trying to hold it off with passion—keeping hope alive by giving themselves to each other.

On the third day they heard scratching sounds outside the cave. They called out and were answered. The Navajo Logan was there, his cheekbones pale knobs and his black eyes wild. Dazed from head wounds received in the attack on the second ramp, he had wandered about in the forest unable to find the cave. He kept muttering, as he dug at the covering rocks, "Pierce got it—straight in the heart, like an arrow." Williams hesitated to tell him about Dundee and Isbel. Using a long branch to pry free some of the heavier stones, Logan began to get closer to Williams and Hilda Schroeder who worked as best they could from the inside.

It was tedious, back-breaking work, but in two hours they were able to make a wide enough hole to fit through and emerge. That night they were found by American Rangers who had been sent in to inspect the damage done to the 262 plant. By the following morning they were back at Maidstone.

THE raid on the ME-262 plant in the Harz Mountains described above is generally considered to be among the most effective carried out by Allied bombers during the entire war in Europe. Better than 200 planes were destroyed—most of them below ground—while Allied losses were negligible. An important factor in the Allied success was the disclosure of the German anti-aircraft tree platforms. Had this not been known, the Mustangs would have looked for anti-aircraft batteries on the ground and the tree-top ones would have continued to function and probably taken a steep toll of the "heavies" that followed the fighters in.

Among those who set up the attack, only Williams, Logan and Hilda Schroeder survived.

Although Pierce and Logan were unable to completely block off the ascent point on the second ramp—as Williams' team had done on the first ramp—they still managed to slow up operations, and this is credited with having been of major importance in the overall success of the raid.

Today—some 17 years after the raid—Williams is in private industry, an engineering consultant for a small aircraft firm in Southern California. Logan has his own radio repair shop in Los Angeles. And the girl Hilda Schroeder is dead, having been murdered by Neo-Nazi elements in Berlin in 1949, presumably for her part in the Harz Mountains attack. ***

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MACHINEGUNNING YANK

continued from page 19

at the Jap barrier in the Southwest Pacific, and begin the counter-offensive to retake the Philippines.

Bottcher kept his men moving fast until the cloying jungle began to thin and they approached the field of kunia grass. The Japs had burned most of it off only hours before, and it was a quarter-mile to the nearest cover. Bottcher shunted the file across low hummocks and into a slashed gully that ran parallel to the scorched field. The moon was coming up big and fat as the soldiers crouched against the slope, and Bottcher thought he might be leading them blind into a trap. He had to get the men running, and passed word down the line . . . *Run for your life and don't stop until you hit the high grass along the river. If a man drops, leave him* . . . His thick, stubby arm went up to start them across, hung like a pendant for a second, then flicked down.

The men hurtled over the lip of the gully and fled across the dark, naked earth, mouths gagging and stabbing pain making their fear swell. Bottcher felt a sharp smash of terror as he ran, afraid Jap machine guns were staked out in the high grass or across the river. But he knew there was no turning back. *I got a court-martial waiting for me and the only way to save my tail is get through to the beach, split the Japs—and hold.* . . .

But it was his own tough-guy rationalization for an incredible mission that sealed the defeat of the Japs in New Guinea. For his heroic strike through enemy lines and seven-day stand on the beach, Bottcher, wounded four times, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and won an unprecedented battlefield promotion—from Sergeant to Captain.

ON the morning of the day he began his epic raid, the husky, moon-faced Bottcher had been leading an assault against a nest of camouflaged Jap bunkers. His platoon was ripped up and forced to fall back to the jungle and dig in. Almost out on his feet, the big sergeant walked two miles to the rear to get water for his wounded men. Greasy with blackened sweat, haunted, red eyes burning in his face, Bottcher reached the 126th Regimental area and saw a group of officers squatting over a map. He glared at them as he filled the water pails, then, no longer able to control his disgust and anger, shouted:

"What the hell's the use of all that crap? You been making a different plan every day. They're all lousy and we don't go no place. None of you even know what the hell it's like up there. If you lazy bastards would get off your godamn tails and start fighting, maybe we'd get something done!"

The officers just stared at him for a moment and turned back to their map. Bottcher knew they thought he was crazy. Everyone in the Division is a little crazy by now, he thought. It was a rotting outfit, shredding apart, ready to crumple and be picked off by the Japs.

There was no discipline. Bearded, filthy troops roamed in scattered groups, sleeping or grubbing for food. Men refused to patrol, and they died because there was no accurate intelligence. They lay in rain-filled slit trenches twitching at jungle noises in the moist hot darkness. Only 150 men of 2,500 in the combat area were attacking. The Division was an easily-spotted rabble, primed for slaughter. But the Japs—employing the terrain with their particular genius, high in the trees, low under flaring buttress roots, concealed in the grass and swamp, moving fast through tunnels and along a good coastal road to reinforce any threatened portion of the perimeter, secure and staunch in their ingenious bunkers—were invisible killers.

Bottcher recognized the suppressed hysteria in the living. And the dead were everywhere. Green clumsy legs sprawled in the sucking mud, wallowed like trodden sandbags loosely filled; naked sodden bodies, mats of hair, bulged and clotted heads in the plastering slime. He knew the rest of the Americans would die unless something was done—and quick. A bold stroke, something to give them hope, sting them into action, show them that the Japs weren't super-human jungle phantoms—just clever little bastards and good soldiers, nothing more, who would scream and bleed and die if they were routed from their holes. Bottcher knew it had to be a wild, nervy ploy, something foolish and harebrained and galling enough to fool the Japs—and suddenly realized there was only one way to do it: *Take a small force in, flush the slopeheads, rip them up and hold until reinforced.* . . .

He brought the water back to the platoon, and went out to make a reconnaissance deep inside the Jap lines. The brassy sun was squashing out on the horizon when he returned and gathered his men:

"I want volunteers. I think we can get through to the beach and make a little trouble. But it's our private war. We go on my order. I take all the responsibility."

None of the platoon made a move and Bottcher turned on them, his fury making his accent heavier:

"There's no other way. We can't get in by sea, there's bad reefs running out twenty miles. I think we can split the Jap position. I'll tell the truth—maybe there's only one chance in hell we get back. But you stay here, you die. I tell you, you die here."

MEN began to step forward slowly and Bottcher's bearded face creased in a grin like a crinkled bird's nest. He picked fifteen men. "We go light . . . M1s, one light .30, one BAR, one radio, and all the ammo, rations and grenades you can carry and still move fast and easy." He turned to a corporal staying behind. "If Regiment calls, tell them I took a patrol out. If we get through, I got about enough range to reach you. You relay it up the line." Then he explained his plan simply. "I'm not taking you in blind. We got a good chance." *I can get them in with luck,* he thought, *but it'll take guts and brains to hold until Division attacks.* . . .

The sun faded fast, the sky turned a deep ash and a quick squall blew in. The constant Jap artillery barrage lifted for fifteen min-

utes, then resumed when the rain stopped. Darkness was rushing and Bottcher, with a nervous hand signal, ordered the slack column out. He marveled that any of the men followed him, they were desolate and near exhaustion. At first he moved slowly along a trail greasy with decaying vegetation and mud. He suddenly felt cold and winced with guilt, afraid he was leading men to their death only because his own tense, restless body craved the wild impact of combat . . . *In Spain, someone had said that he was a rogue officer, a morbid psychopath with a need for chaos and killing who sacrificed his troops needlessly, always attacking savagely, fearlessly, but always against terrible odds.*

But the burly, swaggering sergeant knew his sins were hating an enemy too much, and the rage that seized him when he saw stunned men too scared to fight, falling into a trance that was despair and suicide.

BOTTCHER'S immense body lumbered across the open stretch of scorched kunai grass. A few yards to his front, a man spilled to the ground as the high-pitched stutter of a Jap machine gun opened up. The black-haired sergeant glanced at him for a second as he ran past. The man began to shout and curse, drawing the enemy fire as the raiders' shadowy figures struggled for cover, diving into the standing thickets. The sharp blades of grass slashed them mercilessly, but they were screened as they scrambled to reach the Girua River.

Afraid they'd get lost, Bottcher made each man grab the web belt of the soldier to his front, like a chain of circus elephants in a deadly game. The Jap barrage still crashed overhead and the sergeant let them rest for exactly sixty seconds when they reached the riverbank. But he knew they had to drive through to the coast before first light and started them across the swift deep river. As the men slid down over the mud into the shallows, mortar shells bracketed them and they dived underwater. Two shells landed a foot from Bottcher's head and the muffled concussion smashed into the right side of his head. He leaped up in pain, his eardrum punctured, but recovered quickly and waved the squad across.

The gasping soldiers plunged into the fast swollen waters. They tried to stay together and keep their weapons high, but the effort made their movements feeble and they began to straggle, snatched far downstream by the current. One suddenly opened his mouth wide, dropped his rifle, jackknifed and his head sank. Bottcher made a grab for the hunched body, but his desperate grasp was short and the bulk drifted away into the winding, dark tangle of river like a sack of rags.

The raiders reached the far bank 300 yards downstream from where they had begun the crossing. They crabbed up the almost sheer slope and hit serried rows of low, thick-forested ridges. It began to rain again and the jungle was thick with steam. Two men, trembling, too wet and exhausted to go on, sank to the ground. Bottcher crouched beside them with a hand on each man's shoulder, his head between theirs, and spoke in a whisper:

"I make other guys think I talk nice to you. But listen, you stupid bastards, you sit here and you die. Get your tails moving or I'll give it to you in the head right now. You won't have to wait so long."

The men rose and the sergeant gave them a pat on the back. He knew other men were going to falter. Weighed down with heavy loads of ammo, sick and still close to panic, they were moving on nerve alone. He had to sit on them hard, keep pushing them . . . try and get to the beach where there was no alternative, they'd have to fight for their lives. He glanced at his compass, and without a word led the party across a bog of prickly ferns. Approaching the first great reach of swamp between the Girua and Entrance Creek, the putrid, sickening odor hit them, smelling as if the reeking sewer of the world had opened up. Instinctively, the gagging men began to stop, but Bottcher, running blind in the dark, leaped forward and was sucked to his knees in the oozing decay. Without glancing back, he started to wade, then heard the men jumping in after him.

Two men hit deep holes and sank into the slime. One was quickly pulled out, but the second vanished. Bottcher ordered the rest to grope where the man had gone down, but there was no trace of him. Bottcher began pushing toward the one dry trail that ran through the swamp. He knew it was covered by the Japs, but he had to move faster. The rain stopped as the force hit the trail, running.

As they came around a bend, a Jap machine gun opened fire. The raiders went prone and Bottcher signaled the BAR man to move into the swamp. Two riflemen sidled to the opposite side of the trail and dropped into the mud. The moon floated over the swamp, speckling it black and white. The enemy gun went silent and the insect chorus seemed to mount, the cry of hunting birds were abrupt and harsh. Bottcher crawled forward, straining to spot the emplacement. Then a new sound came, Japanese voices—shrill, obscene, arrogant screams.

Bottcher triggered a short burst and rolled into the swamp. The voices were suddenly gone and there was still no enemy fire.

HE brought the squad up, keeping most of the men spread in the swamp. Fifteen yards away, in a small patch of cold, white moonlight, a Jap was standing upright as still as a statue. One man in the squad broke into a nervous grin . . . *I've been fighting the slopeheads for a month and this is the first one I've seen.* Bottcher saw the shapeless folds of the Jap's uniform, the bayoneted rifle, his shoddy peaked cap, and thought the man was

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human bait, deliberately inviting death. Somewhere behind him were enemy soldiers with grenades or small hand mortars. Bottcher decided to gamble. He pulled his pistol and cocked it with a soft, metallic click. He knew the Jap heard it, but the man just stood motionless. The soldier next to Bottcher twisted his mouth against the sergeant's ear:

"Don't shoot. Grenades."

"Only if he jumps in a hole."

But the Jap didn't move and Bottcher wondered why the hell he was standing there. He waited a few minutes, then ordered the BAR and machine gun to open fire from the flanks. The Jap soldier sagged—and did exactly what Bottcher had prayed for. Holding his stomach, he crabbed along the ground and headed right for the enemy pillbox. Bottcher crept forward under covering fire, following the wounded Jap, then spotted the gun emplacement. He came in behind it and dropped two grenades through the firing slits, waited for the explosions, jammed the barrel of his tommy gun through the slit and raked the inside, then rushed the entrance. Six dead Japs were sprawled on the log floor.

As the squad swung up the trail, six Japs leaped from a trench and charged. Five were cut down, but the last man lunged toward Bottcher, wounding him with a knife in the right shoulder. The sergeant's gun dropped, but he smashed his fist into the Jap's face and the man went flat. One of Bottcher's men put his bayonet to the Jap's throat. The enemy soldier just glared at his captors, then his jaws suddenly clamped tight. Bottcher could barely watch. The prisoner, afraid he might talk, was biting his tongue off.

"Stick him," Bottcher cried, "stick him. These bastards never give up." The soldier jabbed the bayonet in and the Jap fell back with a strangled cry.

One of the raiders spotted the dim forms of Jap soldiers in the distance. Bottcher ordered his men back around the bend of the trail. Cradling his tommy, he crouched against a rotting log and picked off all sixteen enemy soldiers as they came running around the turn. For the next six hours, the Americans, harassed by a mortar barrage that kept insidious pace with them, fought through enemy patrols, barbed wire and sniper fire, knocked over five pillboxes, moving along the one slim crevice in the honeycombed Jap defenses. But they were still hemmed in by deep swamp and jungle, and more than 150 bunkers and weapon pits constructed of coconut logs, armor and concrete that were miniature fortresses, Bottcher began to trace the pattern of the Jap defense line. It was a masterpiece. It was going to be hell, he thought, for the Division to move a big force in where the enemy was strongest.

Bottcher skirted the edge of a coconut grove and let the men rest for a few minutes. As they started along the spine of a boggy ridge, one man was hit in the back with mortar fragments. He fell, but instantly leaped to his feet. "It doesn't hurt," he said in a calm, mildly-surprised voice. "They hit me and it doesn't hurt at all." He started to run forward and in that instant a sniper's bullet hit him in the face and he pitched down the low slope. None of the men looked at the body as they descended into the swamp. They cleared the morass by first light and Bottcher saw the one remaining obstacle —Entrance Creek. Across the wide, bending, sluggish stream was the narrow spit of beach and patches of jungle between Buna Village and the Mission. The foul smell began to evaporate and Bottcher took a deep breath, thinking he could smell the sea.

The squad started across at dawn. Bottcher, leading, had reached the middle of the creek, when Jap automatic fire lashed the water, digging plumes. Of the three men closest to Bottcher, one was killed and the other two fell back, but the sergeant was trapped, could only go forward in a naked charge to try and knock out the enemy guns. He kept stumbling, but each time bounded up and kept pushing toward the Japs.

Slugs ripped off his first-aid packet and the impact threw him off-balance. He fell hard on a rock but rolled over quickly and came up on the run. Struggling to breathe, he staggered the last few steps to the bank. There was no cover and he bent low, racing for the stunted brush concealing the pillbox. He launched his body in a flat dive and hit a depression barely big enough to give him cover as he pressed into the earth. All he could think of was that he was alive.

Gunfire crashed over his head and he realized he was close enough to the emplacement's gunport to reach up and touch the machine gun barrel. The weapon was chattering harmlessly, but another gun nearby raked the sand and brush just above his body. The enemy fire stopped and Bottcher figured the Japs thought he was dead. He could hear them talking inside the nest. One of the Japs put his face to the aperture to look out. Bottcher drew his pistol, raised it slowly, fired, and the enemy soldier fell back inside. The Japs

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in the pillbox fired long random bursts, but Bottcher silenced the gun with grenades. Three more enemy guns along the spit opened up. The big American sergeant pinpointed the positions and wormed along the beach, destroying each with grenades, then raking the inside with heavy fire. Scrambling over the area, he searched for other camouflaged positions. Satisfied it was clear, he brought the squad across.

THEY had reached the objective and were talking wildly and laughing to release some of the tension and fright. Bottcher stared at them . . . *This is where you start your fight, you jackasses. You want to get out of here, you fight your way out.* He thought it was a miracle they'd lost only four men, but his force was pitiful, weak—only twelve—and he figured they'd all be dead in a couple of days unless reinforcements came. He knew the Japs would hit them soon and ordered the men to dig in, then radioed back to Division, advising them that he had taken a squad through to the beach and an immediate attack to exploit the breach would split the Jap defenses. He waited for hours, but there was no reply. Manning the one machine gun, he prayed for a Division assault soon.

There was only sporadic, long-range sniping from the jungle around Buna Village the first day and night. Keeping every man on the alert, Bottcher crouched in the gun-pit, suddenly wondering what he was doing on a god-forsaken strand in the Pacific. He wanted to kill Germans. He'd emigrated to the United States from Germany, leaving his family. They'd been murdered by the Nazis. Bottcher had killed Nazi "volunteers" in the Spanish Civil War—losing his American citizenship by enlisting in a foreign army—and wanted to kill them again. Then he thought that the Japs were all part of the same lousy thing. He'd fought as a soldier of fortune all over the world, pulling up stakes wherever he was to go and find a fight. He felt alone, but he was a creature too involved in politics and slaughter to ever rest. And as he scanned toward the west and the moonlit red roofs of Buna Village, Bottcher began to sense that he wouldn't live through the war.

He was gambling. His squad commanded a narrow beach. They had the Japs cut off temporarily, and he figured they wouldn't be able to coordinate attacks from both the village and mission. No one slept that night and

at dawn, December 6th, a big Jap force rushed from the village, yelling as they funneled into the jungle approach to the beach. Bottcher quickly glanced to his rear. There was no sign of attack from the mission. He waited until the first wave of Japs burst into the open, running across the sand. His finger tensed, then he squeezed the trigger and held it. The enemy soldiers died in awkward, piling clusters and their bodies began to form a barrier to the troops coming up. Attacking Japs tried to veer and circle the American position from the sea, but Bottcher's traversing fire hit a group running along the edge of the water. They dropped into the breakers and were carried out into the rolling shoals, their bodies pocking the sharp reefs like giant maggots.

The attacking force retreated to the village carrying only a few of their wounded. Bottcher's men tried to catch their breath, but in a few minutes another stampeding, shouting horde of Japs sluiced out from the mission area, splitting into two prongs. One section was caught on a bridge over Entrance Creek and cut down by the BAR and five riflemen; the second element, bulling in straight from the mission wavered under the shock of Bottcher's fire and fell back. From ground level, the big sergeant tried to estimate the enemy dead . . . *maybe forty, fifty men.* Jap wounded lay nearby, moaning and shrieking with pain and shame, but by night they were dead. In the dark, Bottcher shifted his men 300 yards to an alternate position. Suddenly, the Americans heard a voice call:

"Aid, aid, Doc. Give me aid. I'm wounded."

It was a Jap shouting the words parrot-fashion, the way he'd been taught. He seemed to withdraw to a greater distance and began calling again:

"Christ! He's got me in the guts!"

BOTTCHER heard his men shifting uneasily. He knew the tormenting, nerve-wracking screams would make one of them break and fire at the Jap . . . *and that's all their gunners need to zero in . . . I'll give you an answer, you son-of-a-bitch.* Bottcher waited until the Jap called again to mark his position, climbed from the pit, crawled out in a wide circle and came up on the soldier from the rear and cut his throat.

On the morning of December 7, Jap machine guns in forward outposts pinned Bottcher's force with heavy fire. Afraid the enemy was harassing them to cover an attack from the opposite direction, the burly sergeant loaded his pockets with grenades and crabbed toward the enemy. He couldn't see the guns, but the slugs biting into the sand fixed the lanes of fire and Bottcher squirmed in. He took a slug in his left thigh and stopped, breathing hard, feeling the wetness but afraid to look at the wound. Then he saw the gun-flashes, crept in fast, rolled over on his back, hurled the grenades and blew the Jap emplacements. Bottcher ran for his hole in a slow, crouching limp and radioed back for ammunition to be brought up. He gave the best route through the enemy-held country and warned that the men had better come in before dark. When he closed his transmission, he realized that nothing had been said yet about an attack or reinforcements. He began to feel that they'd been deserted, marked expendable.

The rest of the day was quiet. Bottcher kept looking across Entrance Creek, toward the swamp in the distance. An hour before

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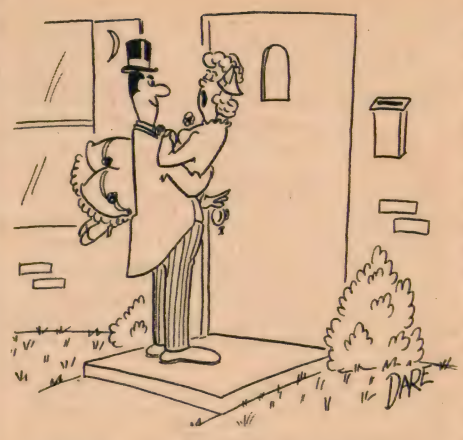

"Ha . . . and they said it would never last."

dusk, he saw three American soldiers loaded down with ammo cases moving along the edge of the coconut grove, then heading straight for the bridge. Bottcher's heart began to pound . . . there were Japs clustered in that sector . . . he wondered why the ammo bearers weren't scared away from the bridge by the dead bodies still piled there. As the three soldiers neared the bridge, Bottcher ordered his men to set up covering fire. But the ammo bearers became confused, thinking it was the enemy, and stopped. Bottcher leaped up and ran to the creek edge, shouting. Japs on the far bank opened up on the big sergeant, splintering his left arm. The three Americans, weighed down and running with gawky, desperate lunges, suddenly turned downstream and crossed directly opposite from Bottcher who lay on the beach, gesturing wildly with his good arm. They hit the sand alongside him and he led them back to the holes.

Bottcher had a punctured eardrum, wounds in his shoulder, thigh and arm. In constant pain, the arm almost useless, he still moved ceaselessly about the position, setting up the night defenses. Toward midnight, one of the lookouts near the sergeant pointed toward the northeast. Bottcher sighted along the man's arm and stared into the darkness for a long time, then saw three immense shapes cruising slowly along the coast of the Solomon Sea. At first he thought they were just enemy supply ships heading south to Sananda from Cape Endaiadere. But he knew no ordinary ships could pick their way through the reefs. Then, as the three crafts began to cut for shore, he understood . . . the enemy was trying to flank them from the sea, bringing troops in on flat-bottomed, wooden barges. They were bunched, good targets, and Bottcher took his gun and crew closer to the sea. He waited until the lead barge was swinging in front of the other two, breasting the heavy surf and twisting to avoid the reefs, then opened fire. Tracers slammed into the darkness, but the diesel-powered barge kept moving in, beginning to loom large, only a hundred yards out in the breakers. One man kept pouring precious water from a canteen over the heated gun barrel as Bottcher kept up his precise fire. Suddenly, there was a cracking, explosive sound and a smoking pillar of flame flared, tracing the barge's low hull against the sky.

Bottcher could see Jap soldiers jumping into the water as the flames spread. The other two barges started to turn and run northeast, but they were cumbersome in the strong tide and one was carried into the burning craft. Flames raced across the beam of the second barge and it blew like a monstrous orange flower. The dark patch of sea was now brilliantly lit and the Americans felt the immense heat all the way up the beach. Bottcher's round bearded face was a mingle of awe and hideous joy. The flaming barges began to settle into the sea, but long after the night was rent with the shrieks of burning, drowning men. The big sergeant kept his gun bearing on the third barge and it trailed a gauze of flame as it ran like a crippled sea beast, wallowing, her skipper trying to fishtail the clumsy hulk.

Enemy soldiers swam for shore, dragged themselves into the shallows, but as they rose and waded for shore, Bottcher's men killed them. The Americans stood watch on the sea all night, but there were no more survivors. The two smoldering barges sank in shallow water, and by morning of December 8th, a few bloated bodies were dumped on the beach.

Toward noon, an officer brought up a few men with another machine gun and ammo.

"I'm here to take a look at the tactical situation," the young lieutenant said.

"Go ahead," Bottcher grunted, "look."

The tall, skinny officer showed Bottcher a map. The sergeant's flimsy pocket of resistance cleaving the two Jap strongholds was now included in an extension of the American lines. "You're making history," he said. "We call this place 'Bottcher's Corner.'"

"Look," the gruff, bearded sergeant replied, "I don't care if you call it the rear end of the world. Get a big assault party in here or the Japs'll bury us. We got maybe a can of ration left for each man. These bastards are starving, they're sick, they haven't slept in three, four days."

"I'll report it to Division," the lieutenant said. "We'll do what we can."

Bottcher was no longer looking at him. "Blow, Junior."

THE Japs tried to storm across Entrance Creek bridge in the afternoon, but were beaten back. Attacks came from both the mission and the village after dark; the curdling screams of the Japs crashing in were drowned out momentarily by the bang of their own mortars. Bottcher, with the icy calm that maddened his men, waited. The Japs came on in thick, frightening waves of sturdy figures silhouetted by the flash of their own heavy weapons. They seemed to be charging from every direction, tossing grenades as they came in. Bottcher's two machine guns and BAR let go, lighting up the area. Shifting his deadly fire with bewildering speed, Bottcher kept fighting off the nearest threat. Two Japs broke through on the dead run, tossing grenades, but two of Bottcher's men closed with them hand-to-hand and killed them. Slowly, the knots of enemy soldiers began to fall back in confusion.

Early the next morning, December 9th, 1942, a squad of Japs tried to set up two machine guns close to the American position. But their race across the spit was slowed by their own dead. They were a massed flock suddenly caught in the open and died under Bottcher's savage fire. Their guns and ammo were retrieved. Bottcher felt a little more secure, but knew the enemy wasn't going to

case the pressure. He radioed Division that he thought he could hold another day or two. The reply transmission said that the area commander, General Eichelberger, was coming up toward dawn.

"O.K.," Bottcher said, "but tell the old guy to come in on his belly and fire a green flare toward the Mission when he's ready to cross the creek. We'll cover him. But tell him not to slip up. He wants to come up comfortable in the dark, he takes his chances. . . ."

At 4 A.M., December 10th, Bottcher heard a faint hissing to the south, then a short popping sound as the green flare burst and flowered in the dark sky over the Mission. His men covered him as he slipped out and brought Eichelberger and his aide back across the creek. The two officers carried sacks of rations. The tall, slim, white-haired General moved around the area, exchanging pleasantries with the men. For a half-hour he sniped at a Jap patrol trying to infiltrate the position. When everything was quiet again, he spoke to Bottcher:

"A company will come in tomorrow morning to reinforce you. We're working like hell to get the assault moving the day after that, the 12th."

"We been here five days already," Bottcher said slowly.

Eichelberger's big, craggy face was solemn. "Just hold another day or two. You're an experienced soldier. You know how important this is." He smiled. "You wouldn't have tried a crazy stunt like this unless you did. If you get through, they're going to make a hell of a fuss over you, Bottcher. But just let me say thanks."

THE big sergeant was too embarrassed to say anything and watched the General and his aide slip back into the darkness. No troops showed on the morning of the 11th. Bottcher saw the men growing depressed and hopeless, and knew they could be taken by a surprise attack. He moved out on the flank to scout the jungle near Buna Village and spotted a Jap force creeping up. Just as they came into the open, Bottcher took his arm out of the sling, leaped to his feet, yelling, and charged the Japs. For an instant, the dumbfounded enemy troops fell back, then recovered quickly and began shooting. Bottcher was hit in the fleshy part of his side, but his men were alerted and swept the beach with fire, driving the Japs back.

The morning of December 12th, 1942, twenty-six Americans, exhausted, their faces haunted, fought through to Bottcher. Sixty had started out, they were ambushed in the swamp, and the rest were dead. Bottcher asked when Division was going to attack, but the men only shrugged. The burly sergeant knew it was going to be hard to get a big force through that country.

Weak from loss of blood, his body strapped with pain, but refusing to leave the beachhead, Bottcher noticed curious activity in the area of Buna Village. He watched for hours, then realized the Japs were building a timber barricade, stringing it out from the jungle. It began to grow and take direction—pointed right for Bottcher's position. *The smart little bastards are going to come in close under cover and take us at night.* His reinforcements had brought mortars and Bottcher had them emplaced in a long row, each zeroed in on a portion of the barricade. The sun was still tipped on the horizon when Bottcher saw that the Japs were moving fast and had to be stopped. He ordered the mortar-section commander to give him a two-minute barrage when he heard a pistol shot, then took thirty men forward, creeping toward the fence. He waited until they were forty yards away, drew his .45 and fired. The mortars crashed in, tearing up chunks of the timber barricade. The barrage lifted and Bottcher, his ravaged body almost numb, jumped up. There was a sudden flash of steel as his men sprang to their feet and charged, yelling and cursing.

For a split-second there was no sound from the stunned Japs. Bottcher's men were almost on them when the enemy gunners poured withering automatic fire into the Americans who were throwing grenades on the run. One man fell, rolling over and over like a rabbit hit on the run. Another spun around and dropped facing his own lines. The man next to Bottcher suddenly leaned back, his head snapping as if hit with an uppercut, then he sat down gently in the sand. Twelve men died, but the rest swarmed over the barricade and wiped out the Japs who'd survived the mortars and grenades. They were the last of more than 300 enemy soldiers that Bottcher's force killed.

The bearded sergeant was improvising a dressing for his wounds when another small party led by a captain came in. The officer informed Bottcher that the Division had jumped off that morning, and said that Eichelberger wanted the sergeant to leave the beach. When Bottcher refused, the crop-haired, leathery officer jabbed him in the chest:

"That's an order. Your free-lance days are over. If you won't go peaceful, we'll carry you back." Then his flat hard tone softened. "Division needs a live hero. Get moving."

With two soldiers as bodyguards, Bottcher started back across the creek, reached the rear area by afternoon—and collapsed.

ON December 18th, 1942, strong elements of the 32nd Division reached the sea on a broad front, decisively cutting the enemy in two. Buna fell in a few weeks and the campaign to advance up the New Guinea Coast and strike north in the Pacific had begun.

For his epic seven-day defense of the beach, Bottcher was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and promoted to Captain. At the ceremony, he told Eichelberger that all he wanted was to get back his American citizenship.

One of the first authentic heroes of World War II, Bottcher was sent back to Australia with the 32nd for rest. The battered Division didn't see action for another year. When they were committed again, Bottcher fought at Saidor and Aitape in New Guinea, and on the island of Morotai. He won a second DSC, the Silver Star, and his citizenship was restored by special presidential order.

On November 14th, 1944, now a Major, Bottcher helped spearhead the landing on Leyte in the invasion of the Philippines. Two weeks later, making a lone reconnaissance behind enemy lines in the Ormoc Valley, he was trapped in a rice paddy by a Jap platoon. He held out for almost four hours, but was killed by two slugs in the head.

Advancing troops found his body face down in the muddy water, his hand still gripping a pistol . . . And it is recorded in the official history of the 32nd, that the Division hit the Japs in an uncontrollable frenzy that day. . . . ●●●

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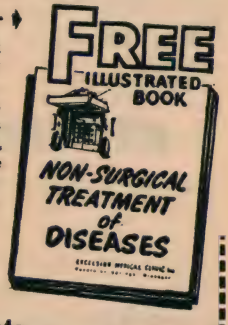

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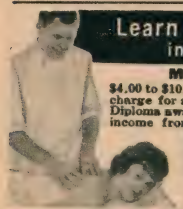

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"BLOOD AND BONES" COMPOUND

(continued from page 36)

weeks ago was true. A report had come in from the Nevada Territory that a fantastic gold shipment was being assembled—two years production from some of the richest mines in the country. The U.S. Treasury knew nothing about it, so there was only one other place it could be headed—the Confederacy. The war, already two years old, was going badly for the North. Gettysburg, where Meade should have crushed Lee, had been a disappointment. If the South could turn that gold into weapons, the war might drag on for several more years, possibly to a truce instead of a victory.

Wolfe's assignment, given to him by Secretary Stanton himself, was to prevent that gold from reaching its destination. By any means whatever. Once the gold was safely behind Confederate lines, it would be too late. He had to know where it was heading, and by what route. Cousin probably knew, but Wolfe doubted that he would trust him. His best lead was Leila. He remembered the bit of thigh-rubbing and smiled to himself. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad assignment after all.

The following day, he called at *Ravenshill* and left his card. Time was essential, but he had to follow local customs. On his next visit, Leila received him. They had tea in the ornate sitting room and chatted pleasantly for 20 minutes. He didn't lay a hand on her. Two evenings later, she allowed him to escort her to the theater. Riding back in the closed landau, they hit a rut and she was thrown against him. Instinctively his hands went up and the left one landed on the bare skin above her dress. It felt soft and cool to his fingers. She took his hand with her own and gently lowered it slightly so that it cupped her bosom.

Her other hand touched his cheek and turned his face toward her. "Tomorrow night. In your rooms," she whispered in his ear. Her tongue flicked out and a cold shiver shot up his spine.

She came promptly at nine o'clock. Under her long velvet cloak, she wore a pale ivory gown that clung tightly to her waist and fell to the floor in gentle folds.

"I don't know what *anybody* in Charleston would think of me," she said with a slow smile, "I do believe I've forgotten to wear anything under this dress."

They ate the cold pheasant quickly, like people in a hurry to get to the dessert. When they were done, he quietly got up, walked around to her chair, picked her up and carried her next door into the bedroom.

There were exactly 37 tiny buttons at the back of her dress. He knew because he counted them as he undid them—not through any interest in fashion but in an effort to calm down his racing heart. This was a job. He was seducing this girl in order to gain information. If she were a man, he'd be beating her up instead.

But she wasn't, not by a mile. Her eyes were closed and she was panting slightly. The skin of her upper thighs and her smooth, flat stomach broke out in tiny gooseflesh.

Then her eyes popped open. "In Canada," she asked, "do the men let their women walk to bed? Or do they carry them?"

He patted her on the backside. "The exercise will do you good," he said, pointing to the huge canopy bed. She did a mock curtsey and walked over. He threw off his own clothes and went to turn off the lamp. "Leave it on," her voice came from the bed, "or am I so hard to look at?"

She had pulled him against her, so he didn't see the door when it opened. All he heard was the voice, laced with cold fury. "Alright, Yankee. Fun's over."

There were two men, both in Confederate uniforms and both holding pistols. "Norman and Edward," Leila said. "My brothers. Even if you weren't a spy, they'd shoot you down because you trifled with their sister. As it is, it's only as a favor to me that they'll deliver you in one piece to our intelligence people."

Still covered by the two pistols, Wolfe dressed himself, wondering what he might have said that had given him away. He never did find out because, as he was lacing his shoes, something hard crashed into the back of his head. Blackness swallowed him as he passed out.

Leila watched her brothers truss Wolfe up and carry him out like a sack of meal. "Remember now, you promised," she said, "he's more useful to us now alive. Maybe later they'll give him back to you." She shivered slightly and got up. She could still remember the weight of him, and it wasn't unpleasant. Also, for a brief moment, she had almost forgotten herself and what she was doing. Pity, he wasn't at all like the men she knew in Charleston.

WOLFE came to slowly. He tried to sit up and almost fainted again. The lump behind his ear was as big as an egg and throbbed painfully. Slowly, he focused in on his surroundings. He was in a cell which was completely bare except for two iron chains that were sunk at shoulder height into the stone wall. In one wall was a heavy iron door. Way up on the opposite wall, near the ceiling, there was a small, heavily barred window. He tried scaling up the wall, but it was thickly covered with some sort of slippery slime. He tried jumping up to gain a handhold on the sill, but couldn't reach it.

He walked slowly and carefully around the cell, tapping the walls and inspecting every inch of the floor. Nothing. He was in a solid stone box.

In his mind he saw the long gold train, kicking up dust as it snaked slowly across the plains. Somehow, he *had* to get out.

But there was nothing he could do about it now. Settling down as comfortably as he could, he went to sleep. Sooner or later, they'd come for him.

They did. Wolfe woke abruptly as rough hands grabbed his shoulders and pulled him to his feet. "Git up, yankee-boy," a soft voice was saying, "it's time for your morn-

ing workout. After that you may be ready to spill your guts."

The voice belonged to a huge, obscenely fat man in a filthy Rebel captain's uniform. Wolfe saw his fingers, like rotted, overstuffed sausages; the lumpy wrists that stuck out of the too-short sleeves. Then he looked up and retched.

The man's face was perfectly round and hairless, with eyes like tiny holes poked in fresh snow, and a small, flat nose. It looked like an uncooked biscuit, but a biscuit out of which someone had taken a single, savage bite. The right side of the face, cheekbone, ear, jaw, was missing. In its place was a jagged, raw scar.

"One of your boys did this to me at Bull Run," the soft voice said without a trace of feeling, "but I got even. Many times." The fingers tightened their grip on Wolfe's shoulder. With a wince, he realized that there was hard muscle under all that fat.

Captain Russell eagerly spun Wolfe and caught him across the face with a club-like fist.

Russell, Wolfe quickly discovered, was not a good torturer. He was too rough. A man who's unconscious can't answer questions. More important, he can't feel pain. Because of his strength and his hatred, Russell was hitting too hard.

Wolfe quickly realized this and began goading the fat man. Once, when he regained consciousness, he worked his bruised lips and spat, half saliva and half blood, squarely into Russell's face. Another time, he taunted him. "What's the matter, half-face, is that as hard as you can hit?"

He had no idea how long the session lasted. After a while, the periods of consciousness and unconsciousness began to blur together into a pinkish haze. At one point, he thought he felt something cool against his cheek. The sensation was pleasant and restful. It seemed to linger, and he couldn't understand why—until he realized that he was lying full-length on the stone floor.

Systematically, he took stock. His body was one continuous aching bruise. But nothing seemed to be broken. He touched his face lightly and winced with pain. It would be a long time before he'd be able to shave. Moving cautiously, he got on all fours, then on his knees, then finally on his feet. After a pang of dizziness, he was able to take a few steps.

Coming in March MEN

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THRILLING BATTLE ACTION IN MARCH MEN

His one thought was of escape. Escape? What a silly notion. He looked around the cell. The stone floor, the iron door, the tiny window beyond his reach, the slimy walls.

The walls. He walked over and ran a finger over the slime. It was gray-green and faintly shiny, putrid-smelling. The idea which had been playing in his mind suddenly began to take shape.

Why not? They wanted to keep him alive. Dead, he was useless to them. Very well, he'd let them save his life.

Very deliberately, he scraped a handful of the slimy stuff off the wall and, slowly, swallowed it.

Then he sat down quietly to wait. The first cramp hit him so hard that he bumped his forehead on his knees doubling over. He waited for another one, and still one more. Then he started screaming.

When they came for him, he was writhing on the floor like a crippled snake. He was half-delirious and could barely understand what was happening to him. He saw a strange face peering at his, and then he passed out. Two days later, he came to.

THE instant he opened his eyes, he knew that the idea had worked. He was lying on a cot in a large room. The walls were still made of stone, and there were still heavy bars on the windows, but there were other people here—a dozen or so lying on cots such as his own. Whatever this prison was, he was still in it, but at least he had managed to get out of his cell.

He turned to the cot on his left. It was occupied by a wizened little man with a scraggly beard and no teeth. "Where are we?" he whispered.

The old man cackled. "Where do you think you are? You're in the sick bay. And you must be pretty important the way they been fussing over you for two days. Me, they're just waiting til I die."

Wolfe shook his head impatiently. "No," he said, with a wide gesture of his hand, "I mean *where* are we?"

The old man stared at him. "So you don't know?" he said slyly. "You don't know you're in the Confederates' 'vacation home'?"

Muttering through his toothless gums, the wizened little man told the Union Captain that he was a prisoner in Fort Bryan, a stone mansion known to the Union soldiers wasting away in it as "Hell Castle." It had, before the war, been the summer "retreat" of an eccentric Charleston molasses merchant named Eustice Bryan, who had a strange compulsion for complete privacy and built this isolated house to satisfy it. It was perched on top of a 100-foot high craggy ridge in the back country of Charleston, could be entered only over a single swaying wood-and-rope catwalk, something like a moat on an ancient medieval castle. Because of its inaccessibility, it was often used, instead of Ft. Sumter in Charleston Harbor, for special northern prisoners.

"Has anyone," he asked the old man, "ever gotten out of here?"

The old man looked around furtively. "Sure they do, all the time." He started to laugh idiotically. "Feet first. Look," he pointed a bony finger across the room, "he's going."

Wolfe looked. He had missed it at first, thinking it was only someone sleeping under

(*Continued on page* 88)

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WORTHLESS ROUBLES

Your article in the March issue of MEN magazine states that the average Russian gets the measly sum of 800 roubles or $200 a month. Well, sir, I get the handsome sum of 44 pounds or $124.80 for sweating blood in a Glasgow shipyard. I throw paint on the hull, masts and funnel 42 hours a week. So I think I am in the wrong country.

J. Goudi
Glasgow, Scotland

• Stay right where you are and reread "The American Worker vs. The Russian Worker" in April MEN. The average Russian worker makes only $70 a month of which $20 goes for taxes. You do about 200% better than this, and that's only on the financial end.

ASK A PFC

In regard to your article in MEN, October, "How Our Mean, Tough Ready-To-Go 7th Army Keeps Russia in Her Place," I would like to know where Thomas Albert got his information.

When I saw the story I showed it to my buddies and we all had one of the best laughs in weeks.

No combat ready company, armor or infantry could clear off a post in three times the time he stated. No army unit that goes on an alert heads for the E. German border, the Russians might think it is an attack and by accident start WWIII. Those Flash Gordon type rockets? Just what are they? I've never seen one of them. The Third Armor Division is not one of the best—it is the best. Division headquarters is not in Wuersburg but 150 miles north in Frankfort, Germany. I never heard of a tank firing a shot in training practice at the range of 3000 yards; it just is not done. As for the West German Army being weak, they are not. They have a lot of American weapons and they are well trained. These are just a few of the things I found wrong.

There is a saying in my unit: If you want to know something, ask a PFC, and that is what I am telling you. If you want a real story about the G.I. in the 7th Army, I'll write you one. It will be one from the heart of an American, the soul of a soldier.

I, a cavalryman, challenge you to print the real story.

John Reynolds
U.S. Army Forces in Germany

• What do you mean by the real story? Mr. Albert conferred with both enlisted men and officers of the 7th Army and he is prepared to stand behind the facts in his article.

LOADED LASAGNA

I own a little Italian restaurant in Brooklyn and business has been pretty lousy lately, especially since my third wife divorced me and I've had to wait on tables myself. If Ada Colaci ("Something for the Anzio Veterans," January, MEN) could come over here for just a few months, I am sure she could help me get back on my feet. My customers complain that my ravioli is too flat and my ziti lacks spice. How about it, Ada, give a fellow countryman a hand? With a bambino like you and my spaghetti sauce we could make millions.

Gino Gambelli
Brooklyn, N. Y.

• Ada says: "What does a girl like me need with a million bucks?"

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EARL G. REID, RFD 1, Thompson, Ohio reports that he took in $648 in one month, of which $510 was clear — and he was only working part-time!

JAMES CARTER, 872 Franklin St., Rocky Mount, Va. states some of the single lessons in the course are worth the entire cost — now owns and operates the Fixit Shop in his own home town.

NRI Graduate CHESTER M. SIEMS, 2326 Corbin St., Melvindale, Mich. tells that he saved big money just keeping his own major electric appliances in repair. Says he would recommend the course to anyone.

CARL BOEHMKE, 636 Grove N.E., Albuquerque, N. Mex., lost his job through pneumonia. His NRI diploma got him a job with an Appliance Service Center where he's doing the kind of work he enjoys, and the climate is much better for his health.

FRANK S. NETTNAY, 827 N. 7th St., Vincennes, Ind. gets all the spare-time appliance repair work he can handle from hardware store where he has a regular job.

Now that **ERNEST B. FARRAR, RFD 1, Mountain Home, Ark.** has retired at age 67, he has opened his own appliance Repair Service.

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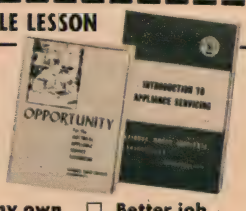

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(*Continued from page* 85)

a blanket. But now he could see it was a large, heavy gray canvas sack stitched up along one side. There was no mistaking what was in it.

"What do they do with it?" he asked.

"Lower it down on a rope and pulley. Got a big lime pit down there. Stinks to tears when the wind's blowing right."

That night, Wolfe couldn't sleep. Every minute that passed brought him closer and closer to Russell's enormous, cruel hands. In the morning, one of the other prisoners sidled up to him after breakfast. He was a gray-haired man with a mean twisted nose. His name, he said, was Richardson Prentice. Born in Pennsylvania, before the war he'd been a storekeeper in Charleston. Like many other Northerners in the South he'd been arrested as a "Union spy" and tossed into prison.

"You really want to get out of here?" Prentice asked in a low voice.

Wolfe looked at him.

"I mean you want to get out *badly,* don't you? That fat Captain's no friend of yours."

Wolfe nodded.

Prentice pulled him off in a corner, and in a low voice said: "There *is* a way to get out, except it ain't no cinch." He walked over to a bed, pulled it away from the wall and pointed to a square metal covering at the foot of the wall. "This leads to the outside. It's some kind of ventilation or sewage duct. The Rebs don't know it's here, apparently. We know it eventually leads to the outside because from time to time we get rats in here, and they couldn't have come from anywhere else."

Wolfe was already on his knees, prying away the covering. Prentice grabbed his shoulder. "Wait. What you should know is two other men tried to get out through there and none of them have ever made it, or got back either. They got stuck or the rats got them."

"How do you know they didn't make it?"

"Because they were two good men and they promised that if they found the way, they would somehow let the rest of us know."

Wolfe stared into the opening. It was wide enough for a man to crawl through on his knees. What were the chances of making it all the way through? One in a hundred? In a thousand? In the darkness, he suddenly spotted a furry shape. It was at least a foot long. Staring at it, he could make out the eyes, the teeth. He shuddered.

"Yeah, they're cute little fellows, all right," Prentice said, watching him narrowly. "I don't mind telling you they scare me—enough to keep me from trying it alone. But if you're willing, why it might be the two of us would have a chance. Are you willing?"

Wolfe could still see those eyes and teeth. But were they worse than what Russell would do to him? He gripped Prentice's elbow and nodded. "I'm willing."

"Good," the other man said. "I got a helper outside—and a way to get word out. One of the guards is a buddy of mine from Charleston. I'll pass the signal we're coming out tonight."

Wolfe nodded, then scampered back to his bed, in case Russell or one of the other guards should happen to come by.

All day long, whatever he looked at, the rat's eyes haunted him. When Russell came by during the afternoon to remind him that the questioning started again the next day, he realized what the eyes reminded him of—the fat captain. But if he had little choice between Russell and the tunnel, he was still worried that the escape attempt wouldn't come off. If there was only some way they could guide themselves through the dark, narrow labyrinth of the tunnel. Then it came to him. Leaping out of bed, he tore off the rough bed-shirt they had given him and feverishly began unraveling it, as Prentice watched curiously. It was slow work; when the cord broke, he had to stop and retie it. But after a while, his fingers found the knack and soon, he had a large ball of yarn. To be sure he had enough, he borrowed another shirt and added that to his ball. Then he went over to the metal covering, moved the bed aside and lifted it off. There were several pair of eyes there now.

He took some bread left over from his dinner, broke it into small chunks and dropped it in front of the opening. The rats were hungry. Soon, two of them ventured out of the darkness to nibble at the food.

They were big, easy targets. At Wolfe's first try, he hit one with his shoe. Not hard enough to kill him, but just enough to stun him for the moment it took to grab him. Then he attached one end of the cord securely around the rat's neck and let him go. As he raced off, Wolfe carefully payed out more cord. He could feel, by the tension on the cord, the rat's movements. Sometimes he stopped, then started again. Sometimes the cord went slack, as if the rat was backtracking. Then there was a long period of furious racing, and finally a last strong tug. Then nothing.

WOLFE tried to imagine what had happened. Suddenly the picture came to him. The rat must have reached the outside, pulled the cord taut and choked itself. He turned to Prentice and said: "Let's go. All we have to do is follow the string." He started to crawl into the hole, then stopped and backed out, pushing against the eager Prentice behind him.

"Go get Captain Russell," he said.

The other prisoners, who had been observing the scene, looked at him in amazement.

"I know what I'm doing. Go get him."

Somebody walked over to the door of the ward and shouted to the guard outside. Soon, Russell arrived. "What's the matter?" he asked.

From across the room, Wolfe shouted at him. "I'm sorry to mess up your little game, you fat bastard, but I'm getting out of here."

With a grunt of rage, Russell started across the room after him. Wolfe pushed Prentice ahead of him, waited a moment and ducked into the hole. He moved quickly, taking up the cord as he went. Ahead he could barely make out the black shape that was Prentice. From time to time he stopped, to make sure that Russell was still behind him. It was pitch dark in the tunnel, and Wolfe only half-sensed, as he moved along, his hand feeling for the string, that he was making turns.

For a while, he thought he lost Russell. "Where are you, you repulsive tub of lard?" he shouted. His voice echoed back at him from a dozen directions. But then he heard the fat man's heavy breathing and the sound of his body caroming off the metal walls. He started forward again, still taking up the cord.

He came to a spot where the tunnel suddenly widened. This would do fine, he thought. Quietly, he stopped and squeezed himself into a tight ball, his feet tucked up. The sound of breathing came closer and closer. At what he judged was the right moment, he suddenly uncoiled himself, thrusting out as hard as possible with both feet. He felt the jolt as his heels ground into something yielding. Russell's face.

A low groan came from the fat man. But the blow hadn't been hard enough. Wolfe felt a ponderous hand land on his ankle, take hold and quickly move up. In a moment, Russell was on him. Both hands now curled around his throat and squeezed.

Fighting desperately, Wolfe managed to squeeze his own right hand between Russell's forearms. The fingers flew over the face, searching for the rubbery surface of the scar tissue. When they found it, they suddenly curled, nails down. With all his strength, Wolfe dug them in and raked.

Russell's scream almost deafened him. The fat man released his grip and put both hands to his own face. Under the torn scar tissue, mangled bone and ripped nerves lay exposed. Again and again, he screamed out his agony.

This time, Wolfe was more careful. He carefully picked a spot on the side of Russell's neck and hit it hard with the side of his hand. The screaming stopped. Wolfe hoped the blow had not been fatal. That would be too easy.

He crawled along for another ten minutes and then he knew that he had made it; a wisp of fresh air tickled his nostrils.

Moments later, he was at the opening of the tunnel and saw the light of dawn just breaking. Crouched at the opening, Prentice had a wide grin on his face. Wolfe peered out and saw two guards, one puffing on a cigarette, the other leaning against the wall of the small wood guardhouse at the castle end of the catwalk, 10 yards away.

On the ground in front of the tunnel opening was the dead, choked rat. The two prisoners, with Wolfe in the lead, covered the distance in great strides and were on top of the guards before they could bring their rifles into play.

Prentice hauled his man to the ground, grabbed a fist-sized rock and pounded it against the man's forehead. Wolfe's man was more of a problem, but the Yankee captain cut off the guard's startled yell with a vicious swing of his elbow that caved in the man's cheekbone. As he crumpled, Wolfe lifted a heavy, booted foot and kicked at his fallen head until he lay still.

"Come on," Prentice shouted, as Wolfe, breathing hard, looked down at the lifeless guard, blood coming from his cracked skull.

Prentice was already a third of the way across the wildly swaying catwalk and the vibrations he set up made it more difficult for Wolfe to navigate the narrow bridge. From behind, Wolfe heard rifle shots and guessed that other guards had discovered their breakout. He couldn't risk taking the time to turn and look. Ahead he saw that Prentice had reached the end of the catwalk and was on solid ground. To greet him, amazingly, there was a blonde woman in a flowered dress. She handed Prentice a rifle and the gray-haired man immediately

crouched down and began to return the guards' fire.

Wolfe felt his weakened body protesting at the exertion of running. His chest burned and his legs seemed numb. He had 10 or 15 feet still to go. Then it happened. Perhaps weakened by upcountry winds and rains, perhaps nicked by a stray cannonball from the guards' guns, one strand of the bridge rope gave way, with a pop like a champagne cork exploding, and Wolfe felt himself being tipped dizzily into space. Desperately he reached a hand up and clutched at the remaining rope strand, which was vibrating like a violin string. He came to a plummeting halt with his feet pointing at the rocky ground some 50 feet below.

Now, stationary, hanging like a sheet on a clothes line, he was a clearly outlined target for the Confederate gunners, and in panic he reached up his other arm and began to pull himself hand over hand like a crab toward the rocky ground that loomed so enticingly just 10 feet away.

"Hurry, please hurry," the girl said. She stretched an arm out toward Wolfe, just as he felt something pluck at his coat sleeve. Looking down, he saw that a Confederate ball had torn away a patch of cloth just below his armpit. They can't get much closer than that, he thought, his heart sinking, as he exerted more of his failing strength in an effort to pull himself to the safety of the rocky ridge.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, he was inches from the ledge, and with the girl clutching at his coat, he boosted himself feet first onto the ground and rolled, exhausted into the underbrush. . . .

WHEN they had put two or three miles of distance, covered in a trotting run, between themselves and Ft. Bryan, and had stopped to rest, Prentice said that he and the girl, his fiancé, would head up towards the Tennessee border in an effort to reach Union troops and safety. Wolfe had already decided to head back to Charleston. At a fork in the dusty road at the bottom of the ridge they'd been descending, they separated, with handshakes and good luck wishes.

It took Wolfe 10 hours' walking to reach Charleston. Later that morning, he found a corn crib in a pasture and lay down in its shade to sleep for 8 restful hours. At night, hugging the side of the road and cutting across fields, to keep out of sight, he trudged on at a good pace.

The first human being who saw Wolfe when he walked down a Charleston street was an elderly colored janitor. He took one look, threw up his hands and ran. Wolfe caught a glimpse of himself in a waterfront store window and understood why. He was black, filthy and covered with bruises. The store happened to have clothing in the window, so he broke the pane, helped himself and walked back to his rooms.

Nothing had been touched. The champagne bottle was still there. The bed was still rumpled. It seemed a hundred years since he'd been carried out of this room. Actually it was less than a week. He had a lot of work to do, but the bed looked too inviting. He lay down, just for a moment, and woke up 24 hours later, feeling much better.

The first problem was to find the destination of the gold train. The second problem was to get there and somehow head it off. The only place he could think of to start asking questions was the Cousin family. And of the whole family, the one person he was most anxious to see again was Leila. He decided to start with her.

It wasn't hard to find her. Her father was one of the richest men in the state, and she was probably the most beautiful woman

He caught up to her as she was leaving the theater one evening. She had sent her escort off on an errand and was, for a moment alone. He walked up to her quickly, firmly took her arm and led her away. "My dear Miss Leila," he said aloud, "how enchanting to see you again so soon."

He could tell by her eyes that she recognized him. Her skin, where he held her, was cool to his touch, but her bosom betrayed her excitement.

THEY were on a fairly deserted street now and a wild, completely preposterous idea suddenly hit Wolfe. He had not really thought about how he would persuade Leila to tell him what he wanted to know. This idea might just possibly work. In any case, it couldn't do any harm.

Gently but firmly, he pushed her into an open doorway. Still smiling politely, he put his hand against her bosom, then bent down and kissed her. At first she only accepted him, but then she responded. And then took the initiative.

He broke away to hail a carriage. On the way to his rooms, it was all he could do to keep from seducing her right there. Once upstairs, he stopped resisting. They made love in the sitting room, then got up and walked into the bedroom to make love again.

In the morning, she woke first and prepared breakfast—strong black coffee and little buttered buns. Not having a bathrobe of her own, she had put on one of his. It trailed to the floor and insisted on popping open as she bustled around, tidying up.

"I'll take good care of you," she said smilingly. "They teach us how to do it down here in Charleston. And you're sure worth taking care of. I remember from that last time," she added with a slight blush.

They stayed together for the next two days, mostly making love. Wolfe did not once mention the gold train, and Leila never said anything about having turned him over to the authorities. On the third day, he suggested that they take a trip. She agreed.

They rode the train to Atlanta. Leila was as giggly as a young bride, and insisted on holding hands with him.

After spending the night in Atlanta, they moved on to Nashville, Memphis, Jackson, and Little Rock. Every trip was the same, and every night. The wild idea began to look very good to Wolfe now. It had occurred to him, that evening when he picked Leila up in front of the theater, that she could have shouted for help, or tried to run away. She had done neither. Instead, she showed every sign of sexual excitement and attraction to him. Very well, he had decided. Instead of beating the information out of her—a plan he didn't think he would be able to carry off anyway—he would try to seduce her out of it. And so far it was working well.

The first difficult hurdle came after they left Little Rock. He had suggested that, for a change, they hire a coach and horses instead of going by train. Leila had loved the idea. She became alarmed, however, when they continued riding due West. Where were they going, she asked Wolfe. If they kept on in this direction, they'd soon be out of the borders of the Confederacy. He leaned over, kissed her, and whipped the horses.

They stopped that night at a small waystation in Oklahoma. Leila was delighted. So much so that Wolfe decided this was a good time to tell her.

She surprised him completely. He had expected resistance, possibly even a flat refusal. After all, there was a war on and he was asking her to betray her side.

She had looked at him for a long time, and then said, "Yes, I'll tell you where the gold train left from, and where it's going. On one condition."

"What condition?" he asked.

"That you marry me."

The notion had not even occurred to him. Looking at her, however, it did not seem so intolerable. Furthermore, few bridegrooms had ever had a more thorough opportunity to become acquainted with their future wives.

"Miss Leila," he had told her with a courtly bow, "I'd be most pleased to oblige you, ma'am." They became engaged on the spot.

The rest was not as difficult as Wolfe feared. A day's ride and they were in Union territory, where Wolfe told a Union Colonel of his mission and requested that the colonel and his men ride back with him to intercept the train. The colonel telegraphed Washington, and receiving word to give Wolfe whatever support he needed, immediately ordered his men to march.

They intercepted the gold train at a bend in the road just after it had forded the Washita River in Oklahoma territory and was moving slowly. Wolfe stepped out of a clump of trees at the side of the road, pistols drawn and ordered the train to halt. "There's a regiment of Union troops all around," he shouted up at the wagonmaster, then lifted his arm and the Union soldiers, massed in the bushes on both sides of the road, raised up, their rifles cocked and shouldered. "Have your men throw their guns on the road."

The wagonmaster saw the futility of a fight and ordered the guards to surrender their weapons. With the Colonel's men escorting the train, and Wolfe riding at its head, they reached Union lines the next day.

A week later, Wolfe and Leila were in Washington, where Wolfe sat out the rest of the war. Without gold, the South was unable to buy the guns and ammunition it needed. The end of the war became only a *question of time.*

Strangely, for all of her southern ties and southern patriotism, Leila never exhibited any bitterness over the decision she'd made, even though it contributed materially to the defeat of the Confederacy, and their marriage turned out to be a long, happy one.

MANY years after the war was over, Wolfe traveled to Charleston on business. On impulse, he took a ride out to Ft. Bryan, which had become a tourist attraction. An elderly guide was giving his little spiel to a group of visitors, describing the fortress and assuring them no prisoner had ever managed to escape from it. He stopped dramatically, swept his hand around. "Look at this place, ladies and gentlemen," he said for perhaps the thousandth time, "how would *you* get out of it?"

For a moment, Wolfe toyed with the idea of answering the question, then decided against it. Why spoil the old man's act? ● ● ●

How to Achieve SEXUAL SATISFACTION

continued from page 15

can understand they think about it and feel it deeply nevertheless. Just a hint of doubt about one's sexual prowess can result in a vicious circle of declining self-confidence and worsening sexual performance. This is particularly true if the man and his partner believe in the same rules.

Now let's look at the facts as they are known by medical specialists whose patients are often men and women with sexual problems. Let's consider the alleged goal of sexual intercourse (aside from reproduction) and the orgasm.

For men orgasm is almost essential to the achievement of sexual satisfaction. The male sex glands secrete fluid that during stimulation and intercourse demands release. If a man is unable to release this fluid in the sexual act his sexual tensions are increased.

But women are very different physiologically. Although during excitation women produce a watery, opalescent secretion that acts as a lubricant, the female climax is not accompanied by a fluid discharge. Furthermore, whereas coitus almost invariably results in orgasm for the male, the female's climax is less predictable. The frequency of a woman's orgasm differs considerably from person to person and may vary widely in one person from time to time. One woman may experience orgasm with each act of coitus. Another may do so just once in every three contacts, on the average; still another, once in ten.

This is not to say that orgasm is not important to women for the release of tension. It is. If a woman does not achieve a climax when she needs it she will be left in a state of frustration, and her reaction may be anything from annoyance to acute misery. But the belief that she *must* achieve orgasm during each act of coitus is erroneous. If a woman's natural rate of orgasm is once in every three contacts or once in ten, then this is what she and her partner should strive for and be content with. If she is fond of her partner sexually she will derive definite satisfaction from the other contacts, and the frequency of her climactic response may eventually increase, particularly if she will relax, accept herself and derive as much pleasure from sex in her own way as she possibly can. For the woman whose climactic rate is once in three times, or for her partner, to demand once-in-one performance is to do violence to nature. It's like demanding of yourself that you lift three times the weight that you're physically equipped to.

But apparently women and their husbands do make demands like this of themselves and each other. The primary problem of many of the men who consult doctors is a feeling of inadequacy about their ability to produce orgasm in their partners. A man whose wife's orgasm is not as facile as his own often feels that he is failing to give her sexual gratification. He is worried about his own masculinity, his wife's happiness and the future of their relationship. In many cases his anxiety persists even though his wife has assured him that she has no complaints. She may be too honest to pretend a vibrant climax when she doesn't experience it, but she has told him that when he makes love to her she can feel pleasure and fulfillment even without orgasm. She has told him that since she's happy he should be too.

And she's right. The marriage manuals that call the woman incomplete who does not experience orgasm with the regularity of a commuter train are wrong. The best that anyone can do for himself and his mate is not just to be content with what he has, but to appreciate it fully and to make the most out of it. Certainly this kind of attitude is more likely to improve the situation than one that's compounded of anxiety and constant, self-conscious assessment of response during intercourse—although it must be faced that few ninety-seven-pound weaklings become perfectly formed athletes and few men and women with a low degree of response become great sexual virtuosi.

Furthermore, there are times when all of us, male and female, perform less well sexually than we do at other times. There are many requirements if we are to be at our best; two essentials are abundant energy and a serene mind. Physical, mental or nervous fatigue can lower performance drastically even when sexual tensions are strong and crying for relief.

THIS is a fact that is too often ignored in the marriage manuals. The word "ecstasy" is sometimes the only one used by sex counselors to describe the feelings experienced during the sexual act. This has contributed to the widespread impression that if coitus does not culminate in emotions that are transcendental and even spiritual, someone has performed in an inferior way.

But the idea that if one does not perform magnificently one is not performing well is wrong. Sexual communion can be as profoundly satisfying when whispered as when screamed.

A constant waxing and waning of sexual desire is normal for everybody, and in a complex society such as ours a large variety of pressures aggravate the uneasiness of sexual desire and interfere with the attitudes we should bring to the sexual experience. Therefore, it is hardly surprising that the explosive moments may seem too far apart. This does not mean that the other moments are not delightful and rewarding. For instance, a rating of 10 per cent excellent or superb and a 90 per cent mixture of good, average and fair should not be interpreted as being 10 per cent excellent and 90 per cent poor. But it often is.

It's fairly difficult to overemphasize the importance of sex to human beings, but in a way our generation has succeeded in doing exactly that. As Western man has begun to come of age sexually, he has moved sex from the dark hiding place it once occupied to a plane of exaggerated idealization. The swing of the pendulum has been extreme, and it has bypassed the rational middle road that can lead each person to discover his own individual form of sexual harmony and fulfillment.

Many men and women need to take a long, careful and appreciative look at themselves and their mates. They should add a healthy skepticism to their hopeful fantasies of the "ideal" what-might-be if only the right partner could be found, if only they could be "properly" loved. The odds are that they can achieve their greatest sexual contentment if they accept and cultivate what they have —and what they are.

No man should feel himself a failure because he cannot produce more sexual pleasure in a woman than she herself has the capacity to experience. No man should automatically assume that standards of response based on other people's experience necessarily apply to himself and his mate.

It is, however, equally true that a man does have some obligations to his partner in love. Generally they are obligations that he is happy to discharge. As a matter of fact, for the average man his partner's positive, passionate response to love-making is an absolute requirement for his own fulfillment. The most sexually-attractive woman is not the one who is merely willing but the one whose attitude promises that she will respond with pleasure and satisfaction.

Women are acutely aware of this fact. In times and places in which an accepted myth of society is that "good" women (the kind that men marry) are too ladylike to enjoy sex, there is always a large class of women (mistresses, prostitutes, slaves) whose status does not preclude real or simulated sexual response; and both groups of women know that it's the members of the latter class who provide the men with their deepest sexual happiness. In our own society, where marriage and sexual fulfillment are supposed to be synonymous, popular books and articles advise women to communicate clearly their passionate response. "It will make your husband proud and happy," they say. Some even suggest the pretense of passion and satisfaction where none exists, particularly as a cure for a husband's infidelity or waning interest. Somewhat similarly, skilled prostitutes in every culture simulate ardor and response whether they feel it or not; as professionals, they know what it takes to keep the customers happy.

This awareness in women of the male's profound necessity for feeling that he can satisfy his mate is in jarring contradiction to

MEN'S
COMPLETE
BOOK
BONUS

the "men want only their own pleasure" myth. Actually, of course, it is true that men want primarily their own satisfaction—as do all human beings—but their own often depends on their partners' to an important degree.

When a man fails to satisfy his mate's capacity for orgasm, then, it is generally not because he is self-centered but because he is ignorant. He does not know how to bring his wife to orgasm, usually because he does not understand the dynamics of female orgasm. In this, however, he is no more ignorant than many of the authorities on sex.

In the whole area of the science of sex, no single subject has been the object of more scrutiny and less agreement than female orgasm. Authorities who may concur in every other way are in violent dissension about this.

For example, Kinsey says:

Some of the psychoanalysts and some other clinicians insist that only vaginal stimulation and a "vaginal orgasm" can provide a psychologically satisfactory culmination to the activity of a "sexually mature" female. It is difficult, however . . . to understand what can be meant by a "vaginal orgasm." The literature usually implies that the vagina itself should be the center of sensory stimulation, and this as we have seen is a physical and physiologic impossibility for nearly all females.—Alfred C. Kinsey, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*.

On the other hand, Franzblau says: *In maturity, however, the clitoris plays only a secondary role in female sexuality. The major role is, of course, assumed by the vagina, stimulation of which produces orgasm.*—Abraham N. Franzblau, *The Road to Sexual Maturity*.

It's apparent that these authorities have managed to come to conclusions about female orgasm that are diametrically opposed and mutually exclusive.

As far as we know, only one kind of nerve ending can produce the sensation that the male knows as orgasm. In the male these specialized nerve endings are concentrated in the glans penis. In the female they exist only in the structural counterpart of the penis, the clitoris.

Female orgasm is not the mysterious and indescribable experience that some authorities have believed. It is neither the clitoral climax nor the elusive "psychic" vaginal climax. It is, in fact, an experience that any male can understand because it parallels his own.

There is, however, one basic difference. Strong stimulation of the glans penis is inevitable in intercourse; strong stimulation of the clitoris during intercourse is not. And unless clitoral stimulation is continued through intercourse, most women will not achieve orgasm in intercourse.

There are undoubtedly women who occasionally or frequently can achieve orgasm through vaginal stimulation alone. There are also some women—and some men—who can be excited to orgasm by a look, a kiss or a thought. But this kind of response seems to have little to do with maturity. And just as the penis is the most predictable source of strong sexual stimulation in the male, so is the clitoris in the female.

Probably more information about sex has been given to twentieth-century Americans than to any other people in any other time and place. Somewhere along the line we seem to have forgotten that sex is better when it's spontaneous than when it's self-conscious, more satisfying when it's improvised than when it's memorized.

Any kind of sex play that a couple invents and finds mutually pleasurable is normal for them, and the variations are myriad. It's presumptuous and a little foolish to outline a series of passion-inducing maneuvers and guarantee that they will be successful with all women, because all women are different.

Most recent studies indicate that although extended love play before coitus is very pleasurable to most women, many of them can be aroused to orgasm as quickly as males, and some are annoyed by complicated preliminaries.

In general, a man's sexual gambits are probably best when they are of his own devising and developed with a sensitive eye to his partner's response. But he should be aware of some important facts about the physical reactions of women.

The most important one, as we have already indicated, is the significance of the clitoris in coitus. We cannot emphasize enough that the clitoris is the organ of excitation and the source of vaginal climax for most women most of the time.

There are several ways of accomplishing this. Probably the easiest method is through contact of the clitoris and the pubic bone in the face-to-face positions of intercourse. This is particularly effective when penetration of the penis in the vagina is deep. Lateral or rotary motion of either or both of the partners will provide enough excitation to bring the woman to orgasm in most cases.

Probably the woman can achieve orgasm most easily in the face-to-face position, with her on top, either sitting astride or lying on the man. In this position she can control the amount and the kind of clitoral stimulation completely.

In positions where there can be no contact between the clitoris and the man's penis or body, manual contact will maintain the stimulation. It can also be used if the male has climaxed too quickly, and the woman wishes to continue sexual contact to the point of orgasm.

Some women are capable of having more than one orgasm during a single sexual act. Unlike a man, for whom orgasm usually means the end of sexual interest for some hours, a woman who has had one orgasm can often have a second even more readily. If her sexual energy permits her to have more than one orgasm she will be very receptive to stimulation; if however, it does not, and if her lover has not yet had orgasm, she will be happy, relaxed and equally receptive to his conclusion of the act with his own climax. Sometimes a man who has intercourse with a multiple-orgasm woman derives such profound pleasure from bringing his partner to orgasm again and again that he exhausts his own sexual energy before he has climaxed. He would do well to realize that part of the woman's feeling of fulfillment, as well as his own, is the orgasm of her partner.

At the other end of the sex-response scale is the woman who does not attain orgasm regularly no matter how skilled and passionate her lover may be, perhaps because her sexual interest and capacity are low. The average female, as a matter of fact, has a good deal less sexual interest than the average male. Many women can discontinue all sexual activity, including masturbation, for weeks, months or years, without any conscious feelings of frustration—a situation which is practically impossible for the normally potent male.

MEN misjudge their performance, wrongly think of themselves as "lousy lovers" . . .

WOMEN on the whole are psychologically aroused far less easily than men. The purveyors of female nude photographs, for example, can always find a ready male market, but male nudes sell mostly to homosexual men and hardly at all to women, who rarely find them stimulating or even interesting. Similarly, fetishism—erotic response to nongenital parts of the body, to clothing, to fabrics, leather, furniture, et cetera—is almost entirely a male phenomenon. Many males can be aroused by the sight or even the thought of *any* potential or desired sexual partner; decidedly fewer women can.

Women are stimulated sexually by psychic means, too, but the stimuli are somewhat different and probably more subtle. When a woman experiences clitoral excitation or even orgasm with no physical stimulus at all, it is likely to be in the presence of or at the thought of a *specific* male for whom she feels passion. In general, women are likely to feel primarily emotional (rather than physiological) attraction to men who possess the physical or psychological qualities they prefer. These vary enormously, of course, but perhaps the most attractive quality that a man can possess is a psychological virility: an air

SEXUAL SATISFACTION

of strength, of independence and, to some extent, of dominance. A man who is too eager to please is as unlikely to attract women as he is to satisfy them sexually.

An important part of a man's adjustment to his mate is the knowledge that almost every woman, even one who operates in an aggressive way in other aspects of her life, is likely to have at least some element of passivity in sex. Perhaps this derives from the biologically receptive role she plays in intercourse and impregnation. The average woman initiates intercourse with her husband occasionally or seldom, if he is normally active, a fact which may lead him to believe that she has no real interest in sex. This is not necessarily true. Since she is rarely aroused by mental images, her acute eroticism is likely to occur in response to actual physical stimulation. The woman who does frequently initiate sex is not usually the sexual neophyte but rather the experienced woman who anticipates experiencing pleasure with which she is familiar.

On the whole, women tend to feel more sexual desire independent of physical stimulation just before, during and just after the menstrual period. The reason may be in part psychological; this is the period of infertility in most women, and the inhibiting fear of pregnancy is absent now. For many women, strong desire during menstruation can be frustrating, because they feel that intercourse is medically inadvisable or morally taboo, or because they find it aesthetically unappealing. If the objection is moral, there's probably no solution, because it's likely to be very deep-rooted. If it's medical, it's misinformed, because there is no physical reason that sex cannot be consummated during menstruation. If the objection is aesthetic, the solution may be clitoral stimulation without vaginal intercourse, or the use of a diaphragm, which can effectively stop the menstrual flow during intromission.

Many women report an increase of desire during the early months of pregnancy. Biologically and psychologically, the woman who wants children is never more able to experience sex in a deeply satisfying way than at this time. Physically, her breasts enlarge and become more sensitive, her vaginal tissues thicken and her vagina becomes tighter and more stimulating to the male. (These processes take place in the days preceding menstruation, too.) Emotionally, she feels a sense of unity with her husband and of accomplishment as a woman more than at any other time in her life. Several female patients have said that, from the point of view of sexual desire and satisfaction, they'd like to be three months pregnant all the time!

If a woman is having a normal pregnancy and has no history of previous miscarriages, intercourse can be carried on—with increasing attention to her comfort—until the last six or eight weeks before delivery.

Sexual ardor and the capacity for response reach a peak in women in the late twenties and stay constant through the sixties, although their sexual activity is likely to decline because of their mates' decreasing interest and vigor. It's from the woman in the upper-middle-age group that the physician is most likely to hear complaints about the partner's apathy and coldness.

With younger couples, though, the reverse is far more likely to be the case. One of the common problems in young marriages is the wife's lesser interest in sex. Sometimes what seems to the husband to be a vast disparity of sexual desire is based on nothing more than the wife's less frequent desire for coitus, which is statistically normal, or her lack of sexual aggressiveness, which is perhaps biologically inevitable. But sometimes it is based on her real lack of interest in or even violent antipathy to sex.

Is there anything that a man can do if he is married to a woman who is actually frigid? Let's first define the term. A woman is frigid when she is incapable of feeling sexual desire or satisfaction. The woman who feels desire and excitation but not satisfaction is not frigid, but merely unsatisfied. The woman who is actually frigid perceives all sexual stimulation either anesthetically—without perceptible sensation—or painfully.

Often the reasons are emotional and probably unknown to the woman herself. Sometimes they are based on early, painful sexual experience. Sometimes they relate to a woman's deep envy or hatred of men and her consequent unwillingness to "submit" to a man in sex. Sometimes the reason stems from a strong (or even mild) sex drive which was evidenced in girlhood and severely punished by overly strict or sadistic parents. The woman who is frigid because of psychic wounds is likely to have great difficulty in all the areas in which she functions as a female: menstruation, childbirth, menopause. Generally she can be helped only by psychiatric therapy.

ABSOLUTE frigidity is fortunately, very rare, but some women are not as responsive to sex as they could be. This is not surprising when one considers the confused and chaotic attitudes of our culture toward women. In recent decades the relationships of women to society and of women to men have undergone a drastic change. Women have become far more active—more masculine—in their behavior, in terms of their traditional, historical role. Men have become more feminine, in the same terms. They have abdicated their onetime position of unquestioned dominence and accepted in its place a more mutual relationship in which decisions are shared.

The sexual idea of some men has become the aggressive and somewhat sadistic tigress encountered almost invariably in erotic literature aimed at men. Other men still have as their ideal the classically feminine, dependent, clinging-vine female who will accept their dominance totally. And many more want the outward form of dominance to reinforce their own self-doubts about their masculinity, but require an actual relationship that is more like that of mother and son than like that of wife and husband. Women are also confused about what they are and what they want. Their confusion cannot help but affect their feelings about themselves as women and consequently their feelings about themselves sexually.

This is a kind of general, pervading confusion, but there are other, more specific areas of difficulty as well. As far as communication with their own kind on sexual matters is concerned, women live a much more isolated life than men. Although young girls and adolescents talk a great deal about boys, dating and romance, they talk very little about sex. Most girls do not, for example, talk about masturbation, although this is a subject quite open to discussion and joking among boys. Kinsey discovered that whereas 60 per cent of the females he interviewed had masturbated at some time, most of them had discovered masturbation themselves, and many had no idea of its sexual significance. Boys, however, were well aware of its sexual meanings, and most of them had discovered it through hearing about it from other boys.

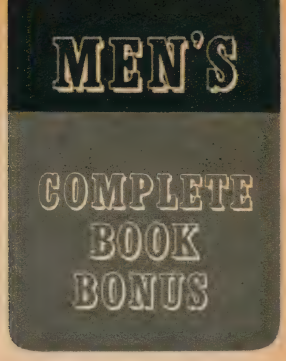
For most women, the same kind of sexual reticence carries through to adulthood. Although they will discuss their husbands' personality traits and their own "female troubles," most women do not talk to other women about sex except in a general, unspecific way—in contrast to men, among whom the most detailed conversation about sexual practice is fairly common.

This fairly typical reticence often makes it difficult for a woman to talk frankly to her husband about her sexual needs and desires, particularly if she is not entirely sure that they are "normal" (which she is not likely to know, because of her lack of communication with other women). To the male, her aversion to open discussion may seem irritating and unreasonable, and to some extent it is. If it exists, however, he'll probably be better off if he learns to take his cues from his wife's physical responses rather than insist on verbal communication.

This situation is representative of a pattern of paradox that exists throughout our culture as far as women and sex are concerned. On the one hand, women are counseled to be "frank and open" about sex. On the other, frankness often does not fit into the structure of their conditioning.

Another paradox: Much of the personal advertising directed at women contains, as Philip Wylie put it in *Generation of Vipers,* the implicit question, "Madam, are you seductive?" A large percentage of this same advertising implies that to be a seductive sexual partner a woman should be as antiseptic as chemistry can make her. The deodorant industry is a billion-dollar one that depends on having created and fortified a conviction in women that their natural body odors and body secretions are disgusting. A case in point is the popularity of the vaginal douche. Even though urologists and gynecologists are in agreement that the healthy vagina needs no artificial flushing, millions of women douche monthly, weekly, or daily. Their rationalization may be medical, but the real reason is that they have been taught to regard the natural genital odor as offensive; they douche for reasons that are essentially cosmetic. And yet a clean, natural, undisguised female odor is a source of strong sexual stimulation to most men.

ONE probably could list dozens of similar inconsistencies, but the point is clear: modern women are subjected to many pressures, most of them irrational. The man who wants the best possible relationship with his mate will do his best not to intensify them. His acceptance of her, within the limits of his own idiosyncrasies, will give her confidence, contentment and spontaneity as a human being and as a sexual partner.



The mechanisms of excitation, copulation and orgasm are at least as complex in the male as in the female. They involve not only the penis but also numerous muscle and nerve connections and many auxiliary organs and glands.

In the normal male the sexual act begins in the brain. The word "normal" here has no moral or even statistical implication; we're speaking of normality in terms of physical equipment and hormonal equilibrium. The paraplegic, for example, is abnormal in this sense. His nervous system has been short-circuited by injury to the spinal cord, and he can be excited to erection only by direct physical stimulation of the penis. Somewhat similarly, a castrate may have the power of coitus but after a while will probably have no desire for it, because his hormonal drives no longer include sexual urgency. Malfunction not only of the testes but of such other glands as the pituitary, the thyroid and the suprarenals also tends to diminish, destroy or somehow sidetrack the thoughts of sex that operate as an overture to the act.

But in a male with standard physical equipment the first sexual stimulus is mental, a response to the possibility or the remembrance of coitus, or the sight, touch or aroma of a desirable or likely sexual partner. This is sometimes called excitation of the higher centers. It may be more important in civilized than in primitive man, but in all men who are normal by the definition above, it is the switch that trips a chain of physical reactions. One of them is the stimulation of various accessory glands, particularly Littre's and Cowper's glands, which produce a clear alkaline fluid that appears at the tip of the penis. The fluid probably has the function of neutralizing the acidity of any urine that may remain in the urethra, and it also acts as a lubricating medium. Sometimes it is so abundant that it's mistaken for the ejaculate.

At the same time, the impulses from the brain travel to the nervous center that controls erection, in the lumbar swelling of the spinal cord, and from there, along a complex wedding of nerves, ganglia and muscles, to the penis. Blood rushes to the penis faster than it can flow out. The penis begins to become rigid, sensitive, erect. Later in the sexual act it will respond readily to direct physical sensation. But in the early stages of erection the psychic factors are the most important. They are generally responsible for achieving the degree of erection required for entrance into the vagina.

In the vagina, the friction of coital movement and the tactile sensations of pressure and warmth maintain and increase the erection. The blood pressure rises, heart action and respiration quicken, body muscles tighten, and sensation and tension mount to a climactic peak. At the point of saturation the accumulation of energy and tension are suddenly discharged in violent muscular contractions, orgasm and the ejaculation of semen.

The moment of orgasm is powerful but brief. Almost immediately muscles, organs and glands return to normal, and excitement is replaced by lassitude and fatigue. By not withdrawing the penis from the vagina at this point a sexually vigorous man can sometimes maintain erection and after a short pause can continue the sexual act to the point of a second orgasm. In an exceptional man or in exceptional circumstances, erection can sometimes occur again a few minutes after orgasm and withdrawal. But most often the refractory period, the time of fatigue during which no response is possible, lasts at least for an hour or two and sometimes for several days.

Even described baldly and with deliberate oversimplicity, the sexual act in males is obviously no simple matter. When to the already complicated physiological processes is added the enormous range of possibilities in attitude, physical endowment, technique and vigor, it's not surprising that male opinion of sexual activity can be anything from "wildly overpowering" to "wildly overrated."

In our group-conscious, statistical society, sex experience is too often evaluated in terms that are quantitative and comparative rather than qualitative and personal. Among the questions most often heard by anyone whose profession gives him the aura of a sex authority are, "What is the normal frequency of intercourse?" and "How long does the average act of coitus take?" It's as though people can't be sure they're contented unless they know that they're at least in the "average" hump on some statistical curve.

This attitude was reflected—and probably encouraged—by the most widely publicized figures in the Kinsey reports, those that summed up sex experience in terms of undifferentiated "outlets," especially since the interpretation of the figures implied that sheer number of outlets was the criterion for sexual health and fulfillment. By this kind of reckoning the man who masturbates twice a week and visits a prostitute every Saturday night has a fuller sex life than the man who has intercourse twice a week with a woman for whom he feels passion and love.

The idea that one must have intercourse at stipulated frequencies for the sake of one's health—something like vitamins or bar-bell calisthenics—is a rather unhealthy notion in view of the fact that sexual satisfaction in humans seems to depend on emotional content at least as much as on regularity.

The frequency of sexual experience should, of course, be based not on an anxious or earnest attempt to keep up with Kinsey but on desire, preferably on the mutual desire of the male and his partner. It's worth noting again, however, that most men of middle age or younger tend to feel desire more often than most women of similar ages, although this is by no means an invariable rule. The sex drive of "normal" males varies enormously, from the man who makes it his mission to be a lover par excellence and is practically unable to think of anything but sex to the man who is celibate all or most of his life without feeling that he has missed an indispensable human experience. Somewhere between these extremes is the usual male, whose sex drive fluctuates between urgent and lukewarm, depending on his age, his general fitness and (a fact of life if not of monogamous marriage) the attractiveness and novelty of the sexual situation. The male in his late teens may be capable of coitus several times a day. In his thirties twice or three times a week will seem about right, although in this period of "getting ahead in the world" a work problem that exhausts him physically or mentally may divert his energy for long periods of time. In his fifties his interest in sex may be awakened once a week or once a month. However, a patient of 68 who has always taken tremendous pride in his ability as a lover reports that he still has intercourse once a night and sometimes twice. Again, it's important to point out that the once-a-month man is no less fulfilled than his more athletic contemporary, if his needs are satisfied.

THE quantitative approach to sex is part of the reason for the commonness of the "How long?" question, but other factors are important, too. One of them is the long-believed theory that most women need much more time to achieve orgasm than most men, a belief that causes some men to fear they are not as capable of extended intercourse (and therefore not as satisfying to women) as the average man. Actually, the two to five minutes that is the usual length of time between intromission and ejaculation for 75 per cent of the men in the Kinsey group seems to be long enough for most women when clitoris-involving techniques of coitus are employed.

In some men, however, ejaculation takes place before intromission or within 20 seconds after it. Long abstinence may be the source of such premature ejaculation, but, contrary to some lay opinion, excessive masturbation probably is not. In younger men it maybe caused by inexperience or overexcitement. In older men it is sometimes the first sign of impotence. In most men of both age groups it results from emotional causes: lack of confidence, guilt, anxiety, fear of sex. When a serious emotional disorder is at the root, psychiatric therapy is likely to be the most effective treatment.

Men who ejaculate prematurely but have no trouble achieving a good erection are often helped by ointments containing anesthetic preparations which dull response enough to extend coitus but not so much that climax is impossible. These ointments should be prescribed by a physician. With other men, dexedrine or certain sedatives, which should be taken under a doctor's advice, or even alcohol taken in moderate amounts, seem to be more useful.

In any case, the attitude and the response of the woman is important. If she can come close to climax or actually achieve it in the foreplay, the man's 20 seconds may be enough to satisfy them both; and when it is, the feelings of anxiety and lack of confidence that may be causing the trouble to begin with will probably be minimized. In coitus, both the man and the woman should avoid the deep, forward-thrust movements that are most stimulating to most men and concentrate instead on the lateral movements that generally bring the woman to orgasm most quickly. Speeding up the woman's climax can be almost as important in coping with premature ejaculation as retarding the male's.

Another quantitative question that is often of acute importance to men is the size of the penis. In our culture the male tends to wonder whether it's "big enough." Elsewhere he may wonder whether it's little enough. The Kama Kalpa, a sort of manual for Hindu lovers, has this to say about size: "Brahma is a thoughtful god and has created a mate

SEXUAL SATISFACTION

for every woman. There are four types of men to go with the four types of women. The classification of the male is mainly based on the length of the *membrum virile*. The smaller and thinner the member, the better the man."

Oddly enough, the question of size seldom seems crucial to women, who rarely regard massive dimensions as being synonymous with irresistible sex appeal. But to men it can become a matter of prime concern. Sometimes anxiety about the size of the penis cloaks a feeling of inadequacy and guilt about sex in general; it becomes the excuse for feeling so self-conscious that sexual activity is impossible. Or it may be a carry-over from the frankly competitive comparing of genital dimensions that often occurs among boys. A sense of inferiority born here is frequently fortified by the more furtive locker-room assessments of adulthood. One reason is that every man looks straight at another man's penis, but down at his own; the optical effect of foreshortening can make the comparison odious even when there is no significant difference in size.

A penis too small for satisfying sexual activity is a medical rarity. An adequate length can be anywhere from one and a half to seven inches in the relaxed state, from about four and a half to nine in erection, with the average about six in erection. Penis girth varies widely, too, from about two to one and a half inches diameter in the relaxed state to one to two and a half inches diameter in erection. A large size in relaxation, by the way, is not necessarily a guarantee of larger-than-average size in erection.

Genital size is one area in which the usually incorrect generalizations about race seem to be true: Negroes do tend to have larger genitals than Caucasians and Orientals. But there is no correlation between the size of the penis and the size of the body frame, feet or hands, although men who are obese often seem to have smaller genitals than most.

TOTALLY frigid woman is a rare phenomenon, despite many "cold fish" gals

Just as erection is caused by a state of mind, so, usually, is impotence. The inability to achieve erection has been called a disease of civilization. In about nine out of ten cases it is of psychological origin, caused by taboos imposed by the society or by the self; feelings of guilt, fear, inhibition or distaste toward a sexual partner, a sexual situation or sex in general. Even impotence that begins as a physiological problem often develops a thick emotional overlay. Whether it comes traumatically, through disease or accident, or quietly, like graying hair, any loss of sexual power is likely to be interpreted by the human male as a loss of manhood. Even a few sexual failures can cause serious erosion of the ego. And because the power of erection is so sensitively correlated to self-confidence, impotence, more than any other sexual disorder, tends to be self-perpetuating.

How common is it? We don't know. Many men who are totally impotent never seek medical aid, and men who are partially impotent are even less likely to. Although the loss of sexual power is not an invariable part of the aging process, except perhaps in the far reaches of senescence, many middle-aged men, even men as young as 40 tend to accept impotence rather passively, with resignation to what they regard as inevitable.

Nevertheless, some statistics are available. Kinsey, who thinks that other estimates of the incidence of impotence are somewhat inflated, reports that the rate of complete loss of erectile power in men under 35 is about one per cent, and that only 27 per cent of the population becomes totally impotent by 70. On the other hand, earlier inquiry found that 45 per cent of a group of men of various ages felt that their sexual ability was "unsatisfactory," and about three decades ago the psychoanalyst Wilhelm Stekel estimated that "hardly half of all civilized men enjoy normal potency."

No matter which of these figures seems more accurate and competent, there is no question that total impotence, partial impotence and fear of impotence are among the chief sexual problems of men.

Much of the time organic impotence—impotence that derives from purely physical causes—is just one of the effects of injury, surgery or disease that involves the other parts of the body. Such chronic diseases as luekemia, tuberculosis and anemia may be responsible for impotence which can often be cured with the correction of the underlying problem. Impotence is often seen in association with diabetes, and is, in fact, sometimes the first apparent symptom of the disease. When diabetes is put under the control of drugs and diet, potency often returns. Various kinds of hormone imbalance can be responsible for impotence.

Injuries to the spinal cord or to the brain can cause impotence that may be temporary or permanent, depending on the extent of the damage. When the segment of the cord in the mid-back region that controls erection is destroyed, the impotence is total and permanent; injury or surgery above this level usually does not interfere with potency. Most paraplegics retain their ability to have erections, and about 25 per cent remain fertile. But even though, as noted before, their machinery of erection responds reflexly to physical rather than to psychic stimulation, they are not immune to psychological impotence; some paraplegics, overwhelmed by their general infirmity and disability, react by developing this kind of impotence.

Excessive sexual activity in youth may cause psychological impotence based on guilt, but it certainly does not cause organic impotence in middle age. In fact, it appears that men who are very active in youth are more likely to continue to be active in the middle and later years. In correlating and interpreting his "outlet" and age statistics, Kinsey says:

Exercise of the sexual capacities does not seem to impair those capacities, at least as they are exercised by most of the persons who belong in the highest-rating segment of the population. While it is theoretically conceivable that very high rates of activity might contribute to physical impairment, or indirectly to diseased conditions, or to other difficulties in certain cases, the actual record includes exceedingly few high-rating males whose activities have had such an outcome.

Those individuals who become adolescent late, however, more often delay the start of their sexual activities and have the minimum frequencies of activity, both in their early years and throughout the remainder of their lives. If any of these individuals have deliberately chosen low frequencies in order to conserve their energies for later use, they appear never to have found the sufficient justification for such a use at any later time.

Although the common assumption that sexual excess leads to impotence derives from the puritanical portion of our society's split-personality sexual character rather than from statistical fact, there *does* seem to be a correlation between impotence and other habits that are generally regarded as vices: narcotic addiction, alcoholism and smoking. Narcotic addicts are almost always impotent, perhaps because of the physiological effects of drugs, perhaps because of the state of detachment from reality that they induce. Alcohol, as Shakespeare said, "provokes desire but takes away performance." In small amounts it may act as an aphrodisiac. In large amounts it inhibits performance and desire.

The relationship of tobacco to potency is a little less clear. We do know that tobacco and potency both have an important connection with blood-vessel physiology. Nicotine decreases the peripheral flow of blood in some individuals to a marked degree, perhaps enough to effect the flow to the penis that is responsible for engorgement and erection. In a few sensitive individuals there is a measurable relationship between the amount of smoking and the degree of potency. And it is quite possible that there are very many more nicotine-sensitive people than anyone is aware of. The man who smokes two or three packs a day and also has precarious potency may just be reflecting a basic emotional tension in two separate symptoms; on the other hand, there may be a cause-and-effect relationship, and the potency may improve if the intake of nicotine is decreased.

PSYCHOLOGICAL impotence is a frightening phrase, but it describes a situation that is not totally unfamiliar to the great majority of men. Not only are psychic factors responsible for at least 90 per cent of all total

MEN'S
COMPLETE
BOOK
BONUS

and near-total impotence, but they also affect most normally potent men some of the time. The man who has never had a sexual failure is a statistical rarity. Much of the time men can and do ascribe an experience of impotence to emotional factors: fatigue, preoccupation, fear of discovery, lack of interest in the partner, overexcitement, or any of a multitude of others. Even if the cause isn't correctly identified in terms of unconscious motivation, it provides the basis for a workable defense against panic: the man assumes that when the factor no longer exists he will be potent again, and generally he is.

But in the man who has a psychological predisposition to impotence, a sexual failure may bring into sudden, sharp focus fear and guilt that until then had been more or less successfully submerged. They can appear as strong anxiety or as a passive, pervading sense of defeat. After one failure the man is convinced that he will fail again—and he does. This is not to say that the fear of impotence is itself necessarily the basic cause of impotence. The actual mechanism is likely to be a good deal more complex. The fear of impotence may be conscious; but it masks other unconscious fears and sometimes disguises a desire for impotence caused by deep feelings of shame and revulsion.

In their book *Psychosomatic Medicine,* Drs. Edward Weiss and Spurgeon English used a concise outline of the common causes of impotence, which we have adapted here:

1. Fear of disapproval or punishment
   a. Fear of criticism or ridicule.
   b. Fear of bodily injury from some disapproving person other than the partner.
   c. Fear of pregnancy.
2. Hostility toward the partner
   a. General resentment toward the opposite sex, with desire to do them harm.
   b. Envy of the woman and her role in life; the male refuses to give her pleasure.
   c. Fear of injuring the partner's genital organs.
3. Conflicting loves (usually unconscious)
   a. The man loves some other woman (mother, sister) and is unconscious of it.
   b. Latent homosexuality.
   c. Too much self-love, with no love left for the sex partner.

In actual life situations, the skeletal structure of the underlying causes is most often obscured by a body of conflicting evidence, but occasionally it is apparent after superficial investigation:

M. D., a college student of 24, came for treatment of impotence after three months of marriage. On the several occasions that he and his wife had had intercourse during their engagement, his performance had been completely satisfactory. But since the wedding he had been unable to achieve erection even though his desire for his wife was no less strong than before. During his first interview the apparent reason emerged: he and his wife had moved in with his parents, and "every morning at breakfast I feel that they're looking at us, maybe with a kind of tolerant amusement, trying to figure out whether we did or didn't the night before." He was advised to find a separate home for himself and his bride; he did and experienced no more impotence. In this case the obvious cause was evidently the actual one.

The case of T. D. was similar on the surface, but vastly different underneath. His premarital experience had been with prostitutes and promiscuous nonprofessionals, but he married a "nice" girl of his own class and set up housekeeping in the home of his very well-to-do parents. His wife was responsive and far from frigid, but shortly after marriage he found himself impotent. Psychoanalysis revealed that he felt enormous hostility toward his rigid, domineering and uncompromisingly "nice" mother. His premarital partners had been chosen so that he could express the contempt for them that he unconsciously felt for his mother; he admitted that none of the liaisons had lasted for very long because the girls thought he was "pretty crude." His wife was like his mother superficially, at least in the sense of being worthy of respect. Still, he wanted to punish, hurt and soil her, and he escaped from this unconscious but almost uncontrollable desire in impotence.

Impotence is often selective, as this case (described by Drs. Kenneth Walker and Eric B. Strauss in their *Sexual Disorders in the Male*) illustrates:

THE patient, aged 40, had married a girl considerably younger than himself, toward whom he felt all the tenderness and the desire to protect that an elder brother may feel toward a young and favorite sister. To his consternation he found that he was impotent (perhaps because he unconsciously associated the relationship with incest), and, as his sexual powers did not respond to medical treatment, a petition for nullity was filed. One evening, on the eve of the lawsuit, he found himself dining alone in a restaurant. His forlorn and worried appearance attracted the attention of a woman at a neighboring table, who eventually spoke to him. Before the evening was over she proved so sympathetic that he opened his heart to her. The friendship rapidly ripened, and a short time later he found himself cited as a corespondent in the woman's divorce case. His companion had been in need of a decent man in order to furnish her husband with evidence, and unknowingly he had done all that was necessary. He was now a figure in two lawsuits, one for nullity, based on impotence, the other for divorce based on an adulterous relationship.

Men are sometimes impotent with their wives but potent with their mistresses, sometimes because of sheer distaste for their wives, sometimes out of guilt and sometimes to prove a point, as in this case:

G. B. had occasional extramarital affairs "when they presented themselves," although he was still in love with his wife. Almost invariably the casual encounters were followed by a slight genital rash or urethral discharge which kept him from having intercourse with his wife for a time. During one such affair, however, he became impotent with his wife after every meeting with the extramarital partner, his potency each time being restored when he "confessed" to his wife.

There was some indication that during this period he had doubts about his wife's fidelity. His impotence and the consequent confessions made it possible for him to question his wife openly with the reasonable expectation that her answers would be as honest as his own statements. She assured him that his doubts were groundless. He thereupon announced his intention of giving up outside experience in favor of a happy home life. She reiterated her own sexual loyalty, and his potency returned immediately.

Perhaps the most common form of temporary impotence is the type illustrated by the case of the tired businessman:

K. R. at 40 had been married for eight years and had fathered four children, "almost," he reported wryly, "one per act of coitus." He worked hard, long hours in an extremely competitive and nerve-racking business. Most of the time he arrived home at ten or eleven at night, ate dinner in a state of near-stupor and fell asleep watching television. When he attempted coitus he was generally impotent, although occasionally he was able to perform satisfactorily. He was advised to take a two-week vacation alone with his wife. He did, but reluctantly, because he was indispensable to his business. He returned refreshed, happy and "cured." But within a month he fell back into the usual routine, and the impotence returned. Although K. R. showed some signs of deep-rooted sexual tensions, his resilient return to potency on vacation indicated that he could have a fairly normal sexual life if he should choose to divert some of the energy that he poured into his business. Obviously he did not; and the reasons for his unwillingness were not accessible to himself or to the superficial investigator.

Psychological impotence can sometimes be treated by a change of situation or a change of scene, sometimes by cooperation from the wife, sometimes by simple, but thorough, reassurance. Recently a more powerful form of treatment by suggestion has come into wide favor among some physicians: hypnotherapy, a technique which has been discovered, abandoned, rediscovered and abandoned again many times in the last hundred years.

THE use of therapeutic hypnosis in psychological impotence usually is aimed at reestablishing a feeling of virility; the main objective is for the man to succeed at least once or twice within the first few weeks after hypnotic induction. Sometimes the physician-hypnotist attempts to re-create a particularly successful sexual experience. At other times his aim is to strengthen the man's erotic feelings by associating his actual sex partner with the ideal images that he finds exciting. With the male who never has had a really gratifying sexual experience the problem is different. Rather than associate past or ideal experience with present circumstances, the physician attempts to teach the patient mastery of his physical structure—a process that is not as difficult or as science-fictional as it may seem. Under hypnosis, for example, a man can be made to control the blood supply to his hand rather easily when

SEXUAL SATISFACTION

he's told that the hand is immersed in ice water or is on a heating pad; his imagination causes the appropriate constriction or dilation of the blood vessels of the skin. Control of the blood flow to the penis by means of hypnosis is based on a similar process.

Hypnosis used in conjunction with medical treatment has been successful in a good number of cases. However, it provides no "magic wand" relief, and the improvement it effects often is temporary, since it deals with the symptom rather than the cause. In many cases of psychological impotence, psychotherapy offers a better hope for permanent relief.

Of somewhat questionable value are mechanical devices designed to supplement the erection of the impotent male. They obviously cannot cure a psychological conflict, and they may intensify it, although doctors sometimes advise their use in conjunction with psychological treatment, simply because of the effect on the patient's self-confidence when he can enter the vagina at will and remain as long as necessary.

IF the subject of impotence is often misunderstood, so, too, is that of masturbation.

Kinsey defines masturbation as "any sort of self-stimulation which brings erotic arousal." However, in terms of the origin of the word, masturbation can actually be solitary, mutual or communal, and heterosexual or homosexual. Probably a better term for the activity usually thought of as masturbation is autoerotism. The distinction is important. In Western society, manual stimulation as a part of heterosexual intercourse is not spoken of very much, but it is also not spoken *against* with any particular vehemence; it is only moderately taboo. But *self*-stimulation has been one of the prime targets of our culture's restrictive wrath.

Probably the folk horror tales about the ghastly consequences of masturbation ("It will drive you mad; it will cripple you; it will make your organ fall off") were ancient 1000 years ago. But when the science of 200 years ago turned its attention to self-gratification the strictures were even more appalling.

Gradually, however, in the last few decades, as the professional world has absorbed the conclusions of men like Sigmund Freud, the attitudes of educated people have changed. A milestone was the publication in 1929 of a study by Dr. Katharine B. Davis of the sex lives of 2,200 women college graduates in which, among other things, the startling statistic emerged that 65 per cent admitted experience of masturbation. More and more studies indicated that a vast majority of the population practiced autoerotism with no terrifying consequences.

Today's answer is an overwhelming affirmative:

Masturbation is regarded by most psychiatrists, psychologists and educators as a normal phenomenon for all ages from birth until marriage. It may occur in children less than a year old and then be present off and on until in adult life a better sexual adjustment is established. . . . It should be remembered that masturbation is not a "cause" of anything. When excessive it is a "result" of a defect in the emotional life.—WEISE AND ENGLISH, *Psychosomatic Medicine.*

Masturbation, according to the best medical authorities, causes no harm physically or mentally. Any harm resulting from masturbation is caused entirely by worry or by a sense of guilt due to misinformation. I would make this kind of statement and challenge anyone to prove otherwise. Let us have respect for the normalities of life and for the good sense of our young people who have little time to be overconcerned with sex. Let's stop equivocating. Tell the truth and shame the devil.—LESTER W. DEARBORN, in *Successful Marriage,* edited by Fishbein and Burgess.

The statistical truth about masturbation is that some 90 per cent of men and 70 per cent of women practice it from time to time in their lives, generally beginning in adolescence, and sometimes continuing throughout adult life. (The genital play observed in all infants and pre-pubescent children is perhaps, as Kinsey points out in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,* more properly categorized as tactile experience than as masturbation, since there is rarely an "erotic reward for the activity, [nor has] the behavior been inspired by some anticipation for such reward.")

Some couples practice mutual masturbation during early marriage because it is close to their accustomed form of sexual expression and offers a sure means of achieving climax and, with care, of avoiding pregnancy. Both solitary and mutual masturbation are practiced by some married persons at times when coitus is not desirable or not possible, as during menstruation or late pregnancy.

Many other adults give up masturbation entirely after marriage until impotence approaches in later life. Then it may be used to help achieve erection when other stimuli are no longer enough. It is also not uncommon in the later years of a man's sexual life for him to return to masturbation as his only sexual activity. Sometimes this occurs after the death of his wife. Another reason may be that his difficulty in maintaining erection makes him feel self-conscious or embarrassed. A third cause can be the gradual loss of "sexiness" in a married relationship if it is permitted to become so routine and mechanical that fantasy and autoerotism are actually more exciting.

Masturbation in most of these circumstances rarely becomes "excessive." In fact, modern medical and psychiatric literature is almost universally mute on the subject of "excessive" masturbation, which obviously requires a different definition for a healthy, virile teen-ager with no other sexual outlet than for a married man with a responsive wife. However, it certainly does exist. It can be a neurotic symptom, as excessive eating can be, or a symptom of a physical disorder. Masturbation to excess is best identified, defined and evaluated by a competent professional authority on an individual-case basis.

One psychic aberration involving masturbation which is universally recognized is narcissism, of which Walker and Strauss say, "Libidinal self-love is technically known as narcissism . . . [which] can exist as a conscious 'perversion' of the sexual impulse. It is not uncommon for people to find their sole sexual satisfaction in stripping and masturbating in front of a mirror—making love to their own image in exact conformity with the Narcissus myth." Masturbation as a substitute for a desirable partner is generally regarded as natural. When it is practiced to the exclusion of heterosexual relations it is often a *symptom* of severe emotional disturbance, but, again, not the cause of it.

Another aspect of sex that has received no mercy from lexicographers is spontaneous ejaculation—"wet dreams," in the language of the layman; "pollutions," in dictionaries, in much of the literature and in the vocabularies of far too many medical men. A much better term is "involuntary emissions," nocturnal or diurnal, depending on when they occur.

Nearly every male has had nocturnal emissions. They are reported by 83 per cent of the men in Kinsey's study (in which, incidentally, they are counted as a sexual experience even though premeditation and volition are not involved). In college-level men they account for about 14 per cent of the total sexual outlet, in married men for about 4 per cent. Fortunately, in most moral systems there is little stigma attached to nocturnal emissions. They are generally regarded as constituting a kind of natural safety valve, and the male is not held responsible if the valve opens from time to time.

According to the dictionary, a male is a member of the sex that begets young. For ordinary purposes this may be an adequate definition, but it is certainly far from precise.

What, then, is a male? An obvious answer might seem to be that he's a person who has male genital structure at birth. Of course this is true most of the time—but not always.

The determination of sex before birth is a complicated process. The true sex of the individual is fixed by a chromosome in the father's sperm at the instant of conception, but at six weeks the embryo is still structurally ambisexual. The sex organs are ambiguous; they can develop in either direction. The rudimentary sex glands, the ovaries or testes, are in the body cavity whether the embryo is male or female. The testes do not start to descend until later. The tissues which will become the penis and the scrotum of the male or the clitoris and the labia of the female can, at this point, become either. Which direction they will take is normally determined by the chromosomes, but occasionally other influences interfere and create a result that is sometimes called "intersex."

In a lecture at U.C.L.A. in 1959 Dr. Robert Hotchkiss, a leader in the new field of sex determination, reported a case that indicates how involved it can be.

RICHARD'S mother was a sterility problem. From the day of his conception to the day of his delivery she took a special hormonal substance, or steroid, that discourages spontaneous abortion but sometimes can cause endocrine imbalance. Richard was born with a well-formed scrotum, and there was no suspicion of sex confusion except that at the time of circumcism it was noted that his penis was rather small. But Richard was sent home as a boy. Some 15 months later his mother brought the child back to the doctor, because the penis remained very much smaller than normal. At this time he had a chromatin test which indicated that Richard was actually female.

The reaction of his mother was so severe that it was impossible to discuss the matter further. But more than two years later, when Richard was four years old and almost ready for school, she brought him in for another examination, realizing, apparently, that if Richard had female organs in his pelvis puberty would be disastrous. By now Richard was outwardly a nearly normal male. He had made a vigorous, firm masculine self-identification. He wanted to be a policeman or a baseball player. Because of his age, because of his orientation and because of his almost normal external male apparatus, the team of doctors treating him decided that his future would be most clear-cut if he continued as a boy, even though as a male he would be incapable of procreation. Surgery was undertaken, and Richard was found to have ovaries and a vagina, which were removed. Although genetically female, he will live his life as a male.

The true hermaphrodite (only 60 of whom have been reported in medical literature) has both ovary and testis and an outward appearance that can be very male, very female, or anywhere in between. In general, it is simpler to "change" these cases to female rather than to male configuration. Surgically it is more feasible to amputate the penis (enlarged clitoris) and to construct an artificial vagina than it is to construct a penis. Furthermore, as long as these are truly ambiguous individuals with no preponderance of maleness or femaleness, it is probably better from a sociological point of view to have them reared as girls rather than as boys.

In any case, however, treatment of "intersex" individuals never involves an actual change of sex. Richard is psychologically a male with some strong male physical characteristics which can be emphasized by hormone treatment. But although he will live as a male, his functions as a male will be limited. He can never be a father; perhaps he could have been a mother, but his chance for procreation was eliminated when his female reproductive organs were removed. Surgery, plastic surgical repair and hormone treatment can produce near-miracles, but they cannot change sex.

Nevertheless, the possibility of sex change has always fascinated the layman. Ancient authors reported spontaneous changes of gender, but these are no more possible than surgical transformation.

A rather startling number of people want to change their sex. Oddly enough, they are almost always males who would prefer to be females. A well-publicized "sex change" report usually inspires a sudden beating on the doors of urologists and other surgeons by men who want "the operation." What the operation actually amounts to is castration, plus the plastic-surgery creation of a blind vaginal canal. The surgery can be fortified by hormone treatments, but the result is still a well-disguised castrated male, and not a woman. The "sex change" operation is not legal in the United States, but it is sometimes performed in Europe.

Most of the men who make the transsexual change have a history of homosexuality or transvestitism, and they generally think of themselves as being psychologically female. Perhaps in a sense they are. There may be no better answer to the question of what makes a male or female than this: speaking practically, if not scientifically, you are what you think you are.

Although most males are perfectly satisfied with their internal and external marks of masculinity, they may occasionally be somewhat wistful about the price they pay for being men. It's a well-known fact that in the United States men live about five years less than women. Nature has providently compensated for this by permitting 106 males to be born for every 100 females. The reason usually given for the life-expectancy imbalance is that men work harder, live more competitively, experience stress and tension and so on, while women play bridge, munch bonbons and in general conserve their tissues and energy. Some recent research, however, indicates that in most species of life—fish, birds, reptiles, insects, nematodes, mollusks, crustaceans—where competition among males is no more striking than among females, males always die earlier and are produced in larger numbers than females. The price of being the male of any species seems to include earlier death than the female.

Though men and women seem to be unequal in their life expectancy, they are fairly equal in their powers of fertility.

Among all the mysteries of nature, none was more awesome to prehistoric peoples than the ability to reproduce life. Originally this power was assigned wholly to women.

It has been only in our own time, and largely in our own society, that blame for the childless union has not been blamed on the woman.

Only just recently have men been willing to submit to testing for infertility, and then often as a last resort, and sometimes after irrationally stubborn resistance—even though the tests are painless and relatively inexpensive. Often violent objections are made even by men who are otherwise sophisticated and enlightened. A physician of our acquaintance, for example, put his wife through a complete series of fertility tests and treatments, but would undergo none for himself, and his marriage remained childless.

The patient who learns that he is infertile may find the fact deeply disturbing. He tends to equate infertility with impotence, even though there is no association between the two in most cases. He is also likely to regard the condition as hopeless, but chances are that this is not true.

According to current evidence, in about 17 per cent of marriages—one in six—the couple is involuntarily childless. In 40 to 50 per cent of these marriages, the male is infertile. And of these infertile males only 10 per cent are hopelessly sterile. The figures point to an inevitable conclusion: the childless couple who want children can usually be helped.

The cause of infertility is generally discovered by a process of elimination. Before undertaking a series of tests, the physician rules out reasons for childlessness that are essentially mechanical rather than physiological. Sometimes, for instance, conception has not occurred because of the couple's coital technique. The woman's position is important. To encourage fertilization, she should be on her back, perhaps with a pillow under her hips, so that the semen will pool against the cervix. She should remain in this position for at least ten and preferably 30 minutes, the length of time it takes the semen to change from its original gelatinous state to the liquid, flowing state in which it is most likely to transport sperm to and through the canal of the cervix.

Another obvious but often overlooked factor is the frequency of intercourse. Many couples who see a doctor because of fertility problems are surprised to learn that the odds against conception are very high when they have coitus just once every two weeks.

The fertility questionnaire or interview is an important diagnostic tool and can provide a solution to the problem. The physician elicits information about the couple's childhood development, diseases, surgical history, family background, coital habits and previous conceptions. Sometimes only strong, direct questioning brings out such facts as that the man's ejaculation is always premature or that he has never consummated intromission. During this inquiry it may be discovered that at the time pregnancy was desired vaseline or even contraceptive jelly was used as a lubricant, thereby providing unintentional contraception. Occasionally a similar situation occurs naturally, through a chemical incompatibility in which the woman's vaginal fluid is destructive to healthy sperm. This is generally easy to discover and correct.

There are, of course, many other physiological situations in which the woman, rather than the man, must be regarded as the prime source of infertility.

WITH the pleasure of sexual union comes also the danger of certain sexually-spread diseases, such as syphilis and gonorrhea.

It is claimed and also denied that syphilis was brought to Europe from the Caribbean by the sailors of Columbus. Whether or not this is true, it was first recognized as a new and separate plague in the 15th century, when Italy was ravaged by syphilis epidemics more violent and deadly than any seen since. For nearly 500 years the cause of the disease and any means of coping with it were unknown.

In 1943 Dr. John Mahoney announced that VD (universal shorthand for syphilis and gonorrhea) could be cured by a new drug called penicillin, and the world rejoiced. Syphilis and gonorrhea had killed and mutilated millions of men, women, children and unborn babies. For centuries they had raged through the population of the planet, mitigated only by treatment that was long, costly, painful and often unsuccessful. Penicillin was not only completely effective but miraculously quick. Private and public health authorities, fired to a crusading passion, immediately set about the task of eradicating VD from the face of the earth.

The discovery of the new weapon coincided with a time when the population of the United States was more aware of VD than it had ever been before. At the beginning of World War II, doctors working with the armed forces found that VD was so prevalent that it would be impossible to reject infected men without seriously cutting the supply of available manpower. What had been regarded

SEXUAL SATISFACTION

as an individual problem suddenly became a problem of national defense. The military definition of "fitness" had to be revised. Infected men were inducted by thousands and given treatment while they were in service. Now there was penicillin; overngiht a difficult job had become incredibly easy.

As soon as possible the anti-VD campaign was extended to include the civilian population. By means of the greatest blood-testing program in history, health authorities tracked down VD and began to wipe it out. They took advantage of every situation in which VD could be discovered and destroyed at the source. Every reported case was regarded as a clue to an otherwise unknown chain of contagion; "casefinders" traced the other links, found them, tested them, cured them. The tern "venereal disease," formerly regarded as fit for smutty stories only, was blazoned on thousands of "Fight VD" posters. Blood testing before marriage, in early pregnancy, before blood donations, in the many official and quasi-official organizations of a highly organized population—all these became routine procedure. Hundreds of thousands of Americans had the treatment, were cured and thanked God for penicillin.

Statistically, the program was a brilliant success. The incidence of syphilis, which had grown from 113 reported cases per 100,000 Americans in 1919 to 447 per 100,000 in 1943, dropped sharply and consistently until it reached 73 per 100,000 in 1955. By 1954 the disbursers of federal funds decided that VD was whipped; most of the money that had financed the great campaign was diverted to other public needs.

Too soon, apparently. The decline in cases. instead of continuing, leveled off. For the rest of the decade it hovered around an undulating plateau of 70 per 100,000 *reported* cases. Conservative estimates are that there are also about two million *un*reported cases in the United States, or about 1,175 in every 100,000 of our population.

These figures refer to syphilis alone. Gonorrhea is still the most prevalent communicable disease by far in many areas. In 1958 in Los Angeles County, for example, there were three times as many reported cases of gonorrhea as there were of measles or mumps and an incalculable reservoir of unreported cases. In spite of antibiotics, gonorrhea rates at the end of the decade were on the upswing in most of the countries of the world, including the United States.

Obviously, venereal disease, is not beaten. It has not been eradicated from the face of the earth. Syphilis still kills 4,000 persons in the United States each year. Care of the syphilitic insane costs $57 million each year. Support of the syphilitic blind costs $12 million each year. And concealed in the statistical plateau are some disquieting facts.

In many metropolitan areas, there is far more VD today than there was in 1955—two, five, even eight times more. In some places a large percentage of the rise derives from a tremendous increase of VD infection among male homosexuals (probably because of an increase in the number of homosexuals in these areas) and the spill-over from them to women and young people. Here, oddly enough, is not found the direct correlation between incidence of VD and low economic status the exists in every other group; among homosexuals VD is no respecter of caste. Once VD enters the homosexual segment of a community it spreads rapidly and is very difficult to control. An unimportant reason is the homosexual's outlaw status. He feels that if he asks for treatment he is as likely to be reported to the police as he would be if he were requesting medical help for a gunshot wound. Public-health authorities have found that the first step in an effective campaign is to convince homosexuals that their confidence will be respected. Often they have had little success.

But the most ominous fact about VD is that in recent years it has increased appallingly among young people. Cases in the 15-19 age group increased 22 per cent in 1957, another 11 per cent in 1958. In the 10-14 age group the increase was even higher in 1958—14 per cent. Every day in the United States about 148 children and teen-agers contract VD.

Again, these figures refer to reported cases. The silence of shame and embarrassment is still the most important weapon in VD's arsenal. Reported cases are not only cured but also traced to their sources. Unreported cases, on the other hand, often spread, and sometimes they erupt with epidemic violence.

In spite of penicillin, the VD figures offer no cause for complacency. The antibiotic miracles have given us one means of destroying VD. Alertness and a strong sense of public responsibility can give us the others.

Syphilis is spread from person to person in intimate physical contact, almost always through coitus. Because it is a sexual disease and to some extent a disease of promiscuity (and perhaps because in its final phases it seems the ultimately horrible "wages of sin"), the social stigma attached to syphilis has always been enormous. As recently as 1936, with millions of untreated syphilitics in the United States, the newly appointed surgeon general of the Public Health Service, Thomas Parran, Jr., was refused air time by the national radio networks to discuss syphilis as a community problem. The controversy provoked by the outraged and courageous Parran marked the beginning of the public-health program for VD control and education, but until the discovery of penicillin even this important step had little effect on the incidence of syphilis. Part of the reason was the long, dangerous, expensive course of treatment then available. Part was the insidious nature of the disease itself.

THE early symptoms of syphilis are deceptively mild. It starts as a hard-rimmed sore or chancre which appears twelve to forty days after infection, marking the place at which the spirochete entered the new host's body and blood stream. In its classical form the chancre is raw and exudes a clear discharge which is highly infectious. But it can look like a blister or pimple; it can be on the penis, the vulva, the lip, the nipple, or elsewhere, or it can be hidden in the vagina. It's painless and often unnoticed. And in a short time it disappears.

But the germs stay and multiply in the blood stream. This is *primary* syphilis.

Within three to six weeks after the chancre has disappeared, the *secondary* stage begins. It usually appears as a rash, sometimes over most of the body's surface, sometimes also on the palms, on the soles of the feet and on the lining of the mouth. There may also be sore throat, fever, headache and falling hair. As long as these symptoms are present the host is extremely infectious. But these secondary symptoms, like the primary chancre, obligingly disappear.

Now the patient enters the latent period. The disease is not contagious (except by transmission from mother to fetus) and the host shows no overt signs of being infected. Only blood testing can reveal the presence of the spirochete. The latent period can last for weeks or for years. It may even last for life.

But not all syphilitics are so fortunate. After the period of latency the disease enters the *tertiary* stage. Here it loses its misleading, "no-worse-than-a-cold" character and becomes a vicious, versatile killer. Its virtuosity as a mimic is fantastic. It can imitate leprosy, cancer, tuberculosis, arteriosclerosis, to name only a few diseases. It often causes insanity and insanity-plus-paralysis. In this third stage, syphilis is a ruthless and unpredictable destroyer.

Yet even here the disease can be arrested. Antibiotics can kill the spirochete population at any stage of its residence in the human body. If they are administered during the primary or secondary stages, the disease leaves no serious sequelae. But drugs cannot restore cells which have been destroyed. The destructive effects of tertiary syphilis cannot be reversed, even though they can be quickly stopped.

During any of the stages of syphilis, including the latency period, the disease can be transmitted by a pregnant woman to the child she is bearing. The baby is often born dead. If not, symptoms of congenital syphilis are likely to be present at birth or they will develop during childhood. The tragedy of children doomed to blindness, deafness, mental deficiency or other severe nervous and physical degeneration is at the basis of the laws in many states which prohibit the marriage of syphilitics. However, if a syphilitic mother is treated with antibiotics before the fifth month of pregnancy, both she and the child can be cured completely.

GONORRHEA is spread from person to person through genital contact. Folklore notwithstanding, it does not turn into syphilis, and it is not acquired through strain from heavy lifting, or from toilet seats, towels or doorknobs. Today we have facile antibiotic cures for gonorrhea. But the old cliché of male braggadocio, "You're not a man until you've had a dose," is still a prime example of self-mutilating idiocy. Gonorrhea is a serious disease.

The first symptoms in men usually appear about five days after the contact which caused the infection. They usually consist of a thick, whitish discharge from the urethra and a feeling of burning during urination. The gonococcus bacteria are so abundant in the discharge that it is generally very easy for the physician to see them in microscopic examination. If there is any doubt, confirmation can be obtained by laboratory culture. The early symptoms are sufficiently uncomfortable to bring most patients to a doctor's office promptly. This is fortunate, for the longer the bacteria live in the body, the more

damage they do.

Left unchecked, the trouble develops rapidly. The bacteria settle first of all under the mucous lining of the urethra, where they produce the first symptoms. If they are not stopped they spread up the urethra to the prostate, where they can set up an acute prostatitis or an abscess of the prostrate. They can also attack other parts of the body, especially the joints. The eyes of newborn babies are susceptible; in the past, blindness in babies born to infected mothers was common.

After being cured of one case of gonorrhea a man is not likely to experience unfortunate aftereffects. But with each repeated episode the chances are greater for the formation of scar tissue in the urethra.

Gonorrhea is still enormously prevalent in the United States today. One of the reasons is that although its manifestation in males is somewhat spectacular, in females it is often barely noticed and very difficult to diagnose. Many women who have gonorrhea are not aware of it. There is frequently no perceptible change in vulval or vaginal discharge, and burning during urination is rare.

Like syphilis, gonorrhea has the reputation of having been eliminated by penicillin. This is, of course, far from being true. Furthermore, recent reports indicate that the disease may be developing a resistance to penicillin. A report from the Army Medical Corps states that therapeutic failures have been as high as 20 per cent, and that other broad-spectrum antibiotics "not infrequently" also failed to destroy the resistant strain. Authorities regard this as a development of grave significance. Certainly it makes the prevention of gonorrhea more important than it has seemed since the discovery of penicillin.

Prophylaxis is the prevention of disease. The best prophylactic against any disease, including syphilis and gonorrhea, is nonexposure. But mass continence is neither practical nor likely, and various other means have been devised to protect people against VD.

As a method of prophylaxis, careful discrimination in the selection of sexual partners is an important but precarious safeguard. People who are sexually promiscuous should have a blood test two or three times a year no matter how discriminating they are. Actually, the most practical form of prophylaxis undoubtedly is what it always has been: faithful monogamy.

Finally, in our discussion of man's sexual life, we come to the subject of growing old.

In 1850 the life expectancy of the newborn white American male was about 38 years. In 1956 it was an impressive 67.3 years. But in 1850 the 40-year-old male could expect to survive for another 28 years, and in 1956 he could expect 31.7 years; a 70-year-old's chances of reaching 75 were almost exactly the same a hundred years ago as they are today. Although over-all expectancy has almost doubled, the figures represent mostly our success in coping with illnesses of infants and young people. As more of us reach the critical years, the problems of age and aging become increasingly important. Our goals now are not only to increase the life span and the life expectancy, but also to improve the *quality* of the later years.

We all know elderly men who fit Shakespeare's description with pathetic accuracy. We know men whose step remains springy, whose eyes remain bright, whose wit remains sharp into the eighth, the ninth and even the tenth decade of life. Why? How? Is there some way that the body chemistry of the "spry old gentleman" can be simulated, encapsulated and administered to men who will otherwise be "sans everything"? What we have learned about the process of aging gives us no clear answer, but it indicates the directions in which the answer may lie.

One of these directions seems to involve a relationship between the degenerative diseases of old age and the endocrine secretions, particularly the male sex hormones: testosterone, the internal secretion of the testes, and the other masculinity-inducing substances produced by other glands in the male and, to a much lesser extent, in the female. The significance of the relationship is elusive in many ways, but it certainly seems to exist. Women, for example, have less degenerative arterial disease to the sixth decade; intensive research to determine the relationship of the disease to the relative amount of circulating male and female hormone indicates that the male hormones may exert an important influence on the vascular system. Male hormones can restore some muscle function to aging men. And male hormone has been used experimentally with a fair percentage of success in the treatment of benign enlargement of the prostate, another characteristic ailment of aging men.

The recent research involving the link between aging and the sex hormones overlaps a somewhat older and controversial theory: the idea of the male climacteric. The term "climacteric" implies reduced functional capacity of the sex glands. In women the onset and progress of the climactic—the menopause—is almost always clear and obvious. It signifies the end of ovulation, the menses and fertility. It usually occurs between the ages of 40 and 55, and it is often accompanied by hot flashes, dizzy spells, irritability.

A number of specialists feel that men pass through a similar change of life, with similar physiological and psychological changes accompanying the progressive loss of sexual function. Some men experience hot flashes and other indications of heart-circulation change; palpitation, tingling, angina pectoris. Some experience the irritability, insomnia, emotional and psychosexual instability frequently observed in the menopausal woman. And there may be premature impotence and infertility. Since these symptoms are thought to be caused by a diminution of testicular function, the usual treatment includes the administration of testosterone.

Many other physicians, however, feel the symptoms of the male climacteric represent a gradual process of physical degeneration.

The psychological symptoms in what may be the male climacteric are difficult to separate from anxieties and depressions caused by social, economic and personal factors and experienced by many middle-aged men who show no other signs of glandular insufficiency.

There is good reason to believe, for example, that the decline of sexual competence is more a matter of emotional orientation, even in very old men, than of glandular imbalance. Many elderly men who regard themselves as impotent still have morning erections long after erotic erections are a thing of the dim past. This seems to indicate that the physical machinery for erection is still completely operative. The man's "impotence" probably represents a lack of interest in sexual activity; he can no longer be stimulated to erection by the psychic state of desire.

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It is not surprising, then, that the administration of male hormone rarely improves potency when this is a problem in middle-aged "climacteric" men—rarely improves it directly, at any rate. However, it does promote a sense of well-being and vigor that is hard to define but definite and predictable. It often improves the sexual drive as well as the general sense of fitness, and in this more oblique way testosterone can be said to improve potency. It is also often helpful in handling some of the other symptoms associated with the climacteric, particularly the characteristic emotional difficulties. Its effectiveness in this area is the best support for the theory of the male climacteric.

Whether or not the climacteric exists as a specific condition (and perhaps a large part of the controversy derives from the attempt to draw too close an analogy between the male and the female symptoms), testosterone is certainly an important medical weapon, a crucial piece in the complicated puzzle of sexuality and age. ●●●

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